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FOR DECEMBER, 1928

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE in 1844, Mr. Littell said:—

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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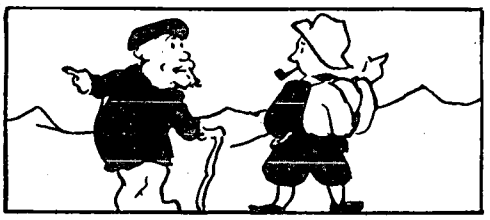


The Guide Post

INTERNATIONALLY minded' was the term used by Mr. Charles E. Hughes during the United States presidential campaign, recently brought to a close, to describe one of his reasons for preferring President-Elect Hoover to the Democratic candidate. This is a phrase which the editors of THE LIVING AGE consider especially descriptive of its readers and which has in recent months so frequently appeared in our advertising and correspondence as to give us a sort of proprietary interest in it. But we do not begrudge the use of the term to Mr. Hughes in his help to Mr. Hoover, especially as we understand both of these distinguished individuals to be members of our family of internationally minded readers.

Because the readers of THE LIVING AGE are internationally minded, it is necessary that what may be termed editorial exploration shall be constantly under way. Day by day and night by night the search continues. From every corner of the globe daily newspapers, weeklies, fortnightlies, monthlies and quarterlies come pouring into our editorial rooms. Here they are opened, classified, and studied minutely. Important articles are translated. Significant foreign comment on the affairs of the United States is laid aside for the department 'As Others See Us,' or for other uses. Material for each different department is segregated from the rest. This search is always going on, to the end that in whatever language or wherever on the earth a strikingly new or original article may appear, it is discovered, read, and, if found sufficiently important, is presently laid before our readers.

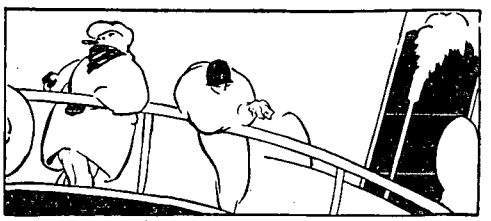
This search through the current files of the world's press has been rewarded this month by several articles of especial interest and timeliness. A paper of far-reaching significance, surely, is the study by Dr. Friedrich Bergius of the effect upon international relations of the advances now being made in synthetic chemistry. Dr. Bergius was the originator of the new process for making artificial gasoline described last month. Of equal authority and interest, though in a different field, is the article on Manchuria by Major General Isome, formerly of the Japanese General Staff. These two articles are typical examples of the services which THE LIVING AGE alone among American periodicals performs for its readers. Both articles appear in journals which are practically unknown in America. They were published on opposite sides of the earth — one in Paris, the other in Tokio. But their significance and importance were instantly recognized in our editorial conference, and so the reader, sitting comfortably at home in his armchair, and planning, perhaps, a foreign journey next year, finds Paris and Tokio in convenient juxtaposition between the covers of THE LIVING AGE.

The traditionally high standard of the magazine's content is thus maintained. One reason, perhaps, why this standard is so high, is that LIVING AGE translations and reprints have passed the critical reading of at least two groups of editors; whereas the contents of most magazines pass the scrutiny of but one. That is, these articles have first been found worthy of publication by the ablest and most fastidious editors of England, France, China, Germany, Japan, Italy — in short, of every civilized country of the world. They are then reselected by our own group of American editors who have before them as a basis for their choice practically everything of importance that has been printed anywhere in the world.

Readers who are already beginning to ponder the pleasant but sometimes puzzling problem of Christmas gifts will be glad to learn that a gift subscription card designed by the well-known artist, Dorothea Macomber, has been prepared especially for the convenience of LIVING AGE subscribers.

A special gift subscription rate is being offered for the holiday season — five one-year gift subscriptions for ten dollars. Each will be announced by the new card supplied by THE LIVING AGE, to be sent direct by the donor. The cards are being printed from original blocks on specially imported handmade, hand-tinted paper. Subscribers will receive the new cards, complete with envelopes, in ample time for Christmas use. Further particulars of this interesting arrangement will be found elsewhere in this number.

William Martin's article 'Beneš and Masaryk,' published in this number of THE LIVING AGE, appears as a chapter of his new book — *Statesmen of the War in Retrospect*. It is printed here by the kind permission of his publishers in the United States, Messrs. Minton, Balch, and Company.



World Travel Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad

BELGIUM

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *December* 26th, Boxing Day.
ANTWERP, COURTRAI, etc. *February* 10th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals.
BRUGES, GRAMMONT, etc. *February* 17th, carnival.
BRUSSELS. *December* 8th through 19th, International Automobile and Motorcycle Exhibition; *January* 8th, Festival of St. Gudule.
LIÈGE. *February* 10th, musical festival commemorating birth of Grétry.
LOUVAIN. *February* 9th, Festival of St. Apollonia.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

BOHEMIA. *February* 10th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals.

DENMARK

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *December* 26th, Boxing Day.
DRAGÖR. *February* 12th, annual game of 'Killing the Cat in the Barrel,' attended by Royal Family.

EGYPT

CAIRO. *December* 15th through 22nd (probably), International Medical Congress.

FINLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *February* 5th, Runeberg's Day festivals.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *December* 5th, St. Nicholas's Eve; 26th, Straw Day; *January* 5th, Epiphany Eve, celebration of the 'Galette du Roi'; *February* 12th, Mardi gras.
CANNES. *February* 8th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals.
LOURDES. *February* 11th, Day of Our Lady.
NICE. *February* 8th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals.
NORMANDY. *December* 1st, St. Eloi's Day (observed in Boulogne, Saint-Valery and other seacoast towns).
PARIS. *January* 1st, Fête of the Circumcision (parades and exchange of gifts); 3rd through 11th, Festival of St. Geneviève.
SAINT-MALO (NORMANDY). *February* 27th, Great 'pardon' of Newfoundland fishermen.

GERMANY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *December* 26th, Boxing Day; *February* 3rd, bonfire celebration of *Little Candlemas*.
BERLIN. *December* 4 (probably), German Machine Engineers' Society.
COLOGNE. *February* 10th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals.
DÜSSELDORF. *December* 1st through 2nd, Association of German Iron Foundry Engineers.
WIESBADEN. *January* 4th, Kurhaus Concert; 11th, Kurhaus Concert; *February* 22nd, Kurhaus Concert.

(*Continued on page 318*)

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD TRAVEL

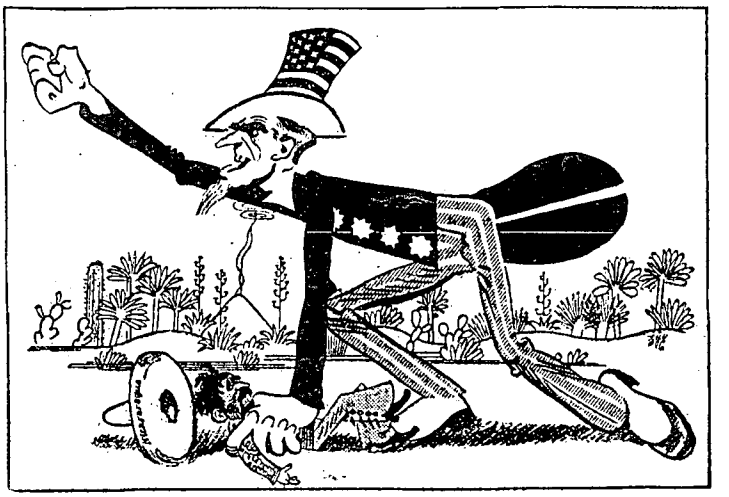
VOLUME 335 DECEMBER · 1928 NUMBER 4336

The World Over

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE KELLOGG TREATY

IT WOULD not be surprising if debate in the United States Senate over the Kellogg Treaty should become acrimonious very shortly after Congress reassembles in December. Two issues which are pretty certain to arise are the future status of the Monroe Doctrine and the whole question of disarmament. The recent assertion by President Machado, of Cuba, in his address to the visiting American veterans of the Spanish-American War, that Cuba has outgrown the American tutelage implied in the Platt Amendment, provides one reason for believing that the Monroe Doctrine badly needs defining. This American amendment to the Cuban Constitution, which was accepted by Cuba in 1901, limits Cuba's right to incur debts and gives the United States large powers of intervention. It was of course intended by the United States as a means of defending its rights under the Monroe Doctrine. One can hardly blame the Cubans, or any other Latin Americans, for wondering just what the doctrine means to-day.

After a century of more or less nebulous existence, the Monroe Doctrine still remains somewhat shadowy; and the most recent attempt to secure a definition — Costa Rica's request for a statement of the League of Nations' official view of the matter — met with an evasive reply which was plainly due to the League's unwillingness to offend Washington. The Monroe Doctrine was specifically excepted from the provisions of the Covenant of the League because President Wilson was well aware that otherwise the Covenant, which lay so near his heart, would have one more handicap to overcome in the Senate. It was not feasible to include a similar provision in the Kellogg Treaty, which must run the same gauntlet to attain ratification.



From Vorwarts, Berlin

NICARAGUA AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

UNCLE SAM: 'No interference from Europe! America alone will guard American freedom!'

There seems no doubt that the Senate will immediately inquire to what extent the new treaty will affect America's traditional claim to the right to prevent further interference by the Old with the New World. If this should lead to an official statement of what the United States now understands the Monroe Doctrine to mean, world relations would be greatly clarified — especially if the great 'A.B.C.' nations of South America could be persuaded to accede to it.

Recent publication of the Franco-British naval correspondence may also lead the Senate to ask the embarrassing question why, if the nations are ready to abjure war forever, they continue negotiations so strongly reminiscent of the year 1914, and why so little progress is made by the preparatory disarmament commission.

Meanwhile, it is pleasant to observe the clarification of one small but important question which has in the past added to the United States' difficulties in dealing with Colombia and Nicaragua. This is the recent negotiation of treaties between Colombia and Nicaragua, followed by an exchange of notes between Colombia and the United States — all relating to islands off Mosquito Coast, as the western shore of Nicaragua is usually called. This apparently unimportant area affects the interests of the average American citizen much more vitally than is usually realized. For the innumerable islands along the coast are possible bases against the Panama Canal and directly threaten the Atlantic approach to the proposed Nicaraguan Canal, which the growing congestion at Panama may some day force us to build.

Under the recent treaty, Nicaragua's sovereignty over the Mosquito Coast is recognized, as is also her sovereignty over the Great Corn and Little Corn Islands. Nicaragua and Colombia have disputed over them for a century. They now become definitely Nicaraguan and the leases which Nicaragua has previously granted to the United States are clearly valid. This is important because the islands control the approaches to the proposed new canal.

Colombia's rights in the Andres Archipelago, which lies about a hundred and fifty miles off the coast, are also formally recognized; and her long-

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standing dispute with the United States Government over Quita Sueño, Serrana, and Roncador Cayos, a little to the northwest, is settled by an agreement that the United States shall be allowed to maintain lighthouses and other aids to navigation, while Colombia shall enjoy full fishing privileges.

Unimportant in themselves, these agreements have a very real value. They end existing friction and they will prevent future disputes if, as seems likely, the strategic value of the islands increases. Implying clearly the eventual need of a Nicaraguan Canal, they suggest the likelihood that the Monroe Doctrine may become increasingly important in the foreign policy of the United States.

China for the Chinese?

FOR a quarter of a century, China has been like a chronic invalid of considerable estate. The world at large, obliged by the very survival of the vast Oriental republic, grudgingly to concede that there is a chance for life, remains unwilling to admit the prospect that it may fully recover political health.

The victorious Nationalist Government, resolutely turning its back upon the political miasma of Peking which has proved fatal to so many other republican efforts, appears to be thriving in the atmosphere of the new capital, Nanking. This shift from the 'North Metropolis' to the 'South Metropolis' of Classical China, it must be admitted, is sound governmental psychology. Freudians might explain this transference of the seat of authority as the long-deferred sublimation of the Chinese inferiority complex. It is the routing of old fears by the forthright return of Chinese power to the very scene of the tragic last stand of the Ming emperors against the rude Manchu overlordship; the manful dispelling of new neuroses by truculently meeting the foreigner himself on the scene of old troubles and the threshold of new.

On the very spot where the anti-foreign 'Nanking Incident of 1927' occurred, these Nationalists have gained full recognition by the United States, Britain's acquiescence in the new order, Italy's more laggard agreement, France's belated acceptance, and even the prospect of Japan's consent to a settlement which meets the Orient's supreme test of saving 'face.' If the Nationalists are regretting the excesses of the past in the moment of crucial success, the Powers are acknowledging that they see the light of China's new day by pledging themselves to real and thoroughgoing treaty revision.

Though this recovery of China's international dignity promises to strike at the almost sacrosanct rights of the aliens who have crowded open the erstwhile Middle Kingdom's doors, the same Chinese leaders who would deny the foreigner extraterritorial privileges welcome alien aid in their task of reconstruction — the greatest faced by any people in history. Pressing for the abandonment of the special national and international jurisdictions long a thorn in the side of all Chinese, whatever their political persuasions, Nanking likewise is rushing to completion tariff plans which the Harvard-trained Minister of Finance admits are basically protective, and is striving for recovery of control over communications, the wires of national destiny.

In these changes, of course, the foreigner is finding a welcome as a disinterested collaborator. The Nationalists, to Japan's discomfiture in view of the now dominant trade of the Mikado's Land in China, have retained the British experts in the Chinese Maritime Customs. Engineering and architectural assistance has been sought from Americans favorably known to Chinese leaders — Ernest Goodrich and Henry Murphy. An imposing group of 'honorary economic advisers' has been selected which includes Henry Ford, Owen D. Young, Robert Harper, Edwin Seligman and that dean of experts on Chinese affairs, Jeremiah W. Jenks.

There are other signs that a new era has dawned. The successors of Sun Yat-sen, shrewdly weakening lingering 'Red' influences in the Nanking government by supplanting the Soviet-inspired committees of administration with the 'five-board' system, are striving for a new synthesis of East and West. To our familiar executive, legislative, and judicial branches of government, there have been added the age-old but rejuvenated Chinese institutions of state — those of examinations and censorship. This refurbishing of the native institutions may well become a milestone in China's political renaissance; the welding of modern alien and ancient native philosophies of state may give us a truly Chinese republic.

In the centre of this political scene, Chiang Kai-shek, generalissimo of the Nationalist Revolution, brings the hope of new unity. This truly national President of China, with his fifteen associates in the State Council, inaugurated on the seventeenth anniversary of the first republican assault on the Dragon Throne of the Manchus, are the inheritors of the republic, and make triple obeisance to the portrait of Sun Yat-sen as the patron saint of 'China for the Chinese.'

The British General Election

SOME time during the spring of 1929 there will be a general election in Great Britain to determine what party or parties shall form His Majesty's Government and what party His Majesty's Opposition. The Conservatives, under Stanley Baldwin, will have been in power the full five years which is, by law, the maximum length of time during which any British Government may be in power without a general election. Between September 28th and October 20th, the three major parties held their conferences preparatory to the election, and one can now say with some certainty what the issues will be. Of course any forecast may be upset by the appearance of some entirely unexpected parliamentary or ministerial crisis — that unknowable element in the elastic British political system which has often in the past changed the whole complexion of affairs almost over night.

A citizen of the United States, who has just voted in a presidential election in which the issues have been, as usual, fairly clear-cut and the personalities of the candidates of great importance, will find it difficult to put himself in the place of a British voter. In England, issues are invariably presented in all their complexity, and personalities count for comparatively little. In fact it is impossible to make the probable issues of the coming general election readily comprehensible; if one would understand them, one will have to have a good deal of knowledge of economics and do some hard thinking.

If there is a poverty of brilliant leadership in England, there is, perhaps because of this lack, a wealth of issues. Since the Unionists have had power as long as the law allows without a general election, they are now obliged to stand on their record. In internal affairs they seem to have the best of it; in foreign policy, they are certainly open to grave criticism.

That a ministry which started so brilliantly with Locarno and the admission of Germany into the League should have come croppers over the Three Powers Naval Conference, which resulted in the unpleasant Cecil episode; over the chilly reception of the Kellogg overtures; and over the Franco-British Naval Compromise — the latter three performances perhaps justifiable on the grounds of necessity, but certainly not on those of policy — is very unfortunate both for the success of the Unionists in the coming election and for international good feeling. The Liberals and Laborites have here a just ground for criticism. The Liberal programme

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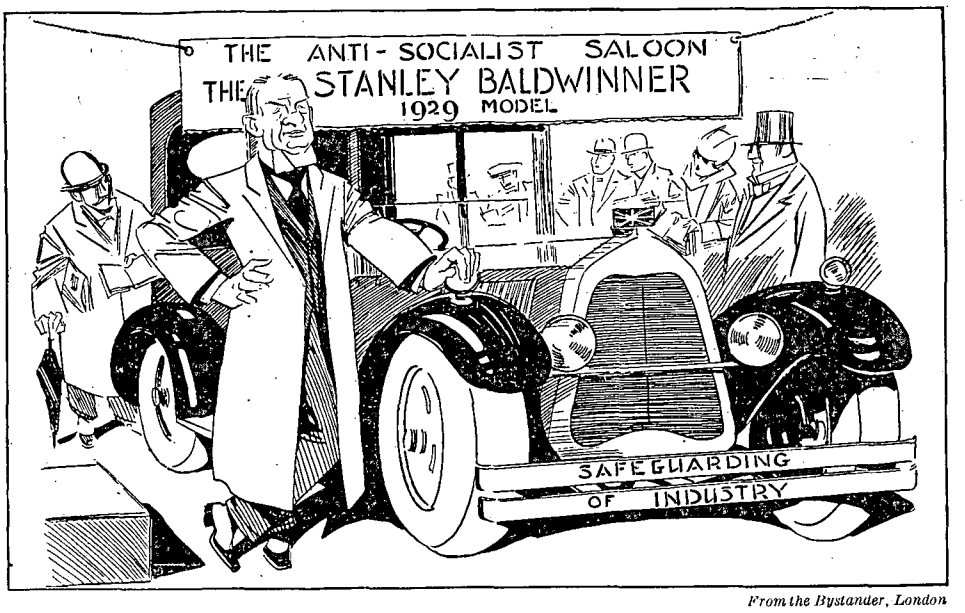
calls for a return of confidence in the League and for amicable relations with Washington under all circumstances. The Laborites are a little distrustful of the League on some points, notably disarmament, and insist on the resumption of relations with Russia.

But foreign policy will play a relatively unimportant part in the general elections. The major issue must inevitably be concerned with what measures shall be taken to restore British industry to good health and reduce unemployment. Great Britain is, economically, in a peculiar position; some of its business enterprises are flourishing almost as much as they ever have; the national finances seem fairly sound; but the 'heavy' industries — coal, iron, steel, transport, etc. — are barely existing, and it is here that unemployment is at its worst.

The American solution of such a situation would be a system of protective tariffs, but England has tried that solution and found it short-sighted in the extreme. Almost all Englishmen are agreed on this; a few Tories, notably Sir William Joynson-Hicks (Home Office), still yearn for protection, but their yearning is not even sufficiently serious to cause a rift in the Unionist ranks, and the official Unionist policy is anti-protectionist.

The Unionist economic policy is compounded of what is known as 'Safeguarding' and special tax allowances for unhealthy industries. These two elements combine to form one programme. Safeguarding is a mild form of protection, so mild that it cannot properly be called protection at all. It consists of a tariff granted to any industry that can prove to the Government 'that it is efficient, that it is injured by unfair foreign competition, and that the tariff will not harm other home industries.' The bias has been against granting tariffs. Out of about fifty industries which have applied for tariffs, nine have been granted them, namely: lace, leather gloves, fabric gloves, gas mantles, cutlery, wrapping paper, pottery, buttons, and enameled hollow-ware.

Safeguarding can obviously benefit only such industries as it affects. The rest are to be helped, when they prove the need of help, by a remission of about three-quarters of their tax burden; the freight rates on 'heavy' goods are to be lowered by the carriers in return for a similar tax reduction, granted according to the proportion of 'heavy' goods carried by each transportation company. The loss in taxes to the Government is to be made up by various special taxes similar to the gasoline tax. The Baldwin Government hopes that in time this policy will restore to good health the suffering British industries and yet avoid the evils of protectionism.



From the Bystander, London

AT THE POLITICAL MOTOR-SHOW

MR. BALDWIN shows his latest model.

If this policy is successful, the unemployment problem will be automatically taken care of; meanwhile those out of jobs are being assisted in finding work outside their accustomed trades and in the Dominions. They are also being set to work on the destruction of the slums and the building of proper dwelling districts in the large cities. Ten thousand unemployed were, through the Government, sent to Canada this fall for the wheat harvest; many of these will remain permanently.

In opposition to this programme, the Liberals and Laborites have little to offer. Both unite in condemning protectionism and look with suspicion on safeguarding as an opening wedge. Mr. Lloyd George is urging a return to the farms; Mr. MacDonald, the gradual socialization of industry and the public ownership of coal, transport, power, land, and life insurance. He would support the unemployed at the expense of the government. His programme consists of sixty-five 'steps,' and really outlines an evolutionary process which it would require many years to bring to its end. Which of his 'steps' should be immediately applied, Mr. MacDonald has not made very clear.

It is impossible to tell what the outcome will be, but there are apparently only two possibilities — a Conservative victory with slightly increased Labor and Liberal strength, or a Labor-Liberal coalition. The former would probably be wiser for Britain's internal welfare, the latter for her relations with the rest of the world.

SHOTS IN THE BALKAN FOG

WITH apparently every Balkan country celebrating one anniversary or another, Eastern Europe continues its chronic state of alarms and incursions.

As one runs down the alphabet in this part of the Old World, all but Hungary seems to have found good reason for celebration. Austria, from Socialists to reactionary 'Heimwehr' groups, is rallying to 'Republic Day'; Bulgaria has commemorated the tenth anniversary of the accession of King Boris; Czechoslovakia has made a fête of its decade of independence. Early this coming year Roumania is planning to celebrate the defeat of Eastern European Communism, signalized by the entry of the Roumanian army into what was ten years ago 'Red' Budapest. Yugoslavia has just commemorated the crucial Allied victory on the Saloniki front in conjunction with the birthday of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

Shots in the fog along these Balkan frontiers, however, have continued to disturb European chancelleries. *Comitadjis*, or bands of nationalist irregulars dissatisfied with the post-war map of the Balkans, are further complicating the triangular involvement of Bulgaria, Greece, and Roumania in the Macedonian question. Frontier guards contribute to these complications; fresh trouble threatened for a moment between Greeks and Bulgars, for instance, because a random shot was exaggerated into a frontier 'incident.'

Hungary is gunning for the Treaty of Trianon, which left the Hapsburg state but the shadow of its former self, and the

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results have been felt even across the Atlantic. But the United States is frowning upon the Hungarian intention to adhere to the Kellogg Anti-War Pact with the expressed understanding that the Trianon Treaty be revised. Another shot from this Danube kingdom without a king comes from Premier Bethlen, who says that a referendum will soon be held to decide which Hapsburg claimant is to occupy the empty throne.

Eighteen-Inch Guns at Singapore

THE British decision to proceed with the construction of the Singapore naval base, following as it does almost immediately upon the signature of the Kellogg treaty, seems a little cynical. But governments, after all, deal with the realities of the international situation; and British interests demand that Great Britain shall at all times be able to exert her full naval strength in the Pacific. At present she cannot do so because there are no British dockyards in Pacific waters capable of receiving such giants of her fleet as the battleships of the Nelson, Royal Sovereign, or Queen Elizabeth class, cruisers of the Renown and Hood type, or aircraft carriers like the Eagle. The new drydock now being installed at a cost of a million pounds sterling will be large enough to accommodate anything afloat.

But in time of war such a drydock would merely become a convenience to any enemy strong enough to hold it after capture; and the Singapore base will therefore require adequate land defenses. These will include three eighteen-inch guns, recently shipped from England. Each is some sixty feet long, weighs about 150 tons, and fires a shell weighing nearly a ton and a half. As no existing battleship mounts a gun of more than sixteen-inch calibre, these are supposed to be able to sink any attacking fleet before it is near enough to the fortifications to use its own guns — probably, indeed, before it has even appeared over the horizon. Their fire will be directed by aircraft which will be concentrated in force at the base after the new 600-acre flying field has been completed. But as the strongest land fortifications are helpless if taken in the rear or on the flank, the British naval authorities will have to provide a garrison adequate to prevent some future enemy from landing in force just out of range of their guns and marching calmly in from behind. To a large degree, no doubt, Singapore will be defended by the fleet based upon it, since no hostile transports will be able to land troops anythere in the vicinity while that fleet is able to sally forth and sink them.

It would be tactless to speculate on the probable identity of the enemy against whom all these elaborate precautions are directed. The British have, of course, always insisted that no particular future foe was in view. They have particularly emphasized their friendship for their late ally, Japan, and have pointed out that the base involves no threat to the Japanese, since Singapore is at least as far from Tokio as Gibraltar is from Boston. No one, they insist, could possibly regard Gibraltar as a threat to the United States!

This is, however, not quite so convincing as it sounds. For between Gibraltar and Boston stretches the islandless Atlantic, while between Tokio and Singapore are innumerable islands which might conceivably serve as 'advanced bases,' especially for aircraft. The main purpose of Singapore, however, is certainly defensive. While the great base is intact with a powerful fleet based on it, no harm can befall Austrialia, New Zealand, the Federated Malay States, nor the Dutch East Indies, which depend on British sea power for their defense far more than they do on the tiny, though efficient, Dutch Navy. At best, the Dutch expect their own little vessels to delay any power trying to seize their fertile islands, until the British can come to their aid.

The British Indian Commission

ELSEWHERE in this issue is discussed the career of Sir John Simon, head of the British Statutory Commission appointed by Parliament to gather information for a reorganization of the government of India. This commission, it will be remembered, spent last spring in India making preparations for its investigations; but little more than preparation was then possible because of the hostile attitude of Indian opinion, a hostility which resulted in boycotting and riots. When the Commission requested the appointment of a native committee to assist in the work — a committee to be appointed partly by the Council of State and partly by the Legislative Assembly — the latter refused by a small majority to coöperate in any way, and Sir John Simon was obliged to request the British Viceroy to appoint the Assembly's portion of the Committee from such Assembly members as had voted for coöperation. This was done, but the whole procedure wasted so much time that the Simon Commission accomplished practically nothing except the appointment of a sub-committee under Sir Philip Hartog to investigate the present condition of Indian Education and report this autumn.

A few months in which to think things over have persuaded most of the Indian leaders to take a more conciliatory course while the Simon Commission is in India this fall and winter. The Swarajists, or extreme home rulers, were defeated in the Bengal Legislative Council this July, and in August the 'All Parties' Conference went so far as to submit a tentative constitution for the consideration of the Statutory Commission. When Sir John Simon and his fellow Commissioners again left England on September 27, eight out of the nine provincial councils had agreed to coöperate and the ninth was on the eve of doing so. This change in Indian opinion has largely been due to the tact and obvious sincerity of Sir John Simon.

The plans of the Commission are roughly as follows: to the five hundred odd memorials already received from various Indian sources and printed as contributory data, will be added the findings of the Hartog Committee on education and the information supplied the Commission itself, sitting with the general Indian Committee and the various coöperating provincial committees in each of the nine provincial capitals. These sittings will take up the greater part of the fall and winter. As we go to press, the first sitting, at Poona, capital of the Deccan, is just coming to a close. When all of this purely informatory material has been collected, the Statutory Commission will make recommendations based on its findings. To these may be added additional or differing recommendations by the Indian Committee. In April 1929, Sir John Simon expects to sail for London, and the whole report will be laid before Parliament some time after the general elections in the Spring.

Abyssinia's New King 'King of Kings of Ethiopia, the Conquering Lion of Judah, and the Elect of God' is the modest title assumed by Ras Tafari, nephew of the Empress Zauditu of Abyssinia, who has hitherto represented his aunt as Regent but will in the future share the throne with her.

His formal assumption of royal dignity is a further step in Abyssinia's struggle to protect itself against the encroachments of Italy, France, and Great Britain, whose colonial territories in North Africa surround it on every side. The crown which Ras Tafari will wear, goes back, according to legend, to the time when the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon, and bore that monarch an Abyssinian heir. The country which he will govern has been Christian since the middle of the fourth century, defiantly maintaining its national Abyssinian Church while the territory on every side either became Mohammedan or remained pagan.

Ras Tafari has resorted to every possible device to maintain his country's independence. He secured the admission of Abyssinia to the League of Nations in 1923, and used that membership to prevent Great Britain and Italy from dividing Abyssinian territory into spheres of influence, in derogation of Abyssinian sovereignty. Later, his scheme to dam Lake Tsana, at the head of the Blue Nile, thoroughly disturbed the British, who feared that Egypt's water supply might be interfered with, and they forced him to abandon the project.

The Problem of Nicaragua General Moncada, the Liberal candidate, has been chosen President of Nicaragua in an election held under the closest kind of supervision by American marines. The question now in the mind of all Latin America — and of many people in the United States, to judge by manifestations which have preceded and followed the elections — is whether the American Government will continue to maintain, and the Nicaraguan people continue willingly to permit, armed forces of the United States within the Central American republic.

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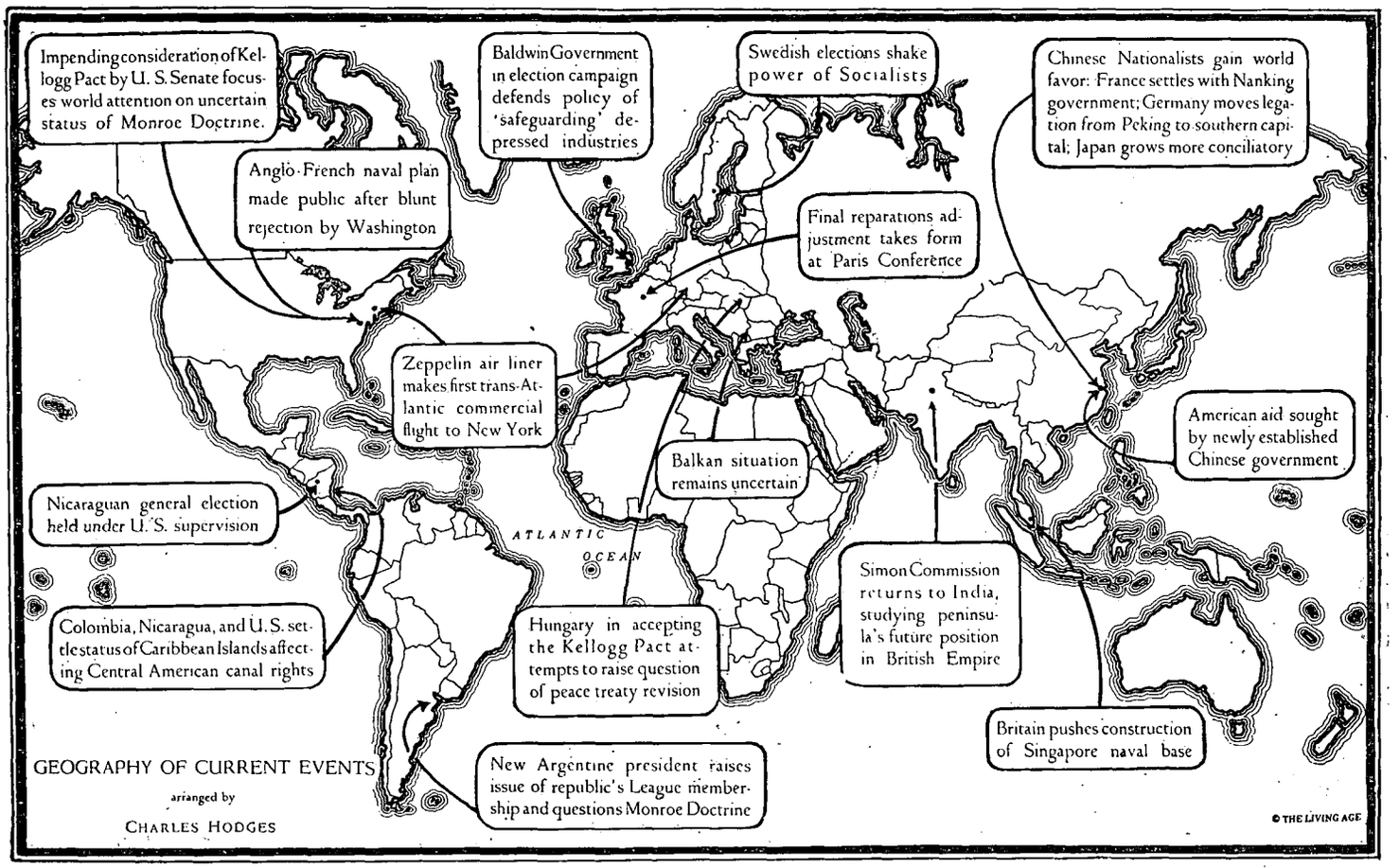
Impending consideration of Kellogg Pact by U. S. Senate focuses world attention on uncertain status of Monroe Doctrine.
Baldwin Government in election campaign defends policy of 'safeguarding' depressed industries
Swedish elections shake power of Socialists
Chinese Nationalists gain world favor: France settles with Nanking government; Germany moves legation from Peking to southern capital; Japan grows more conciliatory
Anglo-French naval plan made public after blunt rejection by Washington
Final reparations adjustment takes form at Paris Conference
Zeppelin air liner makes first trans-Atlantic commercial flight to New York
American aid sought by newly established Chinese government
Balkan situation remains uncertain
Nicaraguan general election held under U. S. supervision
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Simon Commission returns to India, studying peninsula's future position in British Empire
Colombia, Nicaragua, and U. S. settle status of Caribbean Islands affecting Central American canal rights
Hungary in accepting the Kellogg Pact attempts to raise question of peace treaty revision
Britain pushes construction of Singapore naval base
New Argentine president raises issue of republic's League membership and questions Monroe Doctrine
GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS
arranged by
CHARLES HODGES
© THE LIVING AGE

THE GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS

THE SUBJECTS indicated by the legends on the map are dealt with at greater length in 'The World Over.'

Only a few hours before the polls opened in Nicaragua, Don Alejandro César, Minister to Washington appointed by the Conservative Government, announced categorically that reports that American marines would remain in Nicaragua indefinitely 'have been received by the Nicaraguan Government with feelings of deep satisfaction.' He saw fit to add that 'the presence of American marines in Nicaragua has always greatly benefited our country.'

Now that a Liberal president has been elected, however, if the attitude of the Liberals before the Stimson agreement silenced them means anything, these words of a Conservative minister mean far less than they otherwise would. There is therefore some doubt that, supposing the United States wishes to continue to shoulder the responsibility of keeping American forces on foreign soil, the present situation of passive acquiescence can be maintained. And it is only too likely that this responsibility will be cheerfully accepted, for there is no reason to believe that President-Elect Hoover, when he steps into the presidential chair next spring, will see fit to modify the policy of the Coolidge administration toward intervention in the affairs of our Latin American neighbors.

THE GRAF ZEPPELIN — It is typical of the post-war world that an airship built in Germany by distinctively German genius — for no one seeks to rob Count Zeppelin of the honor of bringing dirigibles to the point where they became practical means of passenger transport — should have chosen the United States as the goal of its first overseas voyage, and should be destined to enter a passenger service between Seville and Buenos Aires that is expected to do much toward stimulating close relations between Spain and Argentina. Only sentimentalists will argue that aircraft developed in time of peace will not find their use in time of war; but at the same time it is interesting to reflect that the peoples who construct such monsters of the air are not jealous of their product, and are quite willing to let them be used to promote good feeling among the nations.

The Graf Zeppelin has come from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst and returned. The next step is to fit her for the regular South Atlantic passenger service for which the Spanish company that has leased her from her German makers has made all preparations. The fact that it took the new dirigible five days and four nights to cover the distance from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst has been greeted with shrugs by the American press. It does not disturb either Spaniards or Argentinians, who explain it by the weather conditions encountered. Commander Eckener took the smaller Los Angeles over the same route in 1924 in three-quarters that length of time; and those backing the Spanish project believe that the newer and bigger Graf Zeppelin will soon be covering the passenger route from Seville to Buenos Aires (about the distance from Friedrichshafen to Chicago) in little more than sixty hours.

SWEDEN REBUKES THE REDS — Sweden, in a hard-fought election which brought out a larger percentage of voters than even the recent struggle between Smith and Hoover, has registered a definite protest against the Socialists' acceptance of Communist support in their effort to gain a clear majority in the Swedish Riksdag.

In the old Riksdag, the Socialists were within eleven seats of an absolute majority. In the election this fall, they stood firm upon their programme: the equalization of wealth by the application of inheritance taxes and the revision of other methods of direct taxation; the suppression of indirect taxation; insurance against unemployment; the development of state insurance for all. The parties of the Right — Conservatives, Liberals, and the Peasant Party — each oppose different features of this programme, and have never been able to group themselves in a general opposition bloc. This time, however, the Socialists felt less certain of their opponents; and their desire to make sure of gaining the eleven seats they needed persuaded them to make an alliance with the Communists. Immediately the spectre of Bolshevism arose; the hitherto differing parties of the Right united in opposition to everything that smacked of Socialism; and when the election returns were in, the Socialists had lost fifteen seats and the Conservatives had gained eighteen.

This does not mean that any important change in Swedish domestic policies will ensue. Carl Ekman, the stubborn ex-stonemason who has ruled for over two years as Sweden's prime minister, has resigned; but the Socialist party retains ninety seats to the Conservatives' seventy-three, and Admiral Lindman, the new Conservative prime minister, holds his power only by virtue of the support of a right bloc which can count upon a hundred votes to the ninety-eight controlled by Socialists and Communists together.

The importance of the election to the rest of the world lies in the fact that the Socialists have been smartly rebuked for believing that the Swedish people would support a left bloc that included Communists. The Swedish people have given one more proof that the great movement of social reform which has swept the Scandinavian countries will have nothing whatever to do with the Russia of Trotsky and Lenin.

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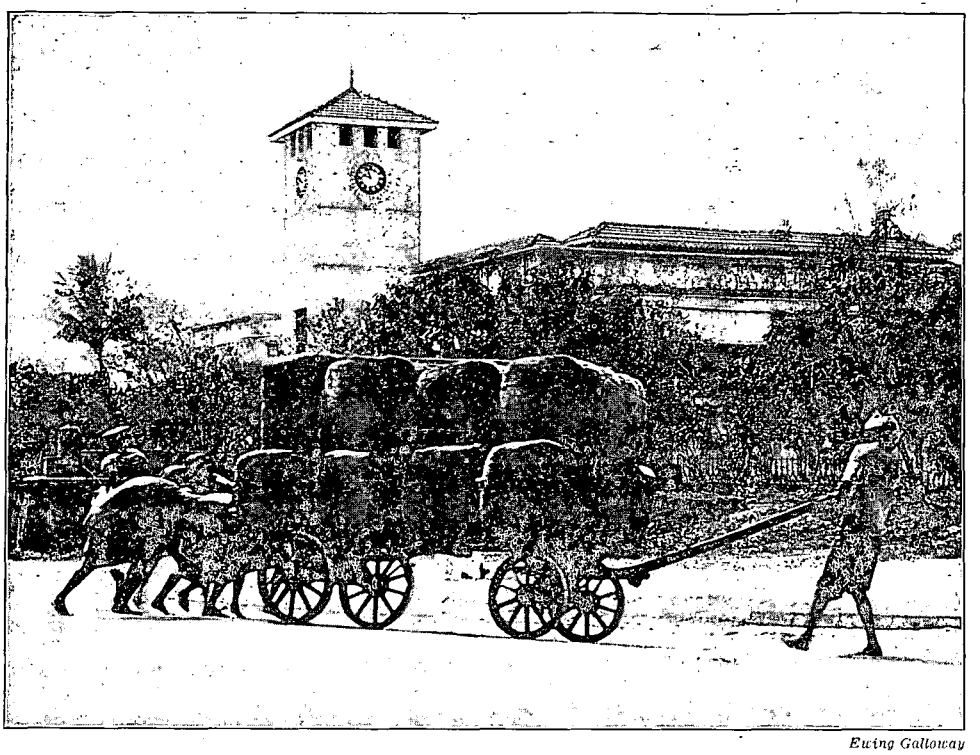
A Paragraphic World Tour

Around the World in Thirty Days



Ewing Galloway

BRITISH EAST AFRICA: MOMBASA

A CITY where labor unions cause employers no trouble. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester recently paid a visit to this unfamiliar part of the British Empire.

AFRICA

VISITORS in Mombasa recently had the rare pleasure of witnessing an eighteen-hole golf match between two princes of the blood — Wales and the Duke of Gloucester. THE LIVING AGE was given the score but promised not to reveal it. The weather was especially hot, and the afternoon sun ablaze; otherwise these two British sportsmen would have had lower scores and would not have doffed their coats even on East African links — something never, never done in Britain, however high the thermometer. Flannel trousers and tennis shoes, too, were in the picture, instead of orthodox knickers and hobnails. The golf featured the last day of the royal visit, and night saw the streets and chief buildings brilliantly illuminated, and festive scenes until the gray of dawn. Perhaps the sight which made Mombasa crowds open their eyes widest was that of three heavily veiled and amply skirted women, riding pillion on motorcycles — 'an extraordinary combination,' as one correspondent expressed it, 'of ancient tradition and modern transport.'

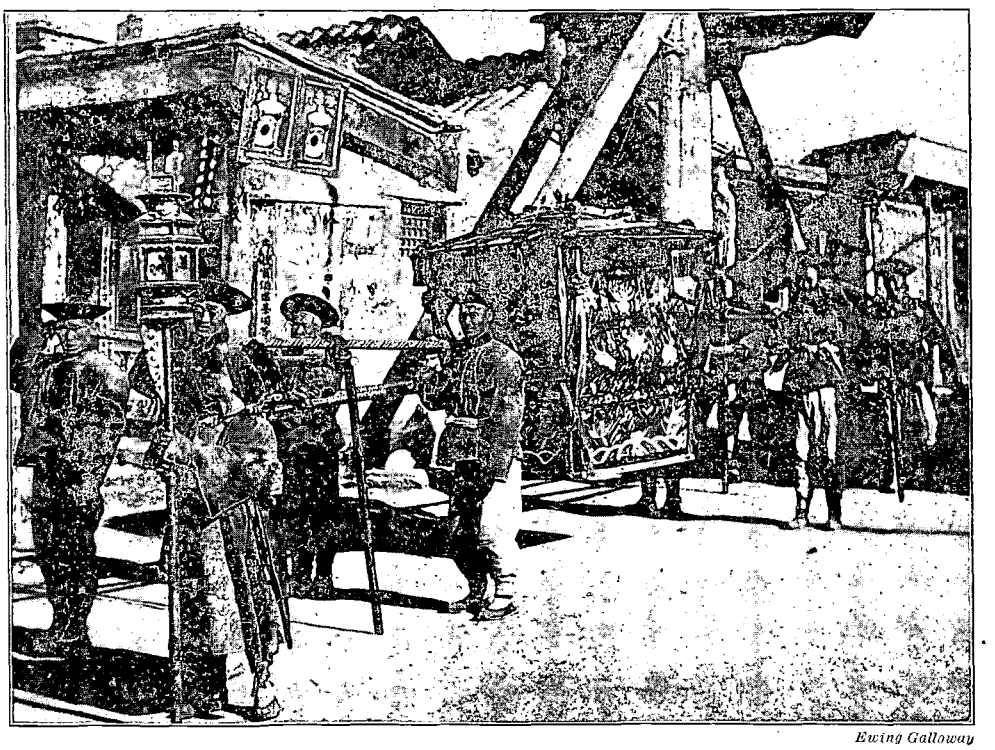
CHINA

THOUGH the clouds of grasshoppers in the Tientsin-Peking section of China this year have added to the shortage of certain foods by devastating fields and devouring crops, they have themselves supplied many tables, the natives, rich and poor alike, esteeming them a great delicacy. The insects have been so numerous, indeed, that, in spite of the higher prices for most food-stuffs, grasshoppers have been cheaper in the markets this season than for many years. At times they have actually been procurable for six coppers a catty, so that in the grasshopper sections of China the H. C. L. could not have been so bad. Furthermore, these were the shy and elusive variety, — rather more flyers than hoppers, — for to move about they depend upon wings rather than legs.

As they are differently prepared for the table in different parts of the Empire, the tourist may have them to suit any taste or preference. Anciently, according to the Apostle Mark, John the Baptist took his with wild honey. In the south of China, the natives usually eat them boiled whole. In Tientsin, the bodies are stripped of legs and wings and are then fried, and when placed upon a platter, look for all the world like a heaped and inviting portion of hot potato chips. But the insect is more palatable than the vegetable — or so we are informed.

GERMANY

FOR those who, enjoying joviality, recall the gaiety of pre-war Berlin, and have compared it sorrowfully with the gloom of the immediate post-war period, a visit to the Berlin of the present is recommended. True, Berlin is still a poor city, statistically speaking, with low workmen's wages and high prices for food and clothing. But who cares for statistics, when luxuries abound everywhere for anyone willing to pay the price, and choice wines and epicurean fare seem not only within the reach of most restaurant patrons, but actually are enjoyed by many of Teutonic tongue and countenance, whose bank accounts must be ample to make possible such expenditure? Perhaps the Germans have changed their point of view, and now believe that the joys of the moment are of more importance than hoardings for a time when pleasure will be restrained by the limitation of old age. At all events, Berlin's cafés are now filled, her movies and theatres are well patronized, and a spirit of optimism and cheer is all-pervading. New places of amusement, some of them elaborate, are being constantly added. Even the



Ewing Galloway

CHINA: A SCENE TYPICAL OF PEKING

THE CAPITAL of the old China — a land where grasshoppers are still a staple article of human diet.

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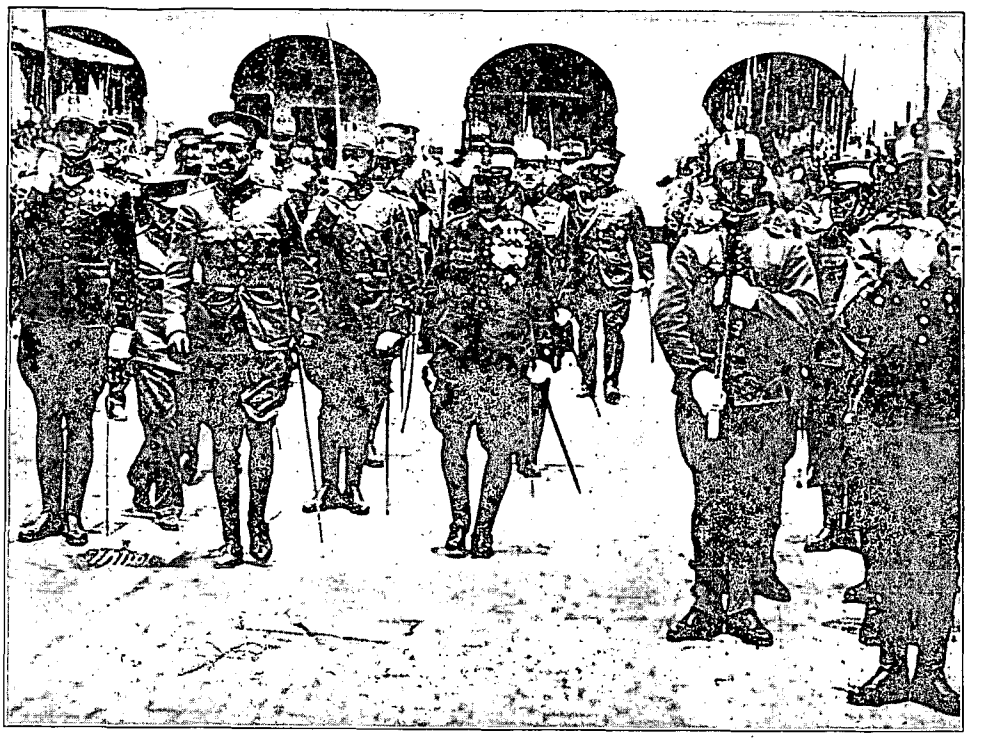
servant girls are bobbing their hair, a fashion somehow connected with levity of spirit, and silk stockings, worn by trim, comely, and smiling domestics, are in evidence on holidays. Berlin is noticeably 'perking up,' and, though a housing shortage is complained of in the newspapers, the visitor in any one of a number of excellent hotels is altogether unconscious of the lack of dwellings for the bourgeoisie, and, for variety of entertainment and opportunities for money spending, need not envy the sojourners in any other capital of Europe.

India

Tourists in Lahore and throughout the Punjab are advised to keep their eyes open for a Pir, or Mohammedan spiritual guide, who doesn't look quite natural, in the possibility that they may discover, so disguised, Lawrence, of Arabian fame. This picturesque adventurer and explorer is rumored to be masquerading in native costume somewhere in the Five Rivers country, upon a secret political mission, the precise nature of which has not been disclosed. If he should be discovered, it would be cruel to reveal his identity, as his errand is probably a dangerous yet useful one.

Italy

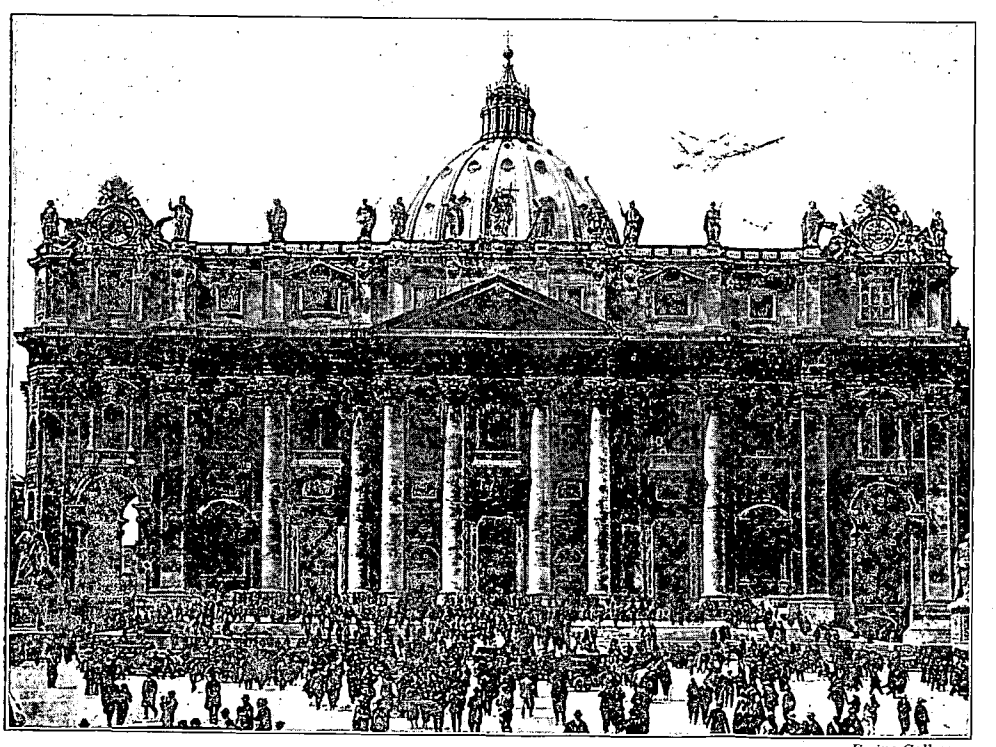
No sightseer saw it, but Roman natives and visitors alike were lately thrilled at the report that Pope Pius had climbed the dome of St. Peter's to look at a crack in the wall. Energetic tourists, of course, have made the ascent many times, and have observed the ancient cracks there, which have existed for many centuries without impairing the safety of the dome. But recently a new crack appeared, and it was this crack that Pope Pius wanted to see, and did. Engineers, too, have seen the new crack and studied it, and they still say that the dome is safe. Pope Pius, though somewhat stouter than in his mountaineering days, made the ascent without great difficulty or loss of breath. In fact, he said it was fine exercise, and that he would do it again. Sightseers may see the new crack almost any time, but they may not see Pope Pius seeing it.



International Newsreel

Spain: King Alfonso

Reviewing troops who would form the principal defense against possible revolution.



Ewing Galloway

Italy: The Dome of Saint Peter's

In which a new but harmless crack has been found which Pope Pius personally inspected.

Russia

Though Moscow is a Communist city, the foreign visitor with kopecks to spare will find in elaborate display in the State shops rare delicacies, vintage wines, costly jewelry, and all the luxuries of life — not usually associated with Soviet rule. Just where the demand which justifies this display comes from is not clear. Certainly, few of Moscow's proletarian citizens can afford such luxuries, and those of the official classes who have amassed means are probably too cautious for such indulgences, however much inclined they may be to them. For the State shops are said to be staffed with agents of the Secret Police, and some have even suggested that the elaborate displays described are mere camouflage intended to impress foreign visitors with the wealth and culture of the Soviet State. One report has it that more than one ambitious and prosperous Communist who has flaunted his wealth in these luxury shops has been summarily arrested, and, failing satisfactorily to explain his resources, has had time to repent for his ostentation behind the stout bars of a Bolshevist prison.

Of course tourists need have no such misgivings, and if the markets of Moscow tempt expenditures for jewelry, lingerie, tapestries, hothouse grapes, or caviare, no restraint save the size of one's letter of credit need be considered.

Spain

Of all European countries, Spain would probably have the most theatrical and the least bloody revolution. Perhaps visitors there who have found the country dull, may soon be rewarded by sights of soldiers bedecked and marching, sounds of drums rolling, trumpets calling. It will all be because Primo de Rivera, Spanish Dictator, has again forgotten to resign when he promised, and it will be in the nature of a coup, such as we have seen in the movies, only not quite so spirited.

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An Emperor's Oddities

Personal Reminiscences of the Emperor Francis Joseph by a Former Official of His Court

By 'L. M.'

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Independent Democratic Daily

As he grew older, the Emperor Francis Joseph clung tenaciously to old customs. Whether this was because he could not change with the times, or whether it was because he simply would not, his suspicion of innovations was unmistakable. Everyone knows the story of his obstinate refusal to enter an automobile, and how the young Emperor William finally got him into one by a trick.

Surprising as it may seem, even in 1870, long after call bells had come into general use elsewhere, the Austrian Emperor's writing table was still equipped underneath with a projecting board, which was connected with a bell-pull in the adjutant's room. When the Emperor stepped on this board, a bell sounded to summon the adjutant who happened to be on duty. Finally Baron Braun, the Councilor of State, succeeded in obtaining the Emperor's permission for the installation of an electric table-bell. On the morning after the new device had been put in, the Emperor entered his study, sat down at his writing table and tried to summon the adjutant as usual by stepping on the accustomed board. Amazed to find it missing, he burst furiously into the adjutant's room. To the officer, who sprang up in dismay, he exclaimed angrily: 'Who has presumed to have the board under my writing table removed?' It took the poor adjutant some little time to recover his voice, as the full cup of the Emperor's wrath was already being poured upon his unoffending head.

His first words in explanation, 'But, Your Majesty, the electric table-bell . . .' made clear the true situation. That day the adjutant was called to the Emperor about every other minute, because the latter enjoyed the novelty and could not resist pushing the remarkable button so that he could see whether this extraordinary new discovery was really of any practical use.

FRANCIS JOSEPH

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, as he appeared when young. From an old steel engraving for the *Eclectic Magazine*.

THIS particular Councilor of State had many struggles with the Emperor, who was rather niggardly in regard to his own personal expenses. For instance, the Emperor had, in front of his writing table in the imperial palace, an easy-chair which had become shabby with daily usage through the years. Various attempts made by Baron Braun to get the Emperor's permission to replace the chair by a new one, or at least to have the old one repaired, came to naught. When the Councilor made one final attempt to persuade him by saying that such a shabby chair was unfit for the monarch's use, the Emperor asked how much the repair work would cost. The reply that eighty gulden would be enough failed to impress the Emperor, and feeling that the sum was too high, he refused to consider the matter. A short time afterward it became necessary to renovate one of the royal villas for the expected visit of a potentate. Without a word of protest, the Emperor approved the estimate laid before him for the work by Baron Braun, though it was in the neighborhood of eighty thousand gulden. He looked somewhat reproachful when the Councilor informed him with a bow, after the estimate had been counter-signed: 'In this sum of eighty thousand gulden, Your Majesty, is included the cost of a new easy-chair for your writing desk!'

THE Emperor had no adequate idea of the worth of various kinds of money — a defect which was shared by the Archduke Albert, who once considered a bank-note of a thousand gulden, the largest note in Austrian currency (the equivalent of about four hundred dollars), an appropriate birthday-gift for his only daughter. The ignorance of the Emperor in economic matters once had very embarrassing consequences. During a chamois hunt, the hard-pressed animals clustered together in an inaccessible place and could not be urged into the open. The only way of bringing them within range of the Emperor's gun was to separate the herd by having a beater

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jump down in their midst. Among the beaters there were, of course, a great number of courageous fellows, but every one of them faltered at the leader's suggestion that someone should jump down among the chamois and scatter them. Finally the master of the hunt said to the most daring of them all: 'If you can drive the chamois out of cover, I will tell the Emperor about it myself, and you will be made a forester in the imperial service.'

'Agreed!' cried the beater, and took the leap. He hurt himself badly, but the chamois scattered and the Emperor had his shot. The huntsman kept his promise to tell the Emperor of the bravery that had made his sport possible, and, at Francis Joseph's command, the beater was immediately brought into the imperial presence. The poor fellow was swathed in bandages to the tip of his nose. The monarch thanked him and then, reaching down into his pocket, drew forth — a silver gulden (worth about forty cents)! The whole party, including the subordinates of the hunting service, were indignant, though they need not have blamed the Emperor, who was quite unconscious of what he had done. It was entirely the fault of the court official who had filled the Emperor's pockets with such small change for such an occasion. The happy ending of the tale is that, after his wounds were healed, the beater was later taken into the personal hunting corps of the Emperor.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA
A COMPANION-PIECE to the engraving opposite.

AT THE close of 1870, the Imperial Court of China for the first time sent an official delegation to represent it at European Courts, to promote friendly relations. This delegation, at whose head was a Chinese prince, included in its visits the Viennese Court. Before he received the Chinese, the Emperor had given audience to Cardinal Samassa, Primate of Hungary. This prince of the Church, a small, slender person with long, white hair, was a favorite of the Emperor's.

To see Chinamen was at that time a rare experience. After listening to the wishes of the Cardinal, the Emperor said to him: 'After you, I am going to receive these Chinamen. If you would like to see them, just stay quietly near me!' The delighted Cardinal modestly sat down on one of the high-backed chairs that stood along the wall of the audience chamber. Thereupon, the Chinamen were ushered in, wearing their national costumes of blue silk and their long queues. They kotowed, prostrating themselves upon the floor, and, in this position, handed the monarch their credentials. In order to give the Cardinal a chance to look at the visitors, the Emperor carried on a conversation with them through an interpreter.

The Chinese had barely set foot outside the audience-chamber before they were overwhelmed with questions as to how the Emperor had received them. The subjects of the Son of Heaven were full of praise. At last one of them asked: 'Is your Emperor married?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'What does your Empress look like?' asked the Chinese diplomat. 'Young and beautiful,' was naturally the answer, at that time fully applicable. 'I told you so,' said the other Chinaman eagerly. 'The one we saw in there was the mother-in-law!'

The Chinamen had very pardonably assumed that the smooth-shaven ecclesiastic, clothed in all the pomp of red stockings and buckled shoes and decked out with gloves and the papal ring, whose presence in the audience chamber would otherwise have seemed to them inexplicable, was the mother-in-law of the Emperor of Austria, attending him in approved Chinese fashion.

THE strength with which the Emperor adhered to tradition had a great many inconveniences and disadvantages. The Spanish Court etiquette, on the exact observance of which Francis Joseph insisted, contained many regulations that had long been devoid of sense. It provided, for example, that every wish of a member of the Emperor's household, particularly the childish wishes of the small princes and princesses, must be fulfilled at all costs, and that every object brought into the imperial palace must be paid for with a sum of at least two guldens, without regard for the true value of the thing in question.

These two ancient rules once caused a curious incident. The four-year-old Archduchess Valérie, the Emperor's youngest daughter, longed, in the middle of winter, for one of the simple red balloons which were sold in the summer in the Prater. The carrying out of this innocent wish was not a simple matter. Such balloons were to be had only during the summer, because they were so perishable that they had to be disposed of immediately. None of the several messengers sent forth from the castle was able to get hold of the balloon so ardently desired by the tiny Archduchess.

At last a little shop-keeper turned up who could have a balloon on hand within a day. The overjoyed messenger promised him a special reward. The merchant knew that the plaything was made in the summer in a most primitive

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way by poor people who lived in the tenements of the Leopoldstadt. For one gulden some poor devil brought a dozen balloons to his shop the next morning. In order not to waste time nor to endanger the buoyancy of the quickly deflating balloons, the merchant himself went to the palace without waiting for the messenger, so that he could put the toys as quickly as possible into the hands of the little Princess. But he had reckoned without the court etiquette. The court attendant of the young Archduchess expressed regret that he would be unable to take the balloons without an authorization from the Head Master of the Royal Household. The merchant betook himself with his balloons to that office. There, in spite of his protests and his fear lest the frail balloons come to some harm, he was forced to wait in a heated anteroom until the particular official of the department in whose province lay the matter of purchases, and the one whose sphere of activity consisted in receiving things ordered for members of the royal household, appeared. When finally these two functionaries — most certainly not overworked — were satisfactorily fetched, a fresh difficulty made its appearance. The merchant had planned, since the wares he had brought were especially ordered for the Court and since in some ways they had not been easy to lay hold of, to ask for them a price of four gulden, an unusually high price in his eyes, as it was four times their purchase price. He achieved his aim nobly.

The price set was too cheap! It was absolutely insulting to the high and mighty Court. 'You should have known long ago,' came the haughty words, 'that for Imperial purchases nothing should be offered for less than two gulden apiece. For that reason we cannot accept your wares. However, it is possible to ask the advice of the department of ceremonies.' All attempts of the poor shop-keeper to hand over his wares on the spot, even without taking any pay at all, were in vain. When at last, after about two hours, instructions succeeded in filtering through from the high authority, the merchant was paid twenty-four silver gulden in cash, although the balloons which he handed over for the poor little Princess had collapsed in the meantime and had to be thrown away.

ON MANY other occasions, Francis Joseph showed a tendency to adhere dogmatically to any rule that had once been laid down. Of one of his politically significant visits to Bohemia, the following amusing little tale is told.

In order to pacify the restless Czechs, the Emperor had presided over the opening ceremony of the Bohemian national museum, and expected to return to Vienna immediately after the festivities.

Whether it was because the full measure of the Emperor's graciousness had been too liberally bestowed on the Czechs, or because of the constant jealousy that existed between the two nations of the Empire over every possible trifle, it became necessary to extend the Emperor's journey into German territory, without any preparation whatever. In great haste an inspection of the garrison at Reichenberg was improvised for the next morning.

The court functionary who was sent on ahead of the royal party to make ready for the Emperor's approach had an unpleasant surprise late in the evening before the Emperor arrived, when he received a dispatch from the royal valet telling him to procure with all possible speed a sash of gold such as Austrian generals then wore. His Majesty had forgotten to bring his own along. There was need for quick thinking. It would be impossible to get one from Prague in the short time that was left. A search in Reichenberg revealed that the only general available, who commanded the brigade there in the garrison, had only two of the precious gold sashes: a spotless one for festive occasions and another, for everyday use, which was naturally rather soiled. It was apparent that the General needed his better sash to wear when he received the Emperor. It was also plain that he ought not to be encouraged to offer his old sash to the Monarch. There was nothing for the valet to do but to announce dejectedly to the Emperor that there was no sash for him to wear at the review.

In Francis Joseph's mind, this was not an insignificant matter. Not only did he exact from others the most rigid observance of etiquette, but he was very precise in what concerned himself. In a military ceremony the Emperor, Francis Joseph, must be as conventionally dressed as anyone else. The situation seemed unbearable. At first, in order to escape from its unpleasantness, he wished the review to be given up. This, however, could not be done, because it was too difficult to improvise at the last moment any programme to replace the military spectacle. There was general embarrassment.

The Emperor's actions at this juncture were characteristic. He sat down as usual early in the morning at his study-table in the parlor-car. After he had gazed thoughtfully in front of him for some time, he called for the adjutant general. To him he dictated a decree to go forth to the army. It provided that henceforth the Commander-in-Chief would appear without a sash at parades, field manœuvres, and other official occasions, so that he could be distinguished from other generals. Thus Francis Joseph got himself out of a predicament, rode tranquilly without a sash to the imperial parade, and never again wore one on such occasions.

Because the old Emperor in his 'unapproachable sanctity' tried to shield himself from the press of life, and grasped firmly at the customs and traditions of his youth, he often had extraordinary experiences.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH left Schönbrunn almost every day to pay a visit to the actress, Katharina Schratt, in her villa near the royal castle. The Emperor always came alone at a certain hour. Frau Schratt took care that some servant should always be stationed at the door to watch for Francis Joseph's arrival, so that when the Emperor came up the steps he would invariably find the front door standing open for him.

It happened once that the person on whom this duty devolved was not on hand, and another servant, less responsible or less intelligent, was put in his place. At the usual hour of the Emperor's call, the front door bell rang loudly, frightening Frau Schratt and her household nearly out of their wits. Disturbed at the prospect of facing the Emperor's impatience, Frau Schratt hurried as quickly as possible to the front door, so that at least she might let the Emperor in herself.

To her horror, Francis Joseph stood waiting on the step. She hastened to make profuse apologies for her carelessness, but was amazed when the Emperor interrupted her jovially: 'You cannot imagine how grateful I am to you and what pleasure you have given me. You have made possible the fulfilling of a wish long postponed. During my whole life, no matter how much trouble I've given myself, I've never been able to ring anyone's door bell. Every door and gate that I have approached has flown open before me as if by magic. Now, at last, I have succeeded in ringing a door bell as it should be rung, just like any other human being!'

Francis Joseph's actions, indeed his whole bearing, retained their youthful freshness long after he had passed his seventieth year. He himself felt young, and had no idea that anyone could consider him an old man. Often this showed itself in vivid and unexpected ways. In 1900, the Austrian Veterans' Association got up a torchlight procession at Schönbrunn in honor of his seventieth birth-

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day. The Emperor stood, as was his custom, to review the procession which filed by for nearly four hours, and afterwards held the usual reception when the functionaries responsible for the affair were presented to him. One of these gentlemen thought it appropriate to say to the royal guest: 'God grant that in ten years we may again be able to celebrate your Majesty's birthday in this fashion!' The Emperor listened with a smile and answered: 'In ten years? I doubt whether I'd be able to stand this sort of thing. Why, then I'll be an old man!' He made a mistake, however, in judging his own endurance. Ten years later, on his eightieth birthday, he took part in a great many festivities in his honor, although they taxed severely his as yet imperceptibly diminished strength. It was the World War with its anxieties and suffering that first sapped and at last completely drained his vitality.

FOR the Emperor himself and for most of the princes and princesses, the business of official presentations was an extremely oppressive burden. Speeches, especially, and the replies that had perforce to be made to them were very unpopular in the royal household. In the long run it was embarrassing as well as fatiguing to the princes to have to meet, time after time, throngs of people with whom they had no particular concern and of whom they knew absolutely nothing, yet to whom they were supposed to say pleasant things. Emperor Francis Joseph had for such occasions a stock phrase which has since become almost too popular: 'This has given me great pleasure.' And most of the members of the royal household had acquired more or less adroit set phrases which rarely underwent any change. It takes little imagination to know that from this habit various amusing situations arose.

The whole Court knew, for instance, that the Archduchess Valérie, the Emperor's youngest daughter, who was herself exceedingly shy, invariably asked people who were presented to her for the first time the following three questions: 'Have you been here before? How do you like it here?' and 'Have you ever been in Berlin?' God only knows why the innocent little princess fastened upon these three particular questions, especially the last one. It was a fact that she always asked these three and no others when she met anyone for the first time. This led to many really ludicrous incidents, the more so because the extremely timid little girl, who was as delicate as a doll, allowed long pauses to ensue between her questions, during which she ran with wee, tripping steps back to her seat, only to run forward again when she was ready to ask another question.

IN THE eighties, Prince William, heir to the throne of the German Empire, came to Prague on a visit to Crown Prince Rudolf, then stationed there as commanding general. In spite of somewhat strained political relations, the visit was the occasion for festivities in honor of the guest, in which almost all

FRANCIS JOSEPH
TOWARD the end of his long and energetic life.

the younger princes participated, and for which they made a special trip from Vienna to Prague.

An incident which made an extraordinary impression on the writer of these lines took place during a military parade. The Prussian Prince, who held the post of major in the Thirty-fourth Infantry Regiment of the Austrian Army, of which his grandfather was honorary colonel, wore the simple, unadorned uniform of a field officer. He sat near the Austrian Crown Prince, who had put on, in honor of his guest, the splendid regalia of the Prussian Uhlans. One can imagine the feelings of the vain Prussian Prince as he sat in his modest uniform beside the Crown Prince, who shone with the gorgeous color and gold braid of the trappings of his German regiment. At first everything went along quietly. William rode along the ranks at the Crown Prince's side, and took his place at the right of the Crown Prince to review the columns.

Because none of the corps of this garrison had the slightest connection with the royal house of Prussia, nor with the German Empire, there seemed to be no opportunity for the Prussian guest to play any rôle in the parade except that of guest-of-honor and spectator.

As the four regiments of infantry, the artillery, and the technical troops marched by, the Prussian Prince held himself aloof and impassive. When, at the end of the parade, two squadrons of dragoons came along, William could no longer restrain his desire to bring himself into the public eye.

Without a word to anyone, he dashed up to the two squadrons which were approaching at a walk, drew his sword, and, to the unconcealed amazement of the Crown Prince and his suite, started to lead the Austrian riders. Leading them once did not, however, satisfy William. He led the dragoons back again, in order to lead them by again, this time at a trot. Since our Austrian cavalry rarely passed in review at a trot, this experiment did not succeed very well. The squadrons came on in a decidedly wavering formation, but they managed to pass the reviewing officers.

Again William made them return, this time to try a gallop. He let the squadrons start on ahead and then set out after them, planning to heighten the effect by overtaking them and leading them at full gallop past the Crown Prince. But the experiment was not successful. Things took a disastrous turn. The Austrian cavalry had never practised galloping at reviews, and the Prince, though himself a superb rider, created such confusion among men and horses by breaking through the ranks, that many of the soldiers were thrown from their mounts. Both squadrons passed the reviewing stand in terrible disarray, with riderless horses in front of the ranks and horseless dragoons running on foot in the ranks.

For once, William realized what an error he had made. Suddenly he stopped short, disconcertedly thrust his sword back into its scabbard and rode alone, without a single glance at the Crown Prince and his suite, back into the fortress. William's conduct in this little episode is so characteristic and revealing that we cannot refrain from describing it in detail. It was an accurate forecast of his subsequent conduct as German Emperor.

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Chemical Preparations for War

Recent Progress in the Application of Chemistry to the Art of Destruction

By Albert Lapoule

Translated from *La Revue des Vivants*, Paris Veterans' Monthly

IF THE world were all it ought to be, this article could be made very short. It would have then only an historic value. For it is only a little while since Russia joined the other nations in solemnly renouncing the use of gas and certain other chemical means of warfare.

Formal international engagements of this tenor are very numerous. Article 171 of the Treaty of Versailles says: —

> The use of asphyxiating, poisonous or other gases and all analogous liquids, materials or devices being prohibited, their manufacture and importation are strictly forbidden in Germany.

And again the Washington Treaty of January 7, 1922, between the United States, England, France, Japan, and Italy, declares in Article V: —

> The use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases, and all analogous liquids, materials, or devices, having been justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world and a prohibition of such use having been declared in treaties to which a majority of the civilized Powers are parties,
>
> The Signatory Powers, to the end that this prohibition shall be universally accepted as a part of international law, binding alike the conscience and practice of nations, declare their assent to such prohibition, agree to be bound thereby as between themselves, and invite all other civilized nations to adhere thereto.

Noble words indeed, but not very definite. Is it not possible that they may represent no more than a false front designed to deceive the unwary? We shall do well to pause and examine the facts for a moment, not forgetting that as early as 1899 the great nations, of whom Germany was one, had already forbidden the use of 'asphyxiating or deleterious gases.' Everyone knows how that pledge was kept, and we may well ask ourselves whether the present official pledges really represent official intentions.

BEFORE the War, the United States refused to adhere to similar agreements. But the signature of the anti-gas treaty of 1922 was the signal for a violent campaign in the United States *in favor* of chemical warfare, and technical men in other countries followed suit.* Their arguments ran somewhat as follows: —

1. It is unreasonable to condemn the most humane of all weapons, which gives a maximum military effect with a minimum number of victims. 'Gas is probably the most effective weapon for producing casualties,' wrote Dr. J. E. Mills in the *Military Engineer*, but he added that it 'can be made the most humane form of warfare.' He also pointed out that the conference had 'increased relatively the importance of the weapon it wanted to abolish, — chemical warfare, — for the weapon itself, the ability to make chemicals, cannot be abolished.'

2. It is the usual fate of all new weapons to be greeted with horror. Later on, people get used to them. According to Professor Smithells, of the University of Leeds, 'it must be believed that every new method of warfare, such as that of gunpowder, has always been considered very cruel, and that the feeling of terror has only disappeared little by little. It is impossible for England in the future to renounce the methods of poison gas.'

3. Control is difficult. League of Nations experts insist that it is impossible to forbid research, which may at any moment lead to new methods of chemical warfare; and that there is no way of restricting the manufacture of any particular gas. After the Washington Conference, the American general, Fries, did not hesitate to write that 'even though the provisions of the Hague Convention of 1899 regarding the use of poisonous and asphyxiating gases in war have been reaffirmed,' nevertheless 'military men must face the bald fact that any nation with superior scientific knowledge will undoubtedly take full advantage of this knowledge in the next war in which it is engaged, provided it believes it can win by doing so.'

4. There is an inevitable tendency to progress from one treaty interpretation to another, or from reprisal to reprisal, until, in the end, every army is using gas, no matter what treaties have been signed. We shall come back to this point later in the present article.

5. And finally, the most cynical ask, 'Why should we be so shamefaced about it?' The German chemist, Hanslian, and his Swedish colleague, Bergendorff, assert that 'the use of gas in the next war offers to the *most civilized* nations — in the technical and scientific meaning of that word — a weapon of the highest power, which will confer on the best educated peoples a world-wide supremacy.'

IT IS not surprising, therefore, that, treaties or no treaties, all the states of the world are feverishly at work studying chemical war and planning their industrial organizations to meet its needs. It is true that, under the Treaty of Versailles, Germany has been forbidden to carry on any official research in

WHETHER the signatories of the recent Peace Pact regard the renunciation of war seriously or lightly is ascertainable not from the words of the Treaty or the declarations of statesmen, but from the effect of the Treaty upon the continuance of preparations for the next war.

This paper has been selected for publication because its author presents striking testimony of the intensive work now being carried on by the great nations of the earth to the end that the next war may be short, sharp, and characterized by unprecedented destructiveness. These preparations serve notice that attacks will be directed as much upon non-combatants as upon soldiers in the field, a practice condemned as barbaric centuries ago. Has not modern civilization, so-called, in its resort to scientific methods of wholesale and indiscriminate destruction, relapsed into unmitigated savagery?

We fear the answer must be — Yes.

* *Editor's Note* — It will be remembered that though the Naval Limitation Treaty of 1922 was ratified and became effective, the treaty forbidding chemical warfare was never ratified and is not binding.

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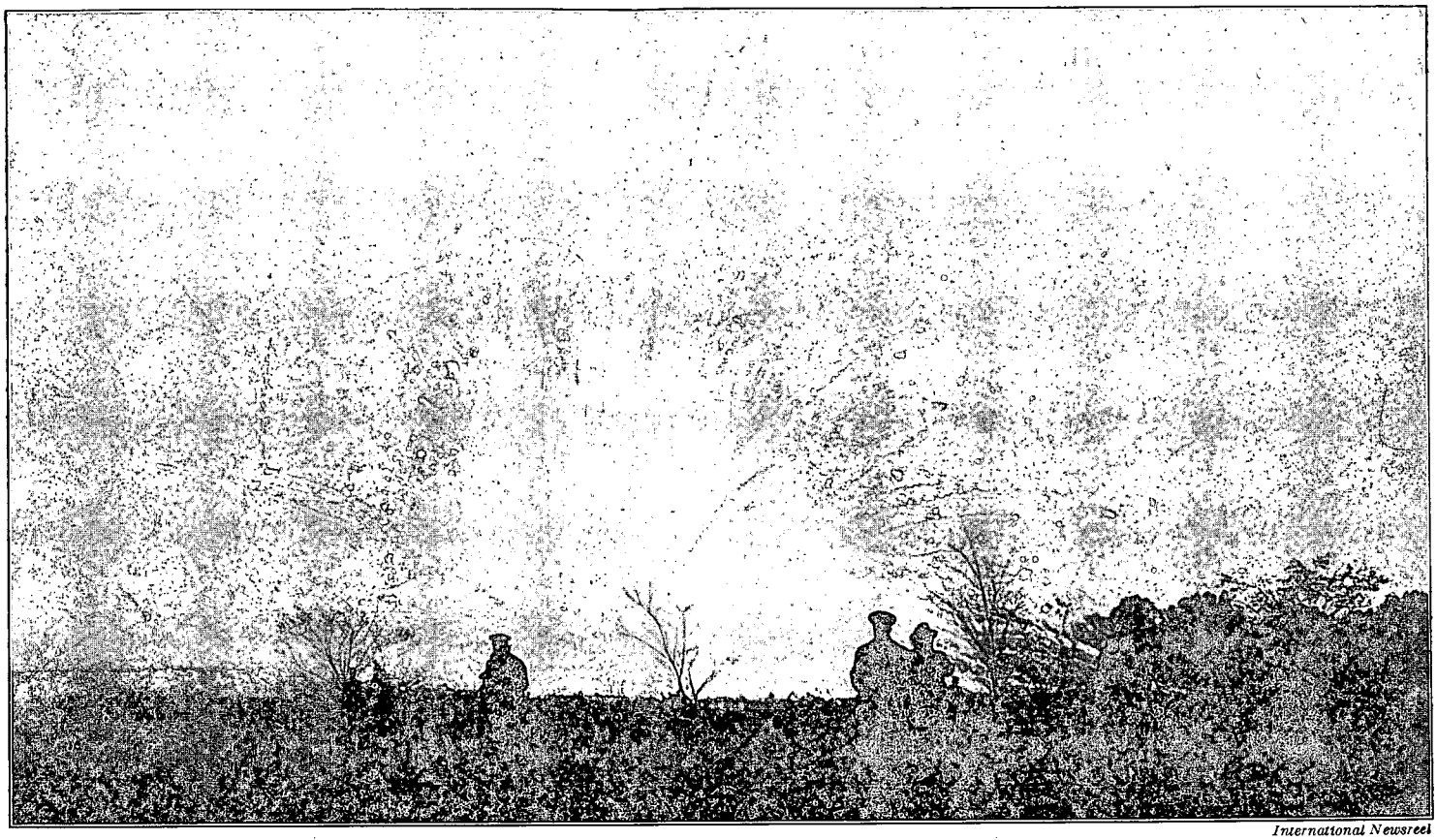

International Newsreel

CHEMICAL WARFARE IN THE UNITED STATES

EXPLOSION of thermite bomb during night manœuvres at the Edgewood Arsenal, searing with terrific heat everything it touches.

chemical warfare, but everyone knows the extent of her chemical industry before the war. In the so-called I. G. (Interessen Gemeinschaft Farbenindustrie) she has the most powerful organization in the world for the production of organic chemical substances. The seven great firms linked under this name possess a capital of three billion, two hundred million francs. Everyone knows, moreover, how easily a chemical secret can be guarded and with what speed a peace-time industry can transform itself into a war industry. All the other nations who are not specifically forbidden to carry on such research are hard at it. The United States have their Chemical Warfare Service, commanded by General Fries, with a military personnel of ninety-two commissioned officers and three hundred and six enlisted men, and an appropriation of over $1,300,000 for the current fiscal year.

Italy has her *Commissione Suprema di Difesa* divided into three sections: chemical, technical, and therapeutic. At Porton, near Salisbury, Great Britain has laboratories and a school with a staff of twenty-two officers and twenty-six chemists. The budget, which in 1925 amounted to £270,000, has since been increased. Russia is conducting studies under the direction of Professor Ipatiev, of Moscow, and some German chemists, and Russian chemical industries are in full course of development. 'Though the training of the Red Army does not yet equal that of foreign armies,' said M. Worolov, Commissar of the Army and Navy, on April 25, 1927, 'there is no reason for being disturbed, for chemical warfare is still in process of evolution.' Yet in November 1927, at Geneva, the Soviet government renounced chemical warfare!

Poland is hard at work and the great electro-chemical works at Czestochowa is in itself sufficient for the country's defense. Special studies of gas are going forward at the School of Mines at Cracow and at the Chemical School of Warsaw. Czechoslovakia, on whose territory three-fourths of the chemical industries of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire were located, has a gas experiment station at Bystrice, near Olmütz. The Belgian war ministry has since 1923 had a special department for chemical warfare, which is modeled after the American Chemical Warfare Service. Japan is spending enormous sums on the study of war gases.

Spain has lately linked up her *Fabricación Nacional de Colorantes y Explosivos* with the German I. G., which we have just discussed. In exchange for certain advantages, which include a fifty-per-cent reduction in direct taxation, this German-Spanish company has promised to direct its manufacturing into such lines as can be used in military chemistry; and ultimately, to manufacture explosives for districts designated by the ministry of war.

Finally, France, whose chemical industry was practically created by the War, possesses a *Commission des Études chimiques de guerre*, under the direction of M. Charles Moureu, a professor in the Collège de France and a member of the Académie des Sciences. Scientific studies are going on in spite of ridiculously low appropriations.

THE reader will excuse the length of this list. If we are to discuss the subject at all, we must have the facts.

From what has just been said, a first conclusion follows: everything is going on exactly as if the nations had made no promises at all. After the Washington Conference, General Fries did not hesitate to assert that America must nevertheless make thorough preparation for chemical warfare, and *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* suggested that the treaties need be taken into consideration on paper only, since no real way existed of preventing the use of toxic gases.

IT IS easy to see, therefore, that such treaties as have been signed represent nothing but expressions of good will — good will which is purely platonic and of

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so little effect that it would quickly vanish in a death struggle.

What then would happen in case of a new European conflict? What would such a war be like? At the head of the French Army's tactical regulations appears this statement: —

'So far as the international engagements which France has signed are concerned, the French government will endeavor at the beginning of any war to secure agreement from the hostile governments to make no use of gas as a weapon. If this promise is not obtained, the French government retains the right to act as circumstances may dictate.'

These sentences sum up the French attitude; and the history of the last few years makes it easy to believe them. In 1914 the French government did not declare war, did not maintain troops along the frontier, did not violate Belgian neutrality, nor was it the first to use gas. Everyone knows this, but it is, nevertheless, worth repeating the facts, for the last statement is already being disputed.

In spite of her best efforts, France would speedily be compelled to use gas in any future war. The agreements which forbid it are very vague in their phrasing; and we may as well face the fact that it is so hard to make them definite that a tricky opponent will always find it easy to discover excuses for evading their terms. Take, for example, the explosion of an ordinary shell. From the chemist's standpoint, this is by no means a simple phenomenon. A number of reactions take place simultaneously, releasing carbon monoxide and various nitrogenous gases — all of them highly poisonous. This difficulty came up as early as the Hague Conference of 1899, where it was decided that 'the explosive action must exceed the toxic action.' The meaning of that statement is certainly vague.

In such a case it is always easy to salve one's conscience and, bit by bit, to twist logic, until one reaches a conclusion directly opposed to the evidence. This the Germans have not been slow to do; for, though their subtlety is somewhat commonplace, it sticks at nothing in supporting a sophistry. Doctors Hanslian and Bergendorff, who have already been mentioned, go so far as to suggest that it was France which first used chemical warfare! The Germans, of course, did attack with clouds of chlorine gas at Ypres. But that was only a modern adaptation of an ancient way of fighting — fumigation. France was the first to use carbon oxychloride. That, of course, was not fair play, and so it was France who began the chemical war!

LET us admit then that in future battles we shall see all modern scientific achievements put to use; and that no considerations will outweigh the feeling of common danger.

If war broke out to-morrow, it would be as different from the war in 1914 as the last war was different from the Napoleonic wars. But from the conditions existing at the *close* of the World War, we can deduce what the beginning of the next war will be like.

Let us see what kind of heritage the year of 1918 left us, conditions which would immediately be reproduced with a vengeance. That heritage consists of chemical war, war in the air, and, with them, the tactics of surprise. These two new arms, although they have no close natural link, present two similarities: in both, new advances can be kept secret; both lend themselves readily to concealment.

The close connection between civil and military aviation has already been discussed in these pages. Experts do not agree whether commercial aircraft can be transformed into the best kind of military aircraft, or whether the latter, to be perfect, demand separate development. But it is certain, nevertheless, that aërial methods are essentially interchangeable and that the same factories can be used for a double purpose.

In the same way, chemical secrets can be easily kept. Chemical factories can get out of overalls and into uniform in less time than it takes to write. Plants manufacturing chlorate of lime can be furnishing tanks of chlorine in a single day. Cotton dyeing establishments can provide oxychlorate of carbon; arsenic derivatives which make sneezing gases can be derived from medical laboratories.

Factories making artificial indigo can supply yperite, or mustard gas, and photographic establishments can provide bromine. Factories manufacturing chloropicrine can be turned easily from their agricultural uses. Other factories, manufacturing hydrocyanic gas and phosgene, can withdraw their benefits from rats and bestow them upon man.

The element of surprise is obvious — tactical surprise because of the speed and power of the weapons available; technical surprise because of the possibility of penetrating the most effective protection and the most perfect masks. There is no fortress that can withstand bombardment if the bombardment is heavy enough. It is the same with chemical war. It is hard for a passive defensive to withstand attack.

LET us add that in order to derive the entire benefit from surprise, one should make one's offensive coincide with a declaration of war or precede it.

The experience of 1918 suggests that war will extend into the zone behind the armies or, to be more accurate, distinctions will disappear and the whole country will be the front. That is a logical consequence of the idea of the 'nation in arms.' It is just as important for the enemy to attack the workmen who are making shells as it is to stop the artillerymen who are firing. But in time of war everybody would be working together to make shells and it would therefore be to the enemy's interest to attack them all.

Moreover, add the cynics, all things are relative. People talk about civilian populations but is not the infantryman quite as helpless under artillery fire as a civilian? And is not the artilleryman himself helpless when an aviator is bombing him? Everyone is always helpless against someone else.

Consider what Herr von Parseval wrote in 1924: 'If we were to admit old-fashioned ideas, the action of aircraft would have to be exerted only upon military objectives. *Fortunately*, the more modern idea is that a whole country must be regarded as taking part in a war and consequently a hostile power can destroy *everything*. Moreover, when the very existence of a nation is at stake, one must wage war to the utmost and employ all means of assuring success. Sensitiveness is no longer in fashion, in war less than anywhere else.'

This, then, is what we may expect, judging by the results of the last war. Let us pass on to some well grounded guesses as to what will probably follow.

IF THE outbreak of hostilities should be sudden, it will, as we have said, lead to appalling results. But because of the immense increase in the depth of military operations behind the front, efforts will be made to harass or immobilize the enemy at various given points by methods whose effects will be so lasting that one's own forces will not have to pay any further attention to those points for a long time. To carbon monoxide and hydrocyanic gas, therefore, which give the victim no time to run for shelter, yperite and other substances will be added. They will compel the enemy to wear gas masks long enough to exhaust the men, no matter how resistant, and to render the efforts of even the most active men almost useless. There will be whole regions where, unless one has artificial protection, it will be impossible to

(*Continued on page 320*)

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Sir John Simon

A British Barrister Who Has Sacrificed a Practice Worth Fifty Thousand Pounds a Year to Head a Government Commission

By David John Marshall

Written Especially for The Living Age

THE dawn of December this year discovers in the wide world's panorama no single spectacle more fascinating than that furnished by India. In the face of continued hostility, the Indian Statutory Commission has lately resumed its work of examining the practical operation of the Government of India Act of 1919 with a view to advising Parliament, when the Act comes up for revision in 1929, how far Indian Home Rule should be extended or restricted. When Sir John Simon accepted the chairmanship of the Commission last year, he did so because, as he said, it was the 'biggest job' he knew of; and whether or no its ultimate fulfilment is attended by brilliant success, the man who tackled it is entitled now and of his own right to our careful consideration.

In the happy days before the World War, Sir John Simon was the chosen disciple of Asquith, and heir-apparent to the leadership of the Liberal Party. He was forty-one when the war broke out. One year earlier he had entered the Cabinet as Attorney-General. One year later, when the first Coalition Government was formed, he was offered the lord chancellorship of England — and a peerage. He twice declined the offer in order, he said, that he might continue his career in the Commons. And so Sir Frederick Smith became Lord Birkenhead and also Lord Chancellor, while Sir John Simon was content to become the Secretary of State for Home Affairs. Why? The story goes that he was throwing dice for the premiership, from which office he would have been effectively barred had he entered the House of Lords.

But then, before the year was out, being on moral grounds opposed to compulsory military service, he resigned his post at the Home Office and, in doing so, destroyed for the time all hope of further preferment. Such an act was typical of Sir John Simon.

WHETHER he will yet be able to retrieve the past, lies, of course, in the lap of the gods. But after all, one is still young at fifty-five, and it should not be allowed to count for over much that the party of Simon's allegiance 'has no longer any future.' In discussing the decadence of anything British, the safest way is to speak in the manner of the critic who said of the great satirical weekly: '*Punch* isn't what it used to be — and never was.' There was a day when the Liberal Party 'drove to the House of Commons in a four-wheeler.' To-day it may not possess the degree of unity implied in that old quip, but anyhow it can pack a dozen taxi-cabs. On the other hand, it goes without saying that the main point of difference between a cat and a politician is that the cat has only nine lives. It is not unreasonable, then, to suppose that the high tide of some future reaction may still carry into Downing Street this 'Admirable Simon', whose brilliance is legendary and whose word, a couple of years ago, did more than anything else to break the back of the general strike. That is one important reason why Sir John claims attention to-day, and that is why, if we seek a just evaluation of his world significance, we must apply to him standards by which to judge a possible future Prime Minister.

Pacific & Atlantic

SIR JOHN SIMON

A PORTRAIT which makes clear his resemblance to the late Lord Curzon. 'An immoderately handsome man, his countenance betrays no crass emotion, and "vulgar enthusiasm" never disturbed the fine balance of his thought.'

It is a commonplace to say that any Englishman without a university degree had better be either a duke or a salesman, for Oxford and Cambridge have a practical monopoly of providing men of high distinction in whatever walk of life, and it is reasonably accurate to say that, quite unlike the American's, the Englishman's career begins, and his fortune is made, while he is still at school.

JOHN SIMON'S career began at Oxford. The son of a Non-Conformist clergyman acquainted with poverty, he made his own way through the University by a series of intellectual feats that won him scholarships and cash prizes and every well-paid fellowship that was offered. At Wadham College, he was one of a group of four renowned for their debating skill. There was Charles B. Fry who excelled alike in cricket and scholarship. There was Frederick Smith, of unfailing brilliance. And there was the formidable Hilaire Belloc. Smith and Simon both attained the presidency of the Oxford Union Debating Society. 'No single party can contain us twain,' Smith told him as they both set out from Oxford to conquer the world, and the future Lord Birkenhead thereupon became a Tory.

In the busy years that lay between Oxford and the outbreak of war, Simon rose to incredible heights in the practice

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of the law. In 1914 his net annual income is understood to have been in excess of £50,000. Nor was he less brilliantly successful in the House of Commons. He became the favorite of Asquith and the inseparable companion of Morley and Bryce. To the country at large he was the incarnation of 'scholarship in politics.' An immoderately handsome man, his countenance betrayed no crass emotion, and 'vulgar enthusiasm' never disturbed the fine balance of his thought. He gave his public addresses careful preparation and kept them terse, lucid, and well within the definition of 'a plain tale without any missionary fervor.' Of serious mien and without any humor to spare, he was precisely the kind of Englishman that many Americans make a special point of disliking. But he was in England considered a very big man. He might never have inspired our love, but in him was the very smell of England's 'foggy south, puffing with wind and rain.' His ideal in politics was, like the religion in which his father reared him, simple, practical, and hard. Bred in the Bunyan tradition, he had upon him the unmystical stamp of the fervent English 'Bible Christian.'

'The fellow countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton cannot look askance upon the fellow countrymen of Goethe and Schiller,' he declared in course of an address on the New Year's Day of 1914 in which he decried the then current talk of approaching war with Germany. It is significant that he added: 'Those who have the tradition of Wycliffe and Wesley have no ground of quarrel with the descendants of Luther.' There was no doubt about his sincerity. His conscience was notoriously tender and, indeed, his very Liberalism was — what his father's had been and what Liberalism, in the main, has always been in England — the voice of the 'Chapel.' Let Balfour speak of it as 'that greasy instrument of party politics'; the Non-Conformist conscience remains a major force in British public opinion.

IN RETROSPECT it is easy to find flaws in a man's career. I have attempted to enumerate those traits of Simon's character that are permanent and that manifested themselves in the years leading up to his resignation from the Cabinet. None of necessity implies weakness, though, in a politician, it is usual to count a plaguey conscience a disability. But in these years he had undoubtedly one defect which was advertised by his constant association with those elder prophets, Morley, Bryce, and Asquith. It is not that he acquired of them the odor of omniscience, for he was too sensible. It is not that he grew arrogant, for he was not vain. Lord Birkenhead was arrogant, brazenly affirming that he owed his success to no such vulgar virtues as industry, modesty, and thrift. But rather, Sir John had the fatal deficiency of knowing too little of human kind. He had come by success too easily, perhaps, and in proportion as he was now restricting himself to the company of scholars, he was failing to broaden, as he should have done, his sympathy with all men — with men who toil and are disappointed and whose cup of happiness is full if on occasion they attain small measures of success. 'Preach the Gospel and put down enthusiasm,' Bishop Lightfoot had said in his famous order to his clergy, and the gentle, sensitive John Simon was scandalized when after a few weeks of war the bishop of London made easy fame for himself by preaching a sermon on 'The Nailed-Hand versus the Mailed Fist.'

And yet he is not without very human qualities. There is the Simon dubbed contemptuously by Lloyd George 'the Little Gladstone,' because of his opposition to the policy of reprisals in Ireland. There is also the lover of sport, regretting that he must return home from America without having seen Ruth play baseball. There is the Simon of popular story, pouring tea in his office, one cup for his wealthy client, a peer of the realm, and the other cup for himself. He discourses learnedly on problems of philosophy, and swept along by the magic of his own words, he drinks both cups of tea himself and ushers his astonished visitor off the premises without realizing his error and without even learning the purpose of his lordship's visit.

If he broke with Lloyd George on compulsory military service, it was not because he was either a defeatist or a pacifist. What is remembered of the episode to-day is that soon after quitting the Cabinet he obtained his commission and went to the front, although he might have claimed Parliamentary exemption. 'The Anglo-Saxon is a very warlike but not a military race,' General Napier said almost a century ago. A few years earlier Napoleon had spoken of the English as 'the greatest soldiers in the world, led by the greatest asses.' And again at Balaklava where 'someone had blundered' in sending forward the Light Brigade, the same tragic discovery was made, and the French commander, General Bosquet, groaned: 'It is magnificent, but it is not war.' The English temper has always been profoundly unmilitary, and in being an anti-militarist, Simon was eminently English. Conscription was the product of the Welsh intellect which, being very logical and crystal-clear, knows not how to 'muddle through.'

TALL and in appearance remarkably like the late Lord Curzon, Sir John is possessed of a very melodious voice and a swift and fertile brain. No one who heard him can ever forget the day in 1924 when he began his summing up for the Midland Bank in the notorious 'Mr. A' case, nor could one doubt that he was by nature intended for the bar. And see him in the House of Commons when the general strike had been in progress for a day or so in the spring of 1926 and when others were beside themselves with fear or anger. Turning slightly to the Speaker, he treats exhaustively, in quiet, even tones, of the Trade Disputes Act of 1906. This, the 'charter of trade unionism,' had for its purpose the protection of the working man by making it impossible at law to recover damages against a union in respect of any wrongful act committed by it or on its behalf. 'But the act falls short,' Sir John says now, 'of covering those individuals who stopped work without giving the notice required under the terms of their contract of hire.' The railwaymen, for example, struck, he continues, in violation of an express agreement with the companies not to walk out for any cause except on a fortnight's prior notice. These and such as these — the great mass of the men out on sympathetic strike — are out illegally, he says, and concludes: 'The general strike is illegal, and for breach of contract the individual strikers can be made to pay damages to the utmost farthing of their personal possessions.' The Encyclopædia Britannica hazards the cautious comment: 'Coming from such an eminent legal authority, this speech created a deep impression.' As a matter of fact, it was said in Labor circles, later on, that Simon's address had been the factor above all others which determined the executive council of the Trade Union Congress to call off the strike.

The fortunes of party politics decreed that Sir John Simon should be appointed to the chairmanship of the Indian Commission by his old classmate, Lord Birkenhead, then the Secretary of State for India — a post he has in the past few weeks resigned. How different are these two by nature, how far apart their lives, and yet what consequences their coming together at vital moments has wrought, are matters fascinating to contemplate. Since no party was big enough to contain them both, a certain rivalry between them is usually taken for granted. Birkenhead has already attained, as Lord Chancellor, the pinnacle of every lawyer's ambition, and it must

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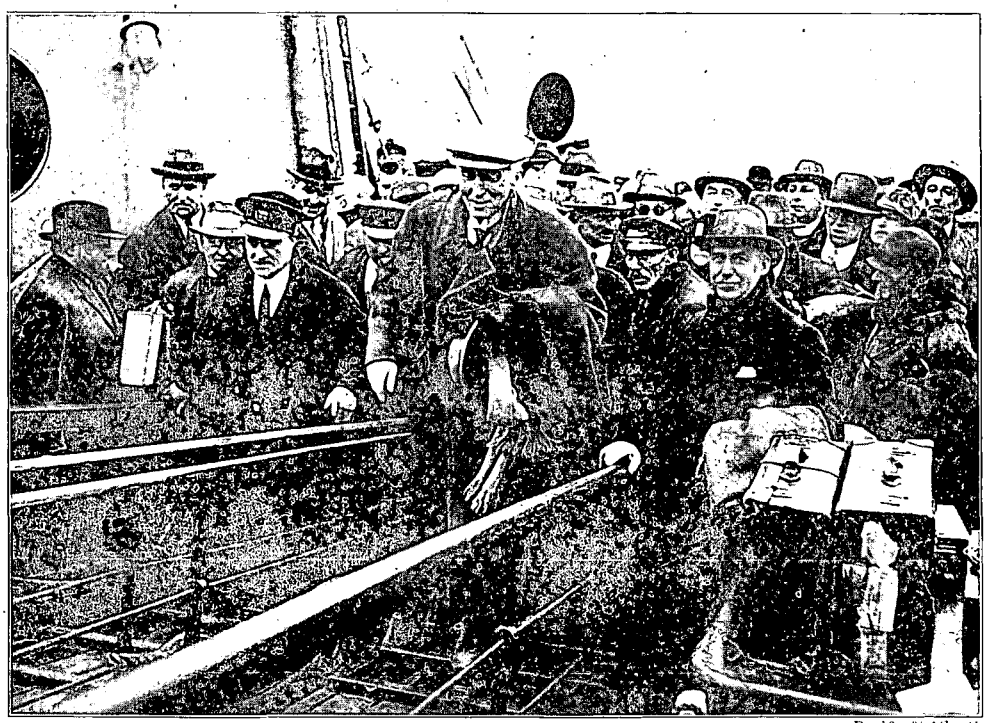
be confessed that the opinions he handed down while on the woolsack are likely to hold for centuries a place among the finest expositions ever penned of the historic principles of the common law. Still, Birkenhead became Chancellor only after Simon had refused the appointment — in his book, just out, Lord Beaverbrook says that Simon sacrificed himself in order to strengthen the position of the Cabinet which was then charged with the prosecution of the War. But, on the other hand, although as a member of the House of Lords Birkenhead no longer has to wait upon the whims of an electorate, he is prevented, by that principle of the British Constitution which denies to the member of one House the right to speak before the other, from ever attaining the ultimate hope of every statesman, the premiership. For his part, Simon has received a simple knighthood — and the chairmanship of the Indian Commission.

WHEN he accepted the latter, many observers of British affairs were aghast and the London correspondent of the *New York Times* wrote home: 'Sure of a brilliant future in domestic politics, he has chosen to stake his entire public life on what is considered a forlorn hope of creating within a partially democratic framework a satisfactory political machinery for the fiercely antagonistic peoples of backward India.' Certainly the job he has taken up is appalling to contemplate — the sort of thing an opportunist, a soldier of fortune, would avoid. And yet what job could be better suited to the genius for hard work and the spirit of modesty in the face of public need, which John Simon has shown?

It would be too bold to deny flatly that the job is one from which he may yet step to high ministerial rank. Such a thing has happened before in British affairs; it was, indeed, as a member of the Alaskan Boundary Commission (which fixed the Alaskan-Canadian line as demanded by the United States and rather against the British interest) that Sir John himself first attracted attention. It would be well in passing to refer to Fleet Street's understanding of some time ago, that Sir John had received assurances before accepting his present post that he would have as his reward the appointment as viceroy of India in succession to the present Viceroy, Lord Irwin. There is little likelihood of this, however, since the viceroy's tenure of office is fixed and the established practice — a thing that has the force of constitutional law in Great Britain — requires that the appointment be rotated among the political parties in regular order. Sir John would be too old a man to accept the office at the earliest date at which it could be offered.

It seems likely, then, that his reward must be at home. And there, perhaps, his thirty years' rivalry with Lord Birkenhead may be resumed. It is altogether in Sir John's favor that, sick of the adventurous leadership of the War and post-war periods, the people of England have turned again to their age-old admiration of the more substantial virtues in public men; that the statesman with a moral purpose is once again in favor.



Pacific & Atlantic

SIR JOHN SIMON DISEMBARKING ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS FIRST VISIT TO INDIA AS HEAD OF THE STATUTORY COMMISSION

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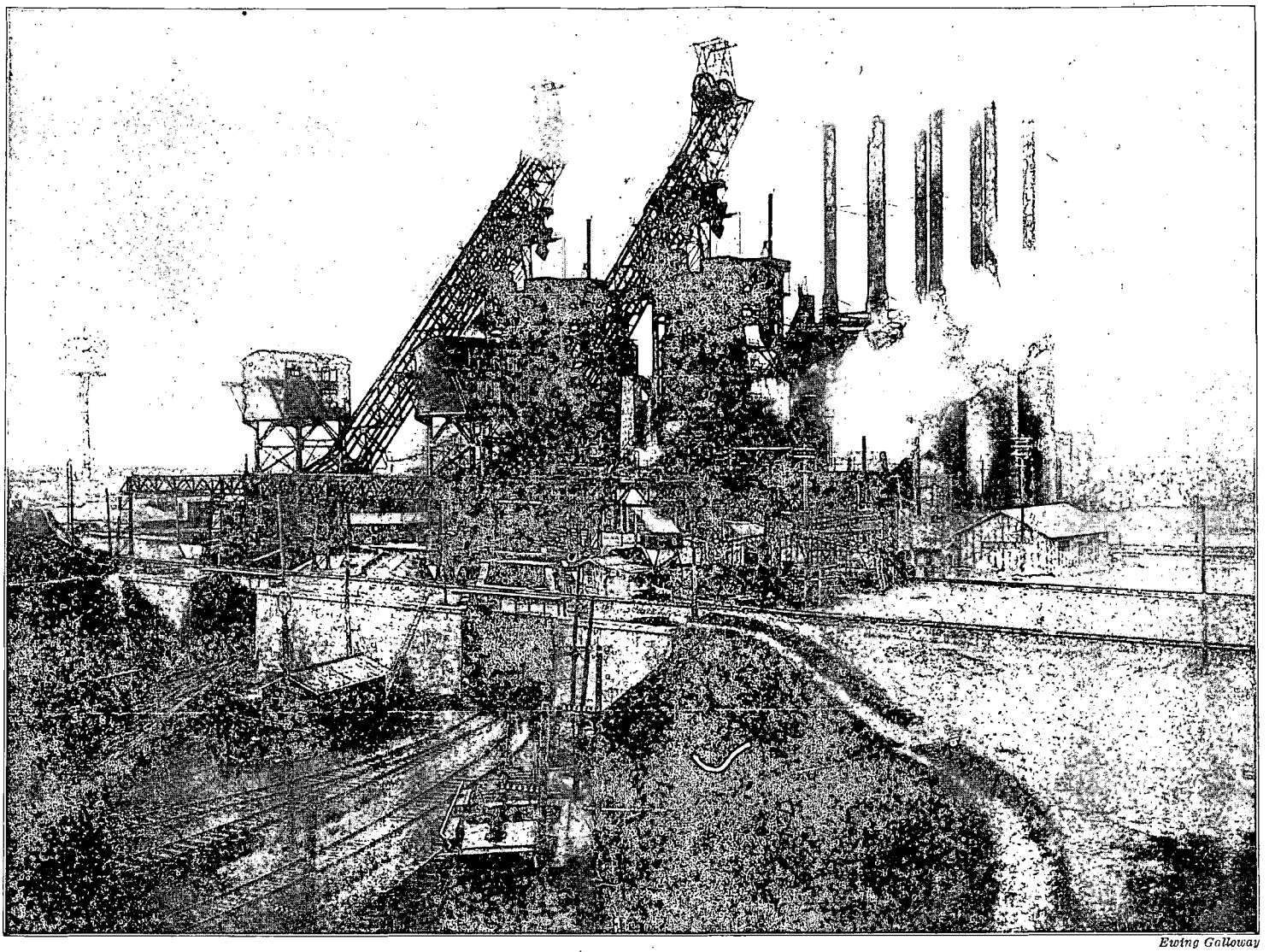

Ewing Galloway

THE ANSHON STEEL WORKS, MANCHURIA

THIS IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH shows the fruits of Japanese influence in Manchuria, a part of China particularly rich in natural resources and therefore of deep interest to the Japanese.

Japan in China

An Authoritative Statement of Japan's Attitude Toward the Revolution-Ridden Chinese Republic

By Major General R. Isome

Former Member of the Intelligence Department, Japanese General Staff

From the *Japan Advertiser*, Tokio Daily

FOREIGN observers of the Chinese political situation usually look upon the nationalist movement as a manifestation of pure and simple nationalism, and so, at times inevitably, consider Japan's policy as designed to interfere with or even oppose the legitimate aspiration of the Chinese people to carry out their ideals of polity and government. The unfriendly criticism which Baron Hayashi's advice (later outlined) to the young ruler of Mukden aroused, was born, I believe, of such a superficial conception of the nature of the Chinese so-called 'Nationalist' movement.

Japan's sympathy goes out wholeheartedly to the nationalist aspirations of the Chinese people. We all wish nationalism godspeed, success and prosperity. We are ourselves the most fervent followers of nationalism, and naturally our political sentiment is fully sympathetic with the people who are struggling for the attainment of their nationalist aim, braving the immense difficulties besetting their path. In saying this, I am quite frank and outspoken.

But I doubt whether the recent great upheaval in China is entirely a movement of pure nationalism. The whole movement is agitated and disturbed by the mixed currents of two inimical trends of thought, nationalism and communism, the friction between which, off and on, has caused untold damage to the cause of nationalism itself. The fratricidal wars in different localities in South China, characterized by unimaginable cruelties, were nothing but the struggle between these two inimical elements. Then again, the brutal handling of foreign residents, especially of the Japanese residents at Nanking, the painful incident at Tsinan resulting in the armed clash between the Japanese and the

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Chinese soldiers, and so forth, were the work of, were inspired by, the communists utilizing the ignorance of the armed mob.

THUS the present movement in China is a mixture of two inimical elements, nationalism and communism. The former commands our warmest sympathy and respect. Against the latter we must defend ourselves, since it is avowedly making positive efforts to weaken the solidarity of the Japanese race and the foundation of our institutions. The secret activities of our communists recently brought to daylight will convince the public of my justice in saying 'We must defend ourselves.' And in defending ourselves, we are fighting for the larger cause of humanity against the dreadful scourge of communism. The avowed aim of the communistic movement is the attainment of world revolution. In Europe, where communistic rule first established itself, it is already dead in substance. It is now seeking a new lease of life in the Far East. The communists' intermittent activities in China, and to a lesser extent in Japan, are the revelations of their effort in this direction.

The accomplishment of world revolution is the ultimate goal of communism, and I believe it is a mission we owe to humanity that we thwart such a design. The attack is now directed against ourselves, openly as well as secretly, so we are prepared to defend our country against it, cost what it may. In carrying out this war of defense, the employment of force will sometimes become necessary. It is very often said that the only weapon to fight thought is thought itself. To a great extent this is true, but in exceptional circumstances and at a certain stage force must be employed to combat it.

COMMUNISM is thought, but was not the most brutal force employed when first it was established in Russia? In overthrowing the Kerensky régime, did not Lenin first get the soldiery and the police on his side, those twin agents for force? Did he not by their aid carry out the most ruthless oppression of the antagonistic thoughts? The communists' record shows that they would employ force at the first available opportunity. The secret organization recently detected in this country was nothing else but preparation to that end. If communism were mere propaganda of words, we should not worry about it. As it is, however, it is 'communism or the sword.'

Our sympathy with the genuine Chinese nationalists is sincere, but just as sincere is our hostility toward the communistic elements disguised to the superficial observers under the mantle of nationalists. Could it be otherwise when it is publicly avowed by them that their aim is the overthrow of the Japanese empire? Foreign critics confound or overlook these points. Japan has never interfered with the growth of genuine nationalism in China. The recent clashes in China have always been with the communists who were beyond the control of the nationalist leaders. The issue is 'Japan versus communists,' but because at this particular moment these communists are mixed in the Chinese national movement, a false impression has been developed, and the world looks upon it as a problem of 'Japan versus China.' Japan is often misunderstood to be interfering with the Chinese nationalist movement, but verily she is not. Our quarrel is with the communists and their accursed idea of world revolution.

THE world became for a time excited about Baron Hayashi's advice to Chang Hsueh-liang, the young ruler of Mukden. It was characterized as an act of intervention in the domestic affairs of China. However, it was nothing more than this in substance: 'Will you not watch and wait, withholding your agreement till this nationalistic régime settles down to something more or less definite? You cannot deal with chaos and disorder. If you do, you will get them in your own house. We also shall have to suffer for it.' There was nothing further in Japan's advice in spite of much talk. We were much surprised when we read the *New York Times*' comment on the 'Danger lying in the spirit of the military group in the Japanese government.' Manchurian peace and order is the demand of the entire nation, not the military alone.

Pacific & Atlantic

BARON GONSUKE HAYASHI

WHOSE ADVICE to Chang Hsueh-liang, the young ruler of Mukden, is frequently alluded to in the accompanying article.

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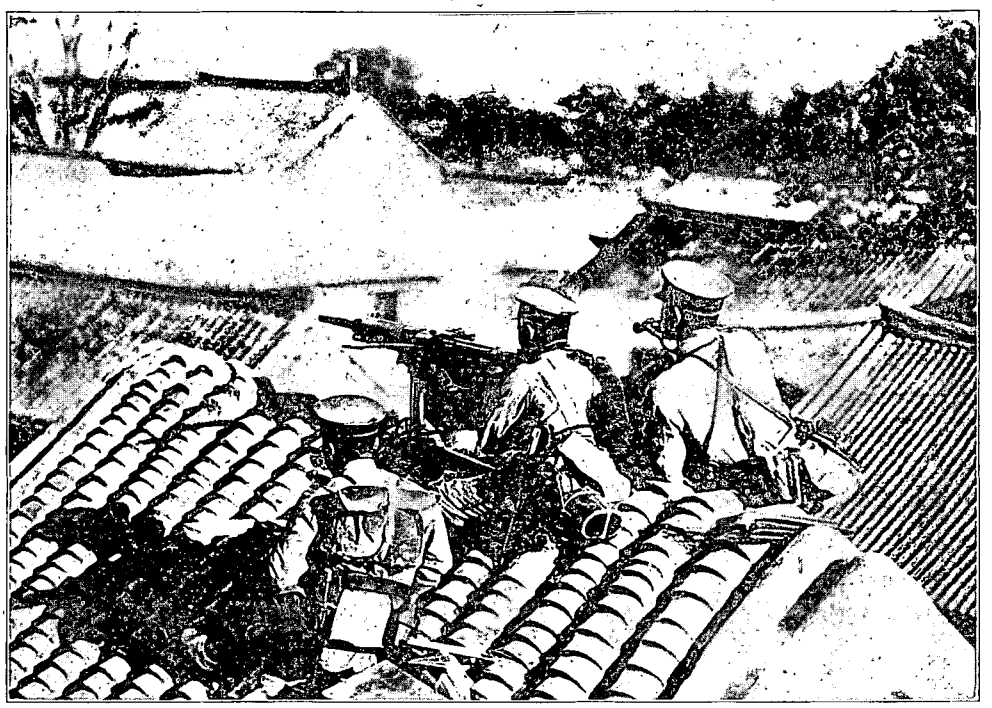
In truth, our defense and trade requirements absolutely forbid the spread of the South China disorders into the Manchuria regions. Chaos is the medium in which the communist rabble works and we cannot allow them to get permanent hold there, because they will use it as a new basis for an attack on Japan. South Manchuria has been used twice already as the strategical basis for the invasion of our country. In this sense Japan can claim special interest in Manchuria regions. Such a claim is perfectly consistent with the open door and equal opportunity. Japan's interest is special in the sense that while the United States, Great Britain, or other countries can look at the Manchurian conflagration with indifference or at least without any vital concern about their national existence, to Japan it is a problem of life and death. If a well-organized, strong nationalist government capable of maintaining peace and order in Manchuria comes into being, we shall welcome it most enthusiastically, since by that our national safety will be safeguarded. Viewed in this light, the real import of Baron Hayashi's advice will be rightly grasped. We Japanese simply don't want communistic disorder to get Manchuria in its fatal clutch.

The issue is 'Japan versus Communism,' not 'Japan versus China or Chinese Nationalism.'



International Newsreel

JAPANESE MACHINE GUN

IN ACTION against the Chinese Nationalists during the 'regrettable incident' at Tsinan last June.

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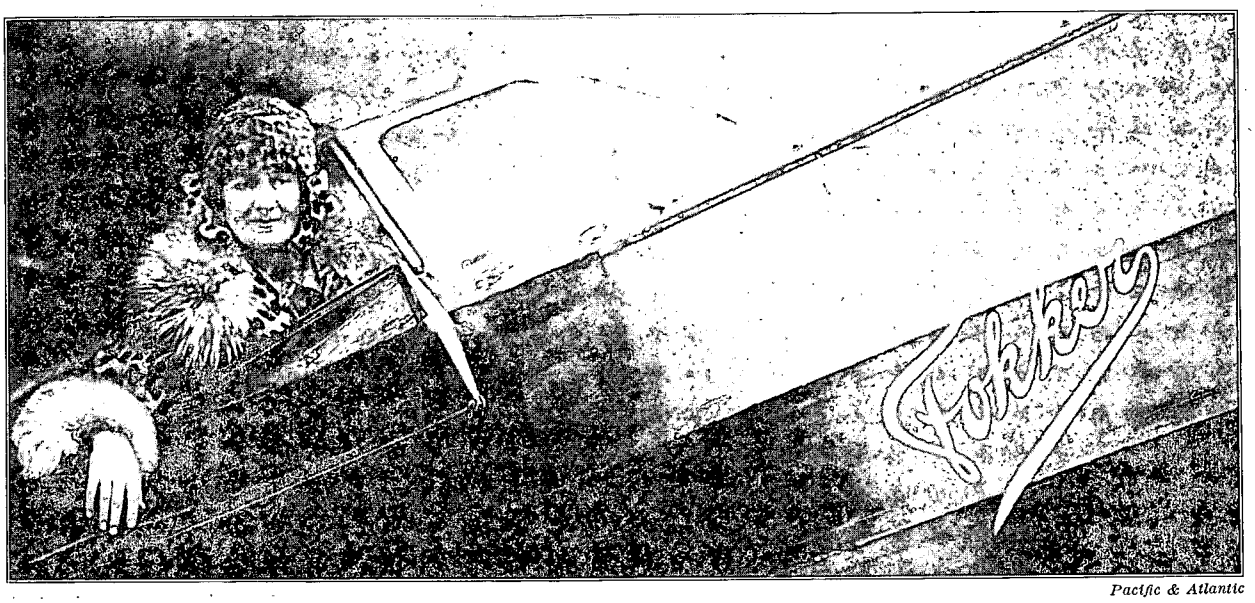

Pacific & Atlantic

LADY HEATH

THE AUTHOR of this article, in the cock-pit of the Royal Dutch Air Service's giant Fokker-Jupiter which operates between Amsterdam and Croydon. Lady Heath is an assistant pilot in this service.

Women As Aviators

A Noted British Aviatrix Discusses the Importance of Aviation to the British Empire together with Woman's Place in Flying

By Lady Heath

Holder of the Record Altitude and Distance Flights for Women

From the *Empire Review*, London Public Affairs Monthly

AVIATION, on a sound commercial basis, is at the present time a necessity to almost every country in the world, and it is not too much to say that in the not far distant future it will form a vital part of our life and well-being. Above all other countries, Great Britain needs to develop this comparatively new-found power to its fullest extent; for, with such a wide-flung Empire as ours, the air is the only universal means of communication at our command which at the same time is practicable and reliable.

We urgently need an air service to link up the different parts of our vast Empire one with another, and all with the Motherland. The full benefit and co-operation resulting from such an undertaking can hardly be realized in present conditions. But, once established, it will do more towards welding into one common whole the centre and outlying portions of the British Empire than any other scheme which might be propounded during the life-time of this generation.

Already, a good deal of pioneer work has been done in this direction; it now remains for the united effort to be made to establish this essential undertaking on a sound basis. London to India and then on to Australia via Singapore is the first great step. This route would form the backbone of all our Empire airways, and link up one part with another in such a way that the natural wealth and resources of each could be developed and used for the commercial benefit and ultimate prosperity of them all. Both in India and the British Commonwealth of Nations, in spite of the recent improvements and additional travel facilities which have been provided, there is still a great lack of reliable and speedy means of communication. More especially is this the case in Africa and Australia, where the people are crying out for better methods of internal as well as external transport. Unlike us, on our compact little island, they have great stretches of desert, forests, and swamps which cannot well be crossed by road or rail; so that it has been left to the aëroplane to solve the question of transport in these countries.

BESIDES the practical advantage of Empire airways — only too obvious to the commercial world — we must not overlook the less apparent but possibly more powerful gain which will be ours. Measuring by all recognized transport organizations now in operation, we find ourselves a very long way from each other. The advent of the regular services of aëroplanes and flying-boats, with their ever-increasing speed capacity, would change this state of affairs entirely. We should be not only an empire in being but an empire in reality, throbbing with life. Coöperation between one country and the other could be developed to a degree hitherto unknown; and the result would be a great step toward that brotherhood and prosperity for which we all yearn but as yet, because of the oceans which so effectively separate us, cannot hope to attain.

Women have always taken their share in any great movement or advancement; and the scheme which I have outlined will not be complete unless the women, both at home and overseas, put their enthusiasm and practical interest into it. They must follow in the footsteps of the men who have acted as pioneers in this great work. During my recent flight from Cape Town to Croydon I was agreeably surprised to see that quite a number of British women in South Africa are taking up aviation. Possibly of all our dominions South Africa is developing most the important sense of air-mindedness. Over fifty emergency landing places have been laid down and many towns possess their own aërodromes. At many places Light Aëroplane Clubs have been

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Keystone

MISS LORENA OELZE

Keystone

MME. ADRIENNE BOLLAND

International Newsreel

MISS RUTH ELDER

THE PHOTOGRAPHS on this page are all of women already well known in aviation. They emphasize the importance of woman's rôle in flying.

Pacific & Atlantic

MISS THEA RASCHE

International Newsreel

MISS AMELIA EARHART

support to air travel by making use of the airways in the capacity of passengers, but they have bought machines of their own. Moreover, they have interested themselves in the technical side of aviation with such good effect that many have an active business interest in some of the best known aircraft-building companies in America. Indeed, not a few of the improvements and developments that have taken place in America are the direct outcome of the work of women. It

founded, all reporting successful progress and the enthusiasm of their members, many of whom are women.

THE comfort, speediness, and increasing reliability of air travel cannot be gainsaid; and, from a commercial point of view, there is no other form of transport to compete with it. Our giant flying-boats are going to revolutionize ocean journeys; while, for long continental flights, a multi-engined, all-metal machine will be the solution of many of our present-day transport difficulties in the heart of the tropics.

Women in Britain are taking an increasing interest in air travel and in Australia many women are undergoing instruction. Some of them have already qualified as air pilots. Yet even this advance cannot compare with the astonishing progress women have made in aviation throughout the United States of America. Not only have they given their

is up to British women to follow where others have taken the lead; for Britain, of all countries, because of its world-wide influence and possessions, can least afford to lag behind in the matter of commercial aviation.

Not more than twenty years ago the offer of a prize for a flight round England in a heavier-than-air machine was ridiculed. To-day, we have made such rapid strides that not only can we fly from town to town but are able to run fast passenger services across entire continents; even the great oceans are being conquered by our modern types of machines. It is worth pointing out that aëroplanes are purely 'land' craft and are not fit for the successful undertaking of long sea journeys; the few recent Atlantic crossings, as well as the first memorable one by Alcock and Brown, show that it can be done — but at a great risk. Flying-boats, such as the one used by Sir Alan Cobham, which many people have been able to see and examine since the completion of his last long survey flight, are the type of machines most suitable for ocean crossings. It will be fleets of these super flying-boats which will soon compete with, and finally outrival, those massive ships which, at the present time, have a virtual monopoly in the matter of ocean transport. More sure than the ousting of the old sailing vessels by the faster steam- and oil-driven liners will be the displacement of these modern craft by the great flying-boats. Nearly every country in the world is now constructing, and experimenting with, these machines in preparation for the establishment of ocean air routes which, in due time, will encircle the globe.

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THOSE of us women who are already working for the advancement of aviation feel what an important undertaking we are being privileged to share in. We realize what aviation will mean to us all in the future, and we want more British women to share with us the same privilege and the same realization.

Civil aviation (which must not be confused with military manœuvring and experimental flying) is the safest method of conveyance in operation in the world to-day. Imperial Airways, the only British air-travel company, has had but one fatal accident in four years, and that was practically at the beginning of its operation. Other countries, with their much greater air traffic, can show quite as satisfactory and reassuring figures. Speed, combined with comfort and the freedom from the many evils which beset one when journeying on main thoroughfares, are the chief factors which have brought aëroplanes to the fore as the most modern and really practical means of transport.

My 11,000 miles Cape-to-Croydon flight was undertaken in order to show how one, at least, of our dominions could be opened up by an organized air route. The people in South Africa are fully aware what an asset such a link with Europe would be to them; especially are the men who control the extensive mining areas convinced that a commercial flying service would be of immense benefit to them in their work. In fact, every form of natural wealth which Africa possesses could be exploited and developed to an unprecedented degree by the aid of aviation. And it is not only Africa but the whole world which can reap a rich benefit from the extensive commercial use of the aëroplane.

Keystone

LADY HEATH

A VERY RECENT portrait, just after she had established a world's altitude record for light planes — 24,700 feet — on October 4, 1928. Lady Heath intends visiting the United States in December to promote the interests of aviation.

HERE, it seems to me, a great opportunity is awaiting the women of Britain and the Empire. To those for whom this exhilarating form of travel has a more than temporary attraction (and by the number of women who enjoy the experience of fast motoring these days, I imagine that the somewhat kindred thrills of speed and mechanical impulse have as great a fascination for them as for their men-folk), the new career of an air pilot offers a great scope for their activities. Personal strength and physical force are required even less in flying than in motoring. In fact, it needs quite a delicate touch on the 'joy-stick' to control the movements of the great bird-creature which can be sent throbbing across the sky for hours on end at a steady hundred miles or more for every sixty minutes of invigorating enjoyment. There is no land thrill which can compare with the almost effortless, yet at the same time 'living,' forward surging of an aëroplane as it speeds on among the billowing clouds.

Freedom is the keynote of flying — freedom from all restraint, and from all the dust, smell, confusion, delaying, and misadventure which constitute road travel practically anywhere to-day. The higher sunlit air is always pure, with an inspiring freshness in it which is felt nowhere on the earth's surface. To fly is to live, and to live is to want to do some good in the world. Here, then, is a great opportunity for us women; and the more of us who avail ourselves of it the greater the benefit that will accrue to Great Britain, her dominions, and her colonies scattered, as they are, throughout the length and breadth of the world.

Injunction

By A. E. Coppard

From the *Spectator*, London

WHEN this quick body
Shall come to die
I would be planted
Where few bodies lie.

Shorn of my dreams then,
And ignorant still,
Let me be buried
In the breast of a hill.

Fling in the sweet mould,
Turn back the sod,
And with indifference
Fill me, O God.

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The International Implications of Artificial Gasoline

How New Technical Processes in Manufacturing Affect the Destiny of Mankind

By Dr. Friedrich Bergius

Inventor of a process which makes possible the manufacture of artificial gasoline

Translated from the *Revue Mondiale*, Paris Social and Scientific Monthly

In the last few centuries technical progress in industry has exercised a decisive influence, both on the development of states and on their relations with one another. This relation between industry and politics has been noted so often that there is no need of adding to the number of commonplace generalizations on the subject. I shall therefore limit myself rather to a brief discussion of the reasons why technique in industry has so much significance in international affairs to-day. My fundamental idea is that a profound change seems to be taking place in the ultimate objects and results of this branch of human activity.

Technology's most obvious influence on world politics in the past was through the invention of firearms. Its most important influence in the modern world is the conquest of time and space due to our improved means of communication and transport.

The effect of such inventions on the life of mankind has been more or less involuntary. The result has followed inevitably from some inventor's work, though his original intention may have been wholly practical or may have had at most merely economic implications. The history of industrial technique abounds in dismal proofs of mankind's ingenuity in diverting to warlike ends inventions whose original purpose was the increase of material comfort. These facts, however, are now of relatively little importance; for, lamentable though they may be, we need not regard them as essential characteristics of the new conception of technology in our day.

Keystone

Dr. Friedrich Bergius

Whose process for manufacturing gasoline and certain light oils from low grades of coal has only recently been perfected sufficiently to make possible commercial exploitation.

The contemporary rivalry between states and peoples, which is due to differences in race, language, culture, and history, is made sharper and more bitter by economic conditions. The variations in price of raw materials, coupled with the development of industrial technique, tend to create huge monopolies which in the past have helped determine the foreign policies of the powers. Thus, the European cotton textile industry has brought together the countries which gave it birth and the tropical and subtropical regions which produce the necessary raw material. Or, to take another illustration, the international predominance of England during the last century is obviously due, at least in part, to the abundance of her coal.

But there are also other nations which, though possessed of natural resources, are faced with a dilemma because of their lack of military or political strength. They may either regard themselves as trustees of their natural resources and use them for the benefit of the world as a whole, in which case they enjoy the respect of their neighbors; or they may allow themselves to become apples of discord, producing international rivalries which end in war.

Recent history has provided the human race with two forcible demonstrations of the fact that it is an indivisible economic whole. The first was provided by the continental blockades attempted during the Napoleonic wars; the second, by the World War, which brutally compelled the nations to realize that the conditions of modern technical civilization make amicable international relations a necessity and that these relations cannot be severed without disaster.

There are only two ways for a modern nation to deal with the situation that nature has created by her capricious distribution of natural monopolies here and there about the political map. A nation must either become economically self-sufficient, or it must reach a complete understanding with those who control the raw materials beyond its boundaries.

The International Economic Commission at Geneva has absolutely proved

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that every effort to arrive at a strictly nationalistic economic policy will inevitably fail, unless the natural resources, economic system, and geographic situation of the nation in question are specially adapted to it. If nations, aware of this fact, nevertheless feel it necessary to make sacrifices to maintain their political independence and are willing to pay the price in such lower standards of living as will insure their economic systems against foreign competition, it becomes clear that it is not possible to reconcile national liberty with national well-being.

TO ATTACK the very root of this evil by putting an end to the existence of natural monopolies, by replacing the exchange of natural raw materials by the manufacture of artificial raw materials, seems to me the admirable and useful task of modern industrial technique. It alone is able to establish a national economy on a natural rather than an artificial basis, relying, not on protective tariffs and similar devices, but on genuine productive achievements.

The results already attained in the chemical transformation of coal into oil show clearly how pure scientific research and applied technology can unite to accomplish results in the realm of international relations. The ability to make oil out of coal enables many countries which have no natural oil deposits to remedy that lack by making use of the other raw materials and the labor supply that do exist within their own frontiers. True, it will be a long time before any European country can transform its factory equipment sufficiently to make all its own oil supply, but the immediate political results of the new process may be the same as if this equipment already existed. It is only necessary that each country shall understand that it is technically *possible* to make its own oil and shall have confidence in its own economic capacities. This will in itself be sufficient to prevent a large part of the political tension that has hitherto resulted from economic questions.

COMMERCIAL legislation and needlessly severe tariffs — especially protective tariffs laid on commodities which are badly needed — discourage friendly international relations. But this state of mind disappears the moment a nation knows that it can manufacture for itself the raw materials which it needs and for which it has previously had to depend on foreign lands.

To expand and improve political relationships by means of technical progress still remains a distant ideal, especially when one considers the present state of politics, the modern social structure, and the lessons of history. If we are ever to do so, we must get rid of certain prejudices which are deeply rooted in human nature. Not only must we increase technical knowledge, we must also spread the economic ideas here expressed if we are to increase the political security which results from the potential economic autonomy which technology promises. We must make sure that the idea is firmly grasped by the various nations.

The effectiveness of technical progress in this respect depends largely on politics and on an improvement of general culture. Scientists and technical men must not forget, therefore, the close relationship that exists between politics and economics. They are likely to do so because they frequently become specialists so early in life that they lose all capacity for seeing a problem in its entirety. And this brings us back to our point of departure.

To learn how to free international relations from the burden of national monopolies in raw materials; to persuade nations not to compete for new materials but merely to make sure of their own independence so far as raw materials are concerned — this is, as we have seen, in large measure a matter of intellectual training.

THERE is no need to exalt technology at the expense of history. Neither is there any need to exaggerate the importance of material considerations at the expense of spiritual considerations. In fact, there could be no worse mistake. What we are asking, on the contrary, is that technology should take on certain intellectual aspects in order that it may become conscious of its share, not only in industry, but also in world politics. Technology must always remain more or less material because it produces concrete material results. The very fact that technology does produce tangible results is what gives it its popular value and its value for propaganda purposes. Every idea demands visible symbols. The German nation, which, at the time of its greatest power, looked with pride at its glittering arms, must to-day have other symbols before its eyes if it is to believe in its own future.

The development of humanity will increase general culture. Human development will be completed by technical achievements, and technical achievements will also be completed by human development. We Germans love to hear ourselves called a people of poets and thinkers. But we must not forget that our greatest genius, Goethe, though he was filled with the spirit of ancient civilization, devoted his vast learning to the task of developing his country industrially, thereby showing how the politics of even a little German state could receive the imprint of the minds and culture of its leaders.

It is impossible to-day for one man to have a universal culture because the domain of culture has expanded prodigiously in every direction. But Europe and the world must retain as their cultural ideal the conception that every man shall at least be able to see beyond the limits of his own particular specialty.

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Bernard Shaw at Geneva

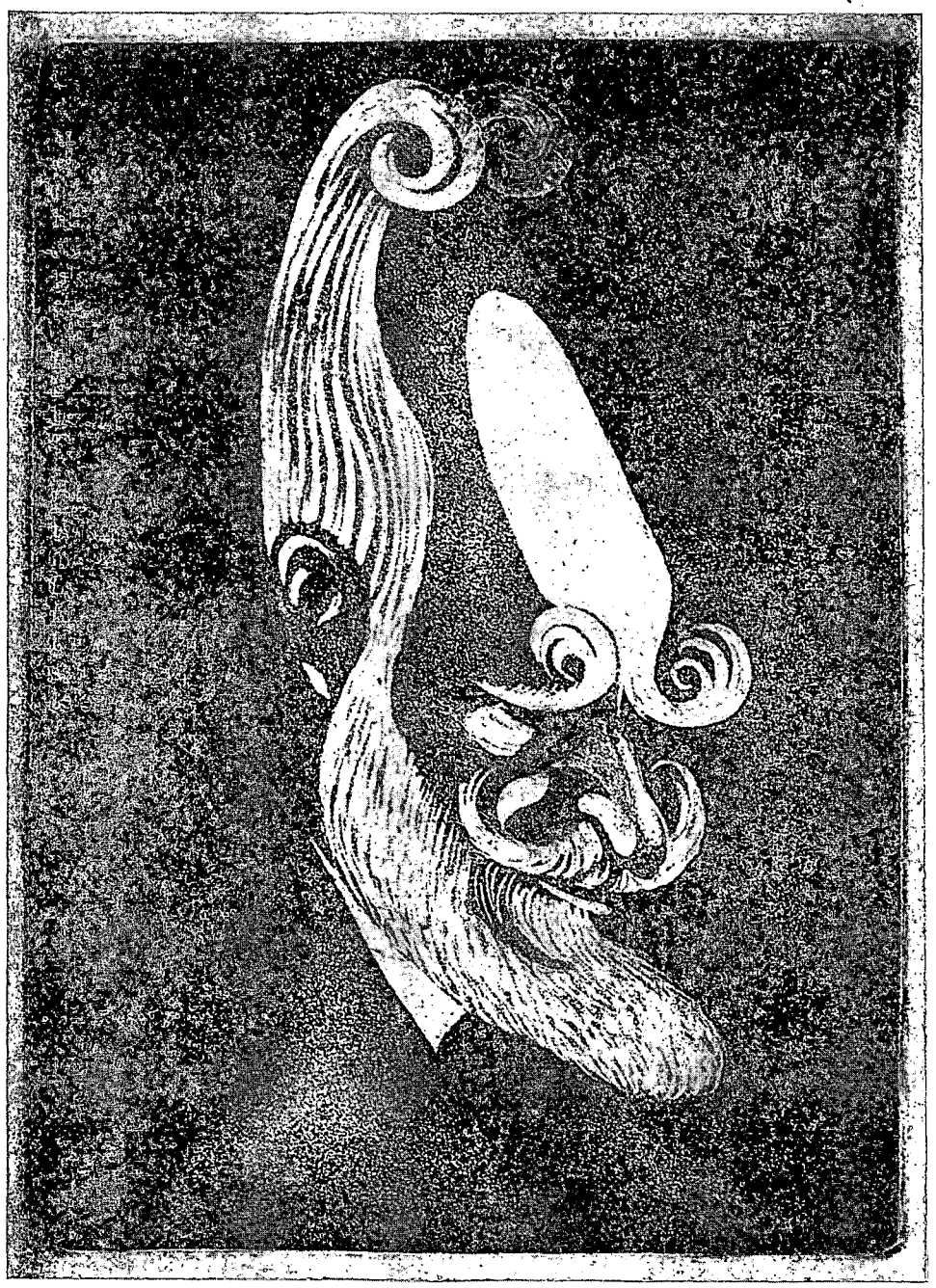
The Witty Irish Playwright Sizes up the League and International Affairs

By Aase Haugaard

Translated from *Politiken*, Copenhagen Radical-Liberal Daily

BERNARD SHAW came to Geneva to take a look at the League of Nations, but, as soon as he appeared there, he himself became the most conspicuous figure at the meeting of the Assembly. He was continually surrounded by journalists seeking an interview, but, having once refused the Nobel Prize, he puts an extremely high price on an interview. Under no circumstances will he give a lecture. But the International Students' Union was fortunate enough to capture the famous wit through an invitation to take a cup of tea with 'a group of guaranteed young people.'

An hour before the time set for his arrival every inch of space in the two great rooms of the Union was occupied, and the hour of waiting was devoted to maintaining that Bernard Shaw is England's greatest genius since Shakespeare. When the genius at last appeared in the doorway, with his soft, white beard, sparkling eyes, creamy complexion, his sprained arm in a sling, he was received with wild enthusiasm and the clicking of cameras. Professor Madariaga led him to an armchair, saying: 'You see before you a gathering of serious students,' to which Shaw replied that most students he had known had been quite the opposite. Moreover, he said, he saw nothing of the cup of tea of which he had been invited to partake, but he really didn't mind this very much and would be glad to answer the students' inevitable questions to the best of his ability. He must, he continued, compare himself to a shopkeeper who displayed all his stock in his windows; everything that he knew he had already put in his books, which he recommended them to purchase. By so doing, they would become cleverer and he richer.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED AQUATINT BY ELI JACOBI

THE first question asked was: —

'What is an intelligent woman?'

'One who will buy my latest book, *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*, price fifteen shillings,' replied Shaw.

'Is it true that you have lost faith in humanity?'

'Whoever told you that I at any time have ever had any faith in humanity? Humanity is forever changing. History tells us of six or seven civilizations which have gone to ruin. All reached a point of development similar to ours, and collapsed because humanity in its political phase destroyed everything. I see no reason why we should not disappear in the same way; all signs point in that direction.'

A Student: 'Can we do nothing to save civilization?'

Mr. Shaw: 'The League of Nations tells what can be done, and I too have told it in my books; but people neither

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listen to what the League says, nor do they buy my books. Modern humanity, however, is not Creation's last word. We have the consolation of knowing, that if we succumb, it will only hasten the moment when the Life-Force will produce something better.'

ANOTHER student: 'Ought the Irish and the Welsh to give up their native language and adopt English?'

Mr. Shaw: 'You are English, are you not?'

Student: 'No, I am Welsh.'

Mr. Shaw: 'Well, that's even worse. I don't understand Welsh; I only know it is a very unprofitable language — for an author. I have known many writers from small countries who have written excellent books, but the first thing they think of is how to get them translated into a language that people read, English or American, for example! As for Irish, it's only a humorous tongue; and why should Irishmen avoid English when they know how to speak it so much better than Englishmen themselves? If there is anyone here so unlucky as to have one of the minor languages as his native speech, I advise him to learn one of the more widely spoken tongues as soon as possible.'

A THIRD student: 'What is your impression of the League of Nations?'

Mr. Shaw: 'As a dramatist I am most interested in the stage setting. We behold a Tribune from which a certain number of gentlemen deliver speeches; but not the slightest attention is paid to what they say, because they say nothing except what they have been ordered to say from home. It was only Briand who, by a slip of the tongue, let out some real facts the other day. But in my character of stage-manager, I may tell you confidentially that the curtain behind the Tribune is *very* effective. The ladies of the Secretariat know how to make admirable use of it. Towards the end of a long-winded oration, one of these young persons suddenly steps out from behind the folds of the curtain. In a new dress, with charming movement she glides over to a seat — while the audience wakes up at the sight of her and the orator congratulates himself on having caught the attention of his hearers!'

A FOURTH student: 'Would it be worth while adopting an international language?'

Mr. Shaw: 'There are so many of them. So far as I remember they began with Volapük; that was a very dramatic language. Then came Esperanto, and after that, Ido, which was a little better. And now we have Novial. I am greatly interested in these new languages. Novial, which Professor Otto Jespersen has invented, is really good; it has a great deal of English in it, so it is fairly easy to read. Besides, Professor Jespersen has common sense, which is a great help to a professor. Anyone can learn Novial; there is very little grammar to it; but one must really be English in order to understand how well one can express himself without any grammar. This new language is extremely pleasing to me.'

Asked if he thought it possible to improve the human race, he answered: 'It would be very much worth while knowing if desirable human types can be produced. In London once, when I was discussing this subject, a lady told me it was most improper to speak about such things. Those of you who have some knowledge of horse-breeding know that is very difficult to breed a perfect specimen of either a race-horse or a work-horse — and here we care nothing about the kind of character or soul the horse may have. But what kind of man, or, even more important, what kind of woman, is it that we want to breed? We say we will have no epileptics, no drunkards, but only good men. Yet every time a really good man has appeared in the world, we have slain him. The only thing we have constantly to guide us in this matter is sexual selection. If you walk along the streets of Geneva here, you will meet many young and attractive girls, none of whom, however, has a special attraction for you. At last, it may chance that you do meet one who makes strong appeal to you both physically and intellectually; and, so far as the intellect is concerned, you have probably made a mistake.'

G. B. S

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The Twilight of the Myth-Mongers

A Well Known Writer on the War Guilt Question Summarizes the Latest Authoritative Pronouncement

By Harry Elmer Barnes

Author of the *Genesis of the World War*

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

WHILE there has been a veritable flood of important literature on the question of the responsibility for the World War published since 1920, and while all the essentials of the controversy were apparent to open-minded students of the problem at least two years ago, there remained a wide-spread conviction that the matter was far from settled. This state of nervous unsettlement and anticipation was due more than anything else to the anxiously awaited publication of Professor Sidney Bradshaw Fay's long announced work on the *Origins of the World War*. Professor Fay had been the first American scholar to launch a substantial attack upon the war-time legend of the sole guilt of Germany, and it was hoped, not without good reason, that his complete work would render the definitive verdict on this highly controversial subject. The upholders of the war-time indictment of Germany parried the ribald thrusts of the revisionists by the rejoinder: 'Well, just wait until Fay's book appears!' The revisionists retorted that they were equally hopeful of decisive support from the learned work of the Smith professor, and the *impasse* persisted. Now, nearly a decade since the publication of his startling but erudite and impartial articles in the *American Historical Review*, Professor Fay places the results of his researches before the scholarly world in two stocky volumes.

There have been many observers of, and participants in, the controversy over war responsibility who have feared that, however excellent Professor Fay's ultimate product might prove, it would appear too late to be of any particular novelty or practical value. Candid students in this field recognized that there was little to be said about the crisis of 1914 which had not been said by Montgelas, Stieve, Fabre-Luce, Dickinson, Lutz, Barbagallo, Ewart and others, whose works at most merely needed to be brought down to date. Professor Fay's completed work will prove, however, as pleasant a surprise to the revisionists as it will a source of dismay to the salvagers and the bitter-enders. Though it had been supposed that he would limit himself to the crisis of 1914, he has actually devoted the whole of the first volume to the diplomatic history of Europe from 1870 to 1914, while about half of the second volume is assigned to the Austro-Serbian situation prior to the rejection of the Austrian ultimatum by Serbia on July 25, 1914. As there was no adequate and up-to-date diplomatic history of Europe since 1870 in existence, the first seven hundred pages of Professor Fay's work are a veritable god-send to students of modern European history and war responsibility.

The Macmillan Company

SIDNEY FAY

THE AUTHOR of the latest book on the origins of the World War is Professor of European History at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Therefore, the fear that Professor Fay would only duplicate existing publications on war guilt has proved groundless. Not only was this material on the background of 1914 much needed, but Professor Fay's execution of this portion of the work is truly magisterial and impregnable. He has mastered all of the vast collections of documents, and his impartiality and objectivity cannot be assailed. This evidence concerning European diplomacy from 1870 to 1914 is as effective in annihilating the myth of a German plot to dominate the world as his material on the crisis of 1914 proves in crushing for all time the war guilt lie in Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles. Moreover, while the section on the crisis of 1914 is less original and indispensable than that on the diplomatic background, his treatment of the July crisis possesses a strategic value far in excess of the high intrinsic merit of the book itself. While Professor Fay tells us little that the more capable revisionists have not already established concerning the crisis which led to the World War, the very existence of his treatise is of great significance. The other revisionists are open to specious criticisms, to which Professor Fay will prove absolutely invulnerable. Montgelas, Stieve, and Lutz are Germans; Dickinson is a pacifist; Ewart is a sponsor of Canadian independence; Fabre-Luce and Langer are young men; and Barbagallo and the present writer are believers in the 'new history,' and followers of Croce and Robinson, respectively. Fay is universally respected and thoroughly trusted by the solemn dignitaries of his profession, and his espousal of an advanced version of revisionism will in itself prove a landmark in the history of the war guilt controversy. All of the timid but sincere and candid brethren in the American Historical Association can now clamber aboard the revisionist toboggan with the utmost good taste and a minimum of trepidation. The very existence of Professor Fay's book will, then, prove of the greatest moment in the development of a sound body of opinion in this field and should work a revolution in academic activities in the realm of diplomatic history.

IT is to be regretted, however, that Professor Fay has himself interposed the most serious obstacle to the full effect of his book upon the historical profession in America: namely, by his review of Renouvin in the *American Historical*

THE ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR. *By Sidney Bradshaw Fay. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vol. 551, 557 pp. $8.00.*

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Review for July, 1928. Here, in a moment of generous impulse towards an author of a competing manual, he stated that he regarded Renouvin's work as the best he had read upon the subject of war guilt. Now, this in itself would seem to be a matter of relatively small moment, but its implications for the war guilt controversy are immense. We no longer have to deal with the bitter-enders such as Hazen, Davis, Edward Turner, Anderson, Seton-Watson, Headlam-Morley *et al.*, the only serious opponents of revisionism to-day being the salvagers, such as Renouvin, Schmitt, Slosson, Florinsky *et al.*, who present the bibliographical stigmata of revisionism but cling to the conclusions of the bitter-enders. Had Professor Fay refrained from declaring Renouvin's book to be the best in the field, his own would have quickly crushed Renouvin's work and led it to pass into oblivion in a few months. As matters now stand, however, the salvagers will cling in desperation to Renouvin's Jesuitry and will cite Professor Fay's apparent benediction on their behavior.

Professor Fay's attitude toward war responsibility may be summarized briefly in the following manner: it is futile to seek the causes of the War in the events of July 23rd to August 5th, 1914. One must start with such fundamental causes as nationalism, imperialism, and militarism, all of which have their roots in remote periods of European history. For these basic causes of wars no European state or group of states was primarily responsible. Second in order among the causes of the War he puts the two great systems of alliances which had been perfected by 1907: the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. For these, likewise, there was divided responsibility. Though Bismarck led in activity in this field after 1870, his negotiations were designed to preserve the peace of Europe, and the Triple Alliance was suggested by Italy rather than Germany. Moreover, if Germany took the first step in organizing the system of alliances, France and England completed the process, and from 1912 to 1914 France led in so tightening the Triple Entente as to make it a grave danger in European diplomacy. Professor Fay agrees that there was a diplomatic revolution in progress from 1911 to 1914, as a result of which the Triple Entente was becoming stronger and the Triple Alliance was breaking down. Likewise, while Germany was utilizing her influence for peace, Russia was formulating her Near Eastern policy which always threatened, and ultimately produced, the European war: 'While Germany was thus working, on the whole, to restrain Austria and lessen the tension in the Balkans, Russia was actively preparing for the "inevitable" conflict between Slavdom and Germandom, which would bring about the final realization of Russia's historic mission in regard to Constantinople and the Straits, and incidentally the realization of Serbia's ambition for a "Greater Serbia" at Austria's expense.' (Vol. I, p. 406) For the background of the crisis of July, 1914, there was, then, divided responsibility — but not equal responsibility — because from 1912 to 1914 the acts and policies of Russia and France were far more threatening to European peace than those of Germany.

As to the events of July–August, 1914, Professor Fay rightly contends that no Great Power wanted a European war if it could realize its ambitions in a peaceful manner. Even Poincaré and Sazonov would have been content with a decisive diplomatic victory over the Central Powers. But Berchtold's stubbornness in regard to insisting upon a war to punish Serbia, combined with Sazonov's pathological anger and irrational impetuosity with respect to anything which threatened Russia's ambitions in the Balkans, made it difficult to avert war in 1914. Professor Fay refutes, however, the thesis of Professor Schmitt that the War was inevitable because of the system of alliances. The greater responsibility certainly falls upon the Entente, for, while Germany capitulated in the face of the prospect of war, canceled her blank check to Austria, and put pressure on Austria, the Entente stood firm and presented a solid front against the Central Powers, thereby making war inevitable: 'By July 28 Germany had abandoned her hitherto uncompromising attitude, as we shall see later, and really began to attempt to exercise an increasingly strong moderating influence at Vienna; but France and England continued to refrain from restraining Russia, and Russia proceeded to the general mobilization, which she had been warned would make a European war inevitable.' (Vol. II, p. 392) While Professor Fay, quite erroneously we believe, regards Austria as more responsible than any other single state for precipitating the War, he thus indicates his belief that, of the two contending groups of powers, the larger share of guilt rests upon the Entente for transforming the Austro-Serbian friction into an armed conflict of European dimensions.

NO part of Professor Fay's work is more impressive or more devastating to the Entente Epic than his treatment of the diplomatic negotiations to preserve peace in 1914. He shows that Germany rejected only one of the major proposals, Grey's conference plan, and that for this she suggested a substitute which Grey cheerfully admitted at the time was a better solution than his conference scheme. Germany, therefore, not only had a better record as to diplomatic restraint in the interests of peace than any member of the Entente, having been willing to put the Triple Alliance in jeopardy in behalf of mediation, but she also gave a more favorable response to the diplomatic proposals of England than either France or Russia (Vol. II, Chap. viii).

Professor Fay proves that the Russian military preparations were far under way before the Austrian declaration of war on Serbia, that the Russian general mobilization was premature, and that Sazonov was fully aware that the general mobilization would make war inevitable. He is equally clear on the point that it was the Russian mobilization that cut short the diplomatic negotiations which were becoming far more promising on July 30th and 31st. Professor Fay expresses the opinion that if Poincaré, upon hearing of the proposed Russian general mobilization on July 29th, had urged Russia to desist from this fatal move until diplomacy had been given a chance, war would probably have been averted, 'but Poincaré was now more concerned in securing England's aid and in taking military precautions in France, than in holding back Russia.' (Vol. II, pp. 485–6) He shows that Poincaré regarded the War as inevitable from the time of his return from Russia and devoted his efforts to insuring proper military preparations upon the part of Russia and France, while screening these by diplomatic gestures designed to produce a favorable impression on the public opinion of France, England, and Italy. Finally, Professor Fay riddles the British myth to the effect that British intervention was due to a noble Anglican devotion to the sanctity of treaties and the rights of small nations: 'Before hearing the dubious German reply in regard to Belgium, Sir Edward Grey determined in his own mind, in agreement with Nicolson and Crowe, that England's obligation of honor to France and her own material interests made it imperative for her to intervene on the Franco-Russian side.' (Vol. II, p. 537)

Coming to his final conclusion on war responsibility, Professor Fay says of the guilt clause of the Treaty of Versailles: —

> One must abandon the dictum of the Versailles Treaty that Germany and her allies

(*Continued on page 312*)

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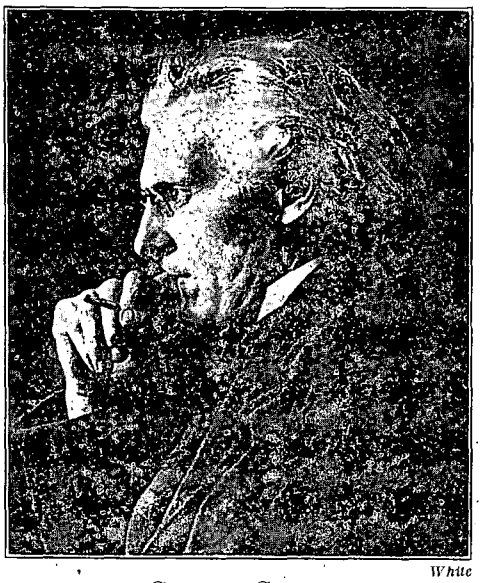
Persons and Personages

Gordon Craig, England's Greatest Theatrical Designer — Henry Thornton, President of the Canadian National Railways — Ignatius Seipel, Chancellor of Austria — Minoru Saito, Former Japanese Governor of Korea



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GORDON CRAIG

WHOSE PRODUCTION of *Macbeth* will be offered New York audiences this winter, although he himself will remain in England.

EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

WHEN 'Teddy' Craig was an apple-cheeked youngster living with his mother, Ellen Terry, in Surrey, someone made him a present of a mechanical mouse which squeaked and scuttled across the floor in a highly mouse-like manner. Ellen Terry, besides being a great actress, had theories about how children should be reared; and the mechanical mouse received short shrift. Her children were to have only imaginative toys. The mouse, she said, was 'realistic and common.' Now that 'Teddy' Craig is an aging man himself, known all over the world as Gordon Craig, the first and greatest prophet of the new theatre, he continues to operate on the principle that the mechanically exact is 'realistic and common.' It is, to him, the most important principle in the theatrical decalogue.

He is another of the great Englishmen who have expatriated themselves to Italy after discovering that England is no place for the revolutionary. Not until recently have the English journals begun to bemoan the fact that the most influential figure in the modern theatre has not produced a play in his native England since 1904, that the man who is acknowledged as master by Stanislavsky in Moscow, Max Reinhardt in Berlin, Hevesi in Budapest, reverenced by Eleonora Duse, Yvette Guilbert, the Duncans, Lady Gregory, should be, if not without honor, certainly without fruitful activity in his own country. In his villa at Serretto he edits his famous theatrical magazine, *The Mask*, draws the stage designs which have brought him most of his fame, although they are seldom seen in a theatre, and occasionally sallies forth to some continental capital which is willing to give him a free hand in producing a play. His *Hamlet* for the Moscow Art Theatre, his *Electra* and *Rosmersholm* for Duse in Italy, and Ibsen's *The Pretenders* for Johannes Poulsen in Copenhagen two years ago are among the most noted of these sporadic ventures into the actual theatrical world which he knows so well.

This fall New York is to see a production of *Macbeth* set in Craig designs and directed in accordance with Craig notions, although all of George C. Tyler's blandishments have failed to bring Craig himself to New York as director. One expedition to this country — in 1885 with his mother and Henry Irving — is, it would seem, all he can allow himself. *Macbeth* is a sore point with him. Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree once promised to allow him to produce it in his own way, and then, under the influence of conservatives, rejected his work. Many of Craig's most famous designs have been drawn for *Macbeth*, and yet he has not laid a finger on it in actual production since he acted the title rôle himself in a tour of the English provinces just after the turn of the century. 'How would you produce *Macbeth*, Mr. Craig?' once asked a rash enthusiast. 'There are seventeen ways of doing *Macbeth*,' answered the visionary who is always changing his ideas, 'Which one do you want?' But he has finally had to make a choice. A chosen set of designs and theories has been entrusted to Douglas Ross, whose *Macbeth* at New Haven last year was a theatrical event in a small way, and it is Mr. Ross's dangerous privilege to put them into practice.

Craig himself well exemplifies the theory which he has thrown at the heads of the theatrical world for over twenty years. From the principle that the theatre is an art in itself, he deduces the conclusion that the various crafts of the actor, the writer, the musician, the dancer, the stage-manager, the scene-designer, the electrician, the costumer, should be under the direction of one man who is master of all these crafts at once. And he has an intimate practical knowledge of the whole list, gained from practical experience. The writer and the actor, the two who now overshadow the rest, come in for special castigation in his published writings. He visualizes the day when there will be plays without scripts, and what he calls the 'über-marionette' in place of the naturalistic actor. Realism of the meticulous David Belasco type is his particular *bête noire*.

Yet no old hand in the commercial theatre can be more uncompromising than Gordon Craig about the necessity for experience in the practical side of the profession, nor is any better equipped to work in the old tradition. He asserts strenuously that the stupidest stage hand knows more about the art of the theatre than the cleverest of theatrical amateurs. He regrets the inescapable literariness of Shakespeare, whose works, he says, should be read and never acted, and yet he can stage a production of *Hamlet* to run for four hundred nights in Moscow, and plan *Macbeth* for Mr. Tyler with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy. His attitude is that any theatre is better than no theatre — that even the literary or the naturalistic theatres, handled by experts, will at least keep alive a tradition which may some day be transmuted into a genuine Art of the Theatre in its own right.

Vague and emasculated transliterations of his designing theories crop out now and then on the American stage in the work of Robert Edmond Jones, Norman-Bel Geddes, and Lee Simonson. The Reinhardt productions which New York applauded last winter are popularized borrowings from the more obvious objective features of his work; for he approves Reinhardt's 'professional qualities' rather than his productions. He is tolerant of all theatrical ventures without losing an intense aristocracy in his own theories, not unnatural in the son of Ellen Terry who sat at the feet of Henry Irving. That he is an intense admirer of Fascism and Mussolini is all of

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a piece with his notions of what a *régisseur* should be.

The Chicago dramatic reviewer of the eighties who applauded the naturalness of his performance at the age of thirteen in *Eugene Aram* would be startled at the figure of the spare, gray-haired visionary of Serretto. He would be even more startled at the scope and iconoclastic nature of his theories. But the most startling thing about Gordon Craig is his combination of the vision of a Rousseau with the practicality of Vincent Crummles.

Sir Henry Thornton

IN Logansport, Indiana, fifty-seven years ago last month, was born a boy whose career no prophet, however inspired, could possibly have forecast. To-day he is Sir Henry Thornton, Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire, President and Chairman of the Board of the Canadian National Railways, and one of the best known railroad men in the world. His ancestry was much the same as that of many great figures in the history of the United States: South Atlantic, emigrated to the Middle West; his career has been another demonstration of the excellence and stamina of this racial stock.

This brief indication of the career of one of Canada's first citizens must raise for the inquiring mind a host of questions. Why should a baby born in Logansport, Indiana, now be a belted British knight and an ardent supporter of the Empire? Through what channels did he achieve his present eminence? These questions, above all others, demand answers.

Henry Thornton's parents were persons of enlightenment and of moderate means; when their son became of an age to warrant making plans for his education, they cast about for a school which would satisfy their strict requirements. It was early in the eighties, when good secondary schools in the Middle West were not plentiful and when the ordinary lad had to pick up an education as best he could in spite of dubious Latin grammar and McGuffy's *Eclectic Readers*. But in the East a school existed which was to serve as model for many of the best private schools since come into being. Saint Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, an old foundation under the inspired genius of Dr. Henry A. Coit, was educating many of the boys who are now our leading citizens. It was decided to send young Henry there for his college preparation.

It would be difficult to estimate the precise after-effect of this early training on the youthful Thornton. It may have counted for little; it may be the chief reason for his later success. At least this much is certain: at Saint Paul's he met James McCrea, the son of the then President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and from this contact came an opening in what was to become his profession.

When Henry Thornton had finished his schooling, he proceeded to the University of Pennsylvania. He took his B.S. in 1894 with scholastic distinction and went to Vanderbilt University, in Tennessee, to coach the football team and take stock of his future. Next year he entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

There followed nearly twenty years of rapid advancement in the Pennsylvania system until 1914 found him Superintendent of the Long Island Railroad. Then occurred a startling event which gained Mr. Thornton his first widespread notice. England's most modern railroad, the Great Eastern, needed a man to put its finances in order and act as its chief executive. There seemed to be nobody in England big enough for the job, so the Directors of the road looked to America to see what they could find. They picked Henry Worth Thornton.

The World War came, making the Great Eastern one of England's most important communication units; its chief executive became one of the key men in England's major strategy. In 1916 Henry Thornton relinquished his American citizenship and became a British subject. He served his adopted country faithfully and well as Deputy Director of Waterways and Docks, Assistant Director General of Movements and Railways, and Inspector General of Transportation. His activities extended from England to Mesopotamia, and he was in his full share responsible for the efficient functioning of British Military Transport during the War. He received all the major Allied decorations and was knighted for his services; after the War, his appointment to the League of Nations Railroad Committee was inevitable.

Meanwhile, in Canada there had developed a railway situation which seemed well-nigh insoluble. There had been far too much railroad construction to make possible profitable operation; ever since the beginning of the century there had been an expansion which could only be warranted on the ground that so large a country had to have a tremendous transport system to make possible its fullest national development. To make the seriousness of this situation more understandable, one can point out that in 1922 the Canadian railways had to expect each Canadian citizen to support as much trackage and capitalization in the Dominion as two and a half American citizens supported in the United States.

The situation was rendered even worse because the railways of Canada comprised two great competing systems, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, the former under private management, the latter belonging to the government and including almost all other roads which government or private enterprise had constructed. Many of these roads had been built for purely political reasons; there was, for instance, a stretch of forty miles in the Province of Quebec which cost a million dollars a mile to build and over which to this day

Sir Henry Thornton

Who is largely responsible for having made the Canadian National Railway System what it is to-day.

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there runs but a maximum of nine trains each way a week — six passenger and three freight. The old railroads united under the Canadian National System, the Intercolonial, Grand Trunk, and Canadian Northern had furthermore gained an unsavory reputation for unreliable and inadequate service.

In contrast with all this was the great Canadian Pacific System, a network of steamship and railroad transport which could take a passenger from Liverpool to Yokohama entirely on its own ships and over its own lines and house him in its own hotels *en route;* or, if he wished to go no further than the great fertile lands of western Canada, it could sell him a farm at what amounted to one hundred per cent profit on the transaction. The 'C.P.R.' had been planned and managed by some of the greatest executive and commercial minds of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; it was an organization whose influence in the world was probably as great or greater than all the rest of the Dominion put together. There was not a link in its transportation and housing system which did not annually show a handsome profit. What was even more important, the 'C.P.R.' then had, as now, a reputation for giving a service unexcelled anywhere.

In a nation already overdeveloped for transportation, with one great and admirably managed system showing a large annual profit even in the worst years, it can be imagined in what condition the competing system found itself. The government railways had half again as much trackage as the 'C.P.R.,' were troubled with all the inefficiency of political management, and had to carry the burden of many miles of communications which had been so foolishly or corruptly built as never to be able to achieve financial solidity. In 1912 Sir Henry Thornton was called from England to bring order out of this chaos.

What he did is now history. First of all, he warned the politicians to keep their hands off absolutely and finally: there was to be no special service for political parasites; no employés were to be discharged because they inadvertently offended some influential person; and conversely, no favorites were to be given sinecures. Next he began to weed out inefficiency among the railroad's workers. This he did by his famous 'personal touch,' a sincere manifestation of interest in everything which concerned the well-being of the thousands of employés of one of the world's greatest transportation systems. He gained a reputation for eternal justice and vigilance which has endeared him to every man and woman under him. He was then in a position to improve the quality of service given the public, until now the Canadian National is fully as fine a system as its great rival, and Canadian railroads in general are unexcelled the world over for reliability and comfort.

The institution of the greatest economy compatible with good management and the insistence that every unit of the system must be self-supporting, at least in ideal, has reduced the annual deficit of the government railways to what is very nearly a minimum. It is possible that in time they will yield a return.

To Americans, however, the most interesting thing about Sir Henry must remain the fact that he was born and trained in America and yet achieved his greatest fame as an English subject. Nor is he lukewarm in his allegiance to the British Empire. In May of this year he said of the United States, 'The tide is turning away from your country now' and turning toward Canada.

But in spite of this, infancy, youth, and manhood to early middle age in America leave their ineradicable imprint upon mind and soul. We wonder whether, as Sir Henry recently looked across the Canadian border upon the contending forces of the American presidential campaign, he did not feel an instinctive yearning to return to his former home in Long Island and exercise the precious franchise of American suffrage by casting a vote for Smith or Hoover.

Ignatius Seipel

SIX years ago an unassuming priest packed a small black bag and set off on a tour of the capitals of Central Europe. Monsignor Ignatius Seipel, Prime Minister of the Republic of Austria, had undertaken the task of saving his country.

Affairs were going badly. Under the Hapsburg Emperors, Austria had been the dominant partner in Austria-Hungary. She had exercised more influence than the Hungarians, while together they had lorded it over a strange mingling of subject peoples — Poles, Roumanians, Croats, Serbs, Albanians, and Slovenes.

On public buildings stood the five vowels, *A.E.I.O.U.* They represented the proudest boast of the Hapsburgs, variously interpreted as *Austria erit in orbe ultima* (Austria shall endure to the end of the world) or as *Alles Erdreich ist Oesterreich unterlan* (The whole world is subject to Austria).

The outcome of the World War made the ancient motto a sorry mockery. The victory of the Allies brought about the liberation of the subject peoples. The Austro-Hungarian state broke up. Hungary went her own way, stripped of her Burgenland territory and of her Roumanian subjects in Transylvania. Out of the ancient Hapsburg domains, the peacemakers at Paris carved a strange array of new states, liberating peoples some of whom had not known the privileges and responsibilities of independence for nearly a thousand years. The state of Poland, which had been divided under German, Russian, and Austrian rule for a hundred years, again became independent. On the map appeared strange new names — Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia — which stripped Austria of her most important industrial areas, her ports, most of her territories, and most of her subjects. Vienna, the brilliant capital of the Hapsburg Emperors, suddenly found itself the capital of an insignificant little state, somewhat smaller than Ireland and with about one fifth of England's population. Government finance had been wrecked by the War. Commerce was ruined by the barrier of tariffs which all the new states, proud of their new-found independence and eager to protect it, hastened to erect. Austria's flourishing iron industry was now in Czechoslovak hands. Gone was her flourishing trade with the Near East. Gone, her customers in the Balkans. Disaster threatened. Forbidden by the peace treaties to unite with their German kinsmen — France was naturally fearful of increasing German strength — the Austrians were on the verge of collapse. The currency was sinking. Farmers refused to sell food to a city where money was nearly worthless. Fresh milk was almost unheard of. An address where one could buy real cream was as precious as the address of a really good bootlegger in the United States. People were starving. Children died like flies. Those perennial trouble-makers, the Bolsheviki, found a fertile field for their endeavors in suffering Vienna. Unless Austria could raise a loan and secure the coöperation of her neighbors in readjusting her shattered economic system to the new conditions, there was no hope.

Dr. Seipel went to Prague, to Belgrade, to Rome, to Berlin. Then he went to Geneva and, in a single memorable speech before the Council of the League, saved the day.

'Surely,' he said, 'where there is so much money for war, there must be some for peace.' The League gave heed. Presently measures were on foot for an international loan. As if by magic, the currency which had become almost worthless grew suddenly stable. Food could be bought again. The day was saved.

And the quiet priest who had saved it

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went on with his work as Chancellor of the Republic, head of the government, just as quietly as ever. In the days of Austria's impoverishment, his home had been one bare monastic cell. The cell remained his home in the days of her returning prosperity. His lunch — an iron kettle of soup — is still brought daily from the monastic kitchen to the imperial palace where he works.

Chancellor Seipel came late to political life. Born in 1876, he became a priest in 1899, and for four years was wholly occupied with religious work. Then he became a teacher, first as religious instructor in a fashionable girls' school, then as professor of moral theology in the Universities of Vienna and Salzburg. In 1918, while the Empire was crumbling under Allied assaults, he became Minister of Public Welfare in the Lammasch Cabinet, the last cabinet that was ever appointed by the ill-fated Karl, who ended the long line of Hapsburg emperors. Years of revolution followed. In 1922, Monsignor Seipel headed the coalition which formed the first parliamentary government after the Austrian revolution. No sooner had he taken stock of the situation, than he set off on his famous tour which ended so auspiciously.

But republics are proverbially ungrateful. Within a year he was stoned in the streets of his capital by ultra-conservative political opponents. In 1924 he was shot down in the Vienna railway station. Fearing that his wounds would cause a long illness, he attempted to resign but could not persuade President Hainisch to let him go, until, in November of the same year, a general strike on the Austrian railways led to the resignation of his entire cabinet.

Freedom from official cares made it possible in 1926 for him to visit the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, where he officially greeted Cardinal Piffl, his ecclesiastical superior who had, nevertheless, been his political inferior.

Four months later he formed his second Cabinet and again took up the reins of Austria's government, which he has held ever since, his continuance in office being secured by a sweeping victory of his party at the elections held in the spring of 1927.

Successful though he has been, Monsignor Seipel has vexing problems still to face. On his southern border, the Austrian-born inhabitants of the Tyrol who were handed over to the Italian Government under the peace treaties, are perpetually restive, and Austria's unconcealed sympathy with them makes friendship with Italy difficult. On the eastern frontier lies Hungary, never completely reconciled to her forced cession of the Burgenland. To the north is Germany, a friendly state and a former ally; but that very friendliness complicates Monsignor Seipel's diplomatic problems, for every effort to bring the two German-speaking countries closer together creates intense suspicion on the part of France. This is the so-called problem of *Anschluss* (the German word for 'closing up' or 'joining'). The logic of racial likeness, linguistic identity, and economic welfare points to the union. But France, now the dominant Continental power, with her traditional suspicion of the neighbor across the Rhine, stands firm against it.

Underwood & Underwood

VISCOUNT SAITO

NAVAL OFFICER, diplomat, and statesman — the 'stateliest statesman' of the Three Power Naval Conference.

Added to these puzzles are the natural difficulties of governing a small country almost equally divided between intense conservatives and equally intense radicals; of maintaining the economic life of Austria when tariff walls surround her; of still further reducing the numbers of the state officials; and of restoring to Viennese life some of the color, joyousness, *Gemütlichkeit*, and gaiety that it knew under the Hapsburgs. Until that is accomplished, Austria will not be Austria.

Serious problems these, which might appall anyone but the man who faced and overcame the desperate conditions now six years past.

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT MINORU SAITO

FOURTEEN years ago a distinguished Japanese naval officer decided to retire from public life. Minoru Saito had served his Emperor and his country for thirty-nine years. Beginning as a naval cadet at the age of fifteen, he had attained the rank of admiral; and, as Minister of Marine in five cabinets, he had guided and built up his beloved navy. He had won an unprecedented promotion when, as Captain Saito, he was apponted Vice Minister of the Navy over the heads of a dozen rear-admirals. Moreover, he had achieved this brilliant record without using the political influence which came from being a member of the Satsuma clan; for just as surely as the Chosu clan rules the Japanese army, so Satsuma governs the navy.

Having reached the age of fifty-six and having been rewarded by his Emperor with a title, Admiral Minoru Saito dreamed of the peace and quiet of rural Japan. But like most men who have led energetic public lives, Saito chafed at inactivity. He could not forget the days when he had chased pirates off the China coast or led his men into action against the Russians. After four years of restless rural peace, the late Premier Hara had no difficulty in persuading him to become Governor General of Korea. The post was the most difficult in Japanese colonial administration, but Viscount Saito jumped at it for that very reason.

At the time of his appointment there was no other place in the world where the Japanese were so hated. Viscount Saito's welcome, as he rode with his wife through the streets of Seoul on his initial visit, was a bomb, which broke the glass in his carriage, but fortunately failed to explode. The new Governor General rode on, apparently unperturbed, while Baroness Saito, taking the cue from her husband, leaned out to smile at the crowds.

With courage of this calibre plus genius as an executive and statesman, Saito in nine years has revolutionized Japanese rule in Korea. While it is doubtful if any Japanese governor could make his country popular in Korea, Saito has won for himself a wide circle of loyal Korean friends. He has done it by

(*Continued on page 315*)

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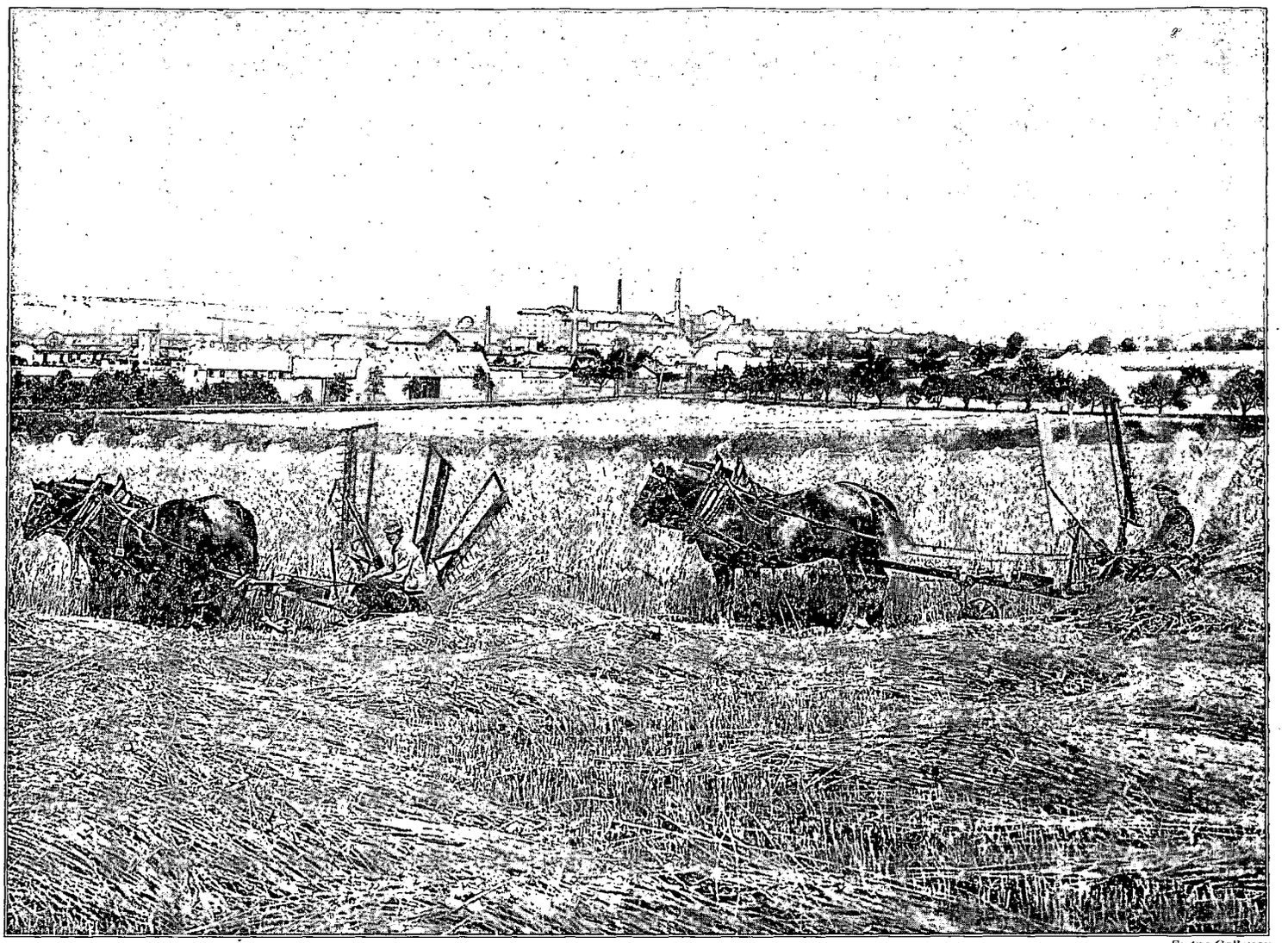

Ewing Galloway

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

OUT OF THE WORLD WAR came a new nation of farmers and factory workers whose dual life is symbolized in this scene; for above some of the richest grain-fields in Central Europe rise the chimneys of Czechoslovak industry.

Beneš and Masaryk

The Builders of the Ten-Year-Old Czechoslovak Republic

By William Martin

Foreign Editor of the *Journal de Genève*

Translated from *Le Correspondant*, Paris Catholic Biweekly

IN DIFFICULTY and in dimension, there is no nobler work of mankind than to create a nation bodily. When I say that such was the task which President Masaryk and M. Beneš carried to a successful conclusion, I do not mean to insinuate that what they accomplished was artificial or lacked foundation in history. The nation which they built had already existed, until 1526, though with a different name and different boundaries. But its development had then been interrupted by nearly four centuries of slavery; and the national feeling of the people had been in eclipse for many years. It is no exaggeration to say that on the eve of the World War no one dreamed of the resurrection of old Bohemia, or of the creation of a new nation with a name as yet unknown.

One renders a statesman no service by endowing him with foresight which he could not possibly have possessed. Before the War, when M. Beneš in Dijon defended his doctoral thesis on 'Austria's Problem and the Czech Question,' he had no idea of solving that problem by separatist means, or of setting up a new nation. Even during the War, both Masaryk and Beneš at times believed that they could come to an agreement with Austria. But circumstances and the wilfulness of Francis Joseph forced them into an undertaking of which they had not at first dreamed.

Once the necessity for a radical solution of the Czech problem became clear, however, Masaryk and Beneš did not hesitate to give themselves wholly to the task. Isolated from a people which could do nothing to support them, they

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took a terrible responsibility upon their shoulders. Now that their success is complete, it is only just that they should have the praise which they deserve.

PRESIDENT Masaryk's essential characteristics are his high moral purpose and his keen sense of practical reality. This combination of idealism and realism is so rare that it gives his personality a power and an influence seldom to be seen elsewhere.

Masaryk is a self-made man. He was brought up in poverty and began life as an apprentice-locksmith. It was only by means of ceaseless effort that, eking out his means by tutoring, he was able to study philosophy. From his position as *Privatdocent* in the University of Vienna, he was called in 1882 to a professorship at the Czech university in Prague, the old Charles University of the Middle Ages, which the Austrian Government had just restored. Here, almost immediately, he took a place apart. The Czechs, deprived for so long of a national centre of higher education, had to start fresh, and build up a first-rate faculty. The people in general were provincial in their thought. It was clear from the beginning, however, that Masaryk was a master. He fought unceasingly against too easy solutions, against cheap victories, against narrowness of mind. He opposed anything which tended to isolate Czech culture from the broad current of Occidental civilization. He opposed provincialism, nationalism, pan-Slavism — in short, every movement which at that time was supported by his students.

There were moments when he was extremely unpopular. There were whole months when he was unable to give his lectures. His unpopularity reached its height at the time of the discussion of the so-called Königinhof manuscripts. These were a cycle of legends and songs which were said to be the fore-runners of the Niebelungen cycle, and whose authenticity would prove that Czech literature was older than German literature. Theories were built up on the basis of these manuscripts; national pride was touched until it seemed as if the manuscripts represented the Fatherland itself. Masaryk was the only man who had courage enough to say that they were false, and to prove it.

EDUARD BENEŠ

A LITTLE MAN, unimpressive in appearance and in speech, whose remarkable talents have brought him from a School of Commerce to the foreign ministry of Czechoslovakia, and made him one of the most respected statesmen of Europe.

He is a strict Protestant, and has never believed it permissible to sacrifice truth or moral duty to national interests. Whenever it has become necessary for him to oppose the opinion of his people, he has done so without hesitation, as in the case of the trial of a young Jew unjustly accused of a religious crime. This has given him irresistible power when he has seen fit to back Czech interests.

THE moral principles which Masaryk brought into politics were such as to increase his influence and his reputation, but not his popularity. People like those who flatter them. When Masaryk founded a political party, which he called characteristically the Realist Party, a few intellectuals followed him, but the mass of the people remained cold. He was able to get himself elected to Parliament, thanks to his personal prestige, but he never succeeded in having a second deputy elected from his party.

At that time Masaryk was a Federalist; he felt sincerely that the best solution of the Czech problem lay in the setting up of a Federal form of government in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He believed that it was possible to change Austria from within, through democracy. He was a radical and fought both militarism and clericalism, not to destroy the State, but to save it. That is what distinguished him from his adversary, Dr. Kramář, who supported the idea of Federalism also, but with the aim of destroying the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

When the War broke out, Masaryk, who at sixty-four was freed of military service, went to Switzerland and to Italy to follow the progress of events and to feel the pulse of Europe. He was making ready to go back to Prague, in December of 1914, when one of his old students, Eduard Beneš, whom he had not known intimately before, learned that plans had been made to arrest him upon his return.

Young Beneš came to Zürich to warn his old teacher. Masaryk stayed in Switzerland; and, during the year 1915, Beneš traveled to and fro between Prague and Geneva, between Masaryk and his friends at home.

In September of that year, however, Beneš's comings and goings aroused the suspicions of the Austrian police, who decided to arrest him. But there were Czechs in all the government offices; Beneš, warned of his approaching arrest just half an hour before it was to occur, was able to cross the German frontier on foot and reach Switzerland through Bavaria.

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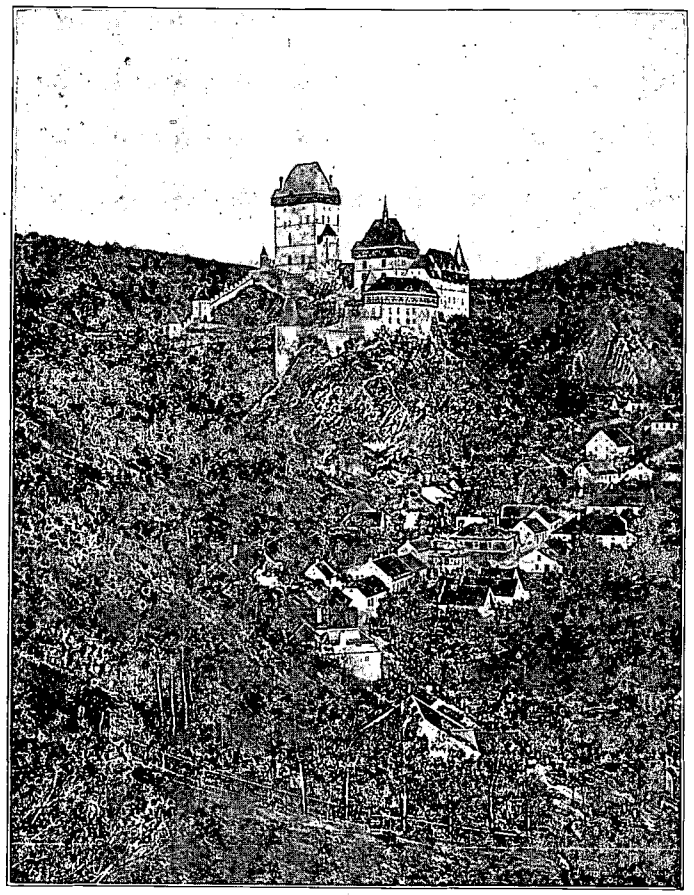

CASTLE KARLUV TYN

A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN Carcassonne. Located in the heart of the rich farm lands of Bohemia, it is for the traveler a striking reminder of the kingdom of Czechs that died three centuries before the modern nation was born.

IT WAS at this time that Masaryk, Beneš, and Štefanik met in Geneva to lay plans for the formation of the Czechoslovak National Committee. Here that name was officially used for the first time. It was decided that Beneš should set himself up in Paris, where he was to organize a corps of Czechoslovak prisoners-of-war to fight with the French and Italian armies, and that Masaryk should go to London.

When the first Russian revolution broke out, Masaryk moved to Russia to organize a corps of Czechoslovak volunteers on the Eastern front. Later, driven from Russia by the Bolshevists, he went to the United States. He already knew the country well, for he had married an American. It was thus that he was able to reach Colonel House and President Wilson, and to obtain from them recognition of the Czechoslovak National Committee. This recognition was a pledge for the future, and presaged the recognition of the Czechoslovak state itself, founded officially in Geneva a week before the Hapsburg monarchy fell from power.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the difficulty and the importance of the work accomplished during the War by the Czechoslovak National Committee — that is to say, by the triumvirate of Masaryk, Beneš, and Štefanik. The Allied governments were at first suspicious. The prime necessity was to have these three Austrian subjects accepted by the Allies, and to obtain permission for them to enter the Allied countries. In 1915, for instance, the French military authorities wanted to put Beneš in a concentration camp. They had to be persuaded to recognize the existence of a Czech nation, and to realize that the opinions which the Czechs really held were not those of loyalty to the Hapsburgs which they evidenced in public. These things had to be explained to all the Allied governments and to the peoples of the Allied nations, and had to be explained so convincingly that three isolated men, with no mandate from their people, without authority, were recognized as the government of a non-existent country which was to be treated as an ally.

All this, no doubt, would have been impossible if the Czechoslovak National Committee had not been in a position to render the Allies certain services of great value. I do not mean, for the moment, the service performed by the Czechoslovak army, which was organized on various fronts among Czech prisoners-of-war at the risk of provoking terrible Austrian reprisals at home. The main purpose of this army was to provide evidence of the existence of the Czechs and to make this clear to people who had never before heard of them. By itself, the army was not able to play a very large rôle in the fighting. Much more important from the point of view of the Allied campaigns was the mutiny of a Czech regiment of the Austrian army early in the War at Rawa Ruska; for this helped the Russians to pierce the Austrian front and obliged the Germans to rush to the assistance of their allies — a move which had the most profound political consequences.

BUT there is another field in which the Czechoslovak National Committee was able to give real help to the Allies. Thanks to that Committee and thanks to the presence of Czechs throughout the Austro-Hungarian bureaucracy, the Allied chiefs-of-staff were able always to keep in close touch with everything that went on in the Dual Monarchy — even the most secret proceedings. There was no single conversation between the Emperor and Marshal Conrad which was not known in Paris within a week. The German intrigues in the United States were revealed by Czechs; the governess of Count Bernstorff's children was a Czech, and everything which went on in his house was known.

On the other hand, all speeches of Czech deputies in the Austrian Parliament were submitted beforehand to the Allied governments for revision, and were to be found in the Austrian newspapers a few days later without a single change. The Allies thus tried to prevent revolution in Bohemia until the last possible moment. In August of 1918, Beneš said: 'I can't hold them any longer.' Paris answered: 'You must.'

Beneš replied: 'After November, at least, it will be impossible.'

All this activity through subterranean channels might easily have seemed suspicious, had it not been for the confidence which Masaryk and Beneš inspired. At this decisive moment in history, all their influence, all their power, sprang from the high moral purpose which moved them. Their recompense came at the Peace Conference, when they were able to obtain the recognition, as an Allied Nation, of Czechoslovakia, which did not yet exist and which until the end of the War had remained a part of Austria. In October of 1918, Czech soldiers were still fighting in the ranks of the Austrian army; in November, their delegates were sitting around the conference table among the victors. I do not believe that any other men of our generation have to their credit a more extraordinary *tour de force*.

The unanimous election of Masaryk as the first President of the new republic was, therefore, a just reward. It is only natural that his entry into the Hradčany, the old palace in Prague which symbolizes the whole history of the Czech people, took on the aspect of a triumph. But the task was not yet completed; the country was still without definite frontiers. What remained to be done was no less difficult than what had already been accomplished, and it was to be Eduard Beneš's personal task at the Peace Conference.

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RARELY do two men complement each other so admirably as President Masaryk and M. Beneš, and seldom were two men more necessary one to the other. Without Masaryk's prestige, Beneš, who was a nonentity with no personal influence whatever over his people when he left his country during the War, could have done nothing. But without Beneš and his knowledge and his political wisdom, Masaryk himself would have been paralyzed and powerless.

Beneš, like Masaryk, is of humble origin. His parents were farmers, and he was the youngest of a large family. Thanks to the savings of his elder brothers, he was able to complete his studies and become Professor of Sociology and Political Economy in a School of Commerce. This was the position he held when he left Prague secretly in the autumn of 1915. He was destined to reënter the city as Minister of Foreign Affairs and one of the most prominent men in Europe.

Luck played but little part in his extraordinary success; talent almost all. He is a little man whose face is unimpressive, who talks foreign languages only with difficulty, whose pronunciation is harsh, whose speech is indistinct. He has certainly not reached a position of power because of any physical or exterior qualities; rather he has done so by his clearness of thought, his breadth of mind, his keen sense for contingencies and possibilities, his trustworthiness, and the truth of his assertions. In other words, he has impressed himself upon Europe by the same intellectual and moral qualities which explain the influence which President Masaryk wields: faith in an ideal, joined to a strong sense of realities.

IF DIPLOMACY, as is too often believed, were merely a process of bargaining, Beneš would have been able to accomplish nothing at the Peace Conference; for he brought nothing, and had nothing to offer anyone. But he knew that the principle of bargaining is often modified by spiritual forces; and these forces were on Czechoslovakia's side. Beneš used them to the full. The right of self-determination, President Wilson's fourteen points, the League of Nations — these constituted Beneš's weapons and Beneš's dogmas. They alone were his *raison d'être;* they alone lent him strength.

I remember hearing Beneš explain his ideas during the early days of the Conference. We were in his tiny office in the rue Bonaparte, which was for three months the seat of government of a country which did not yet exist.

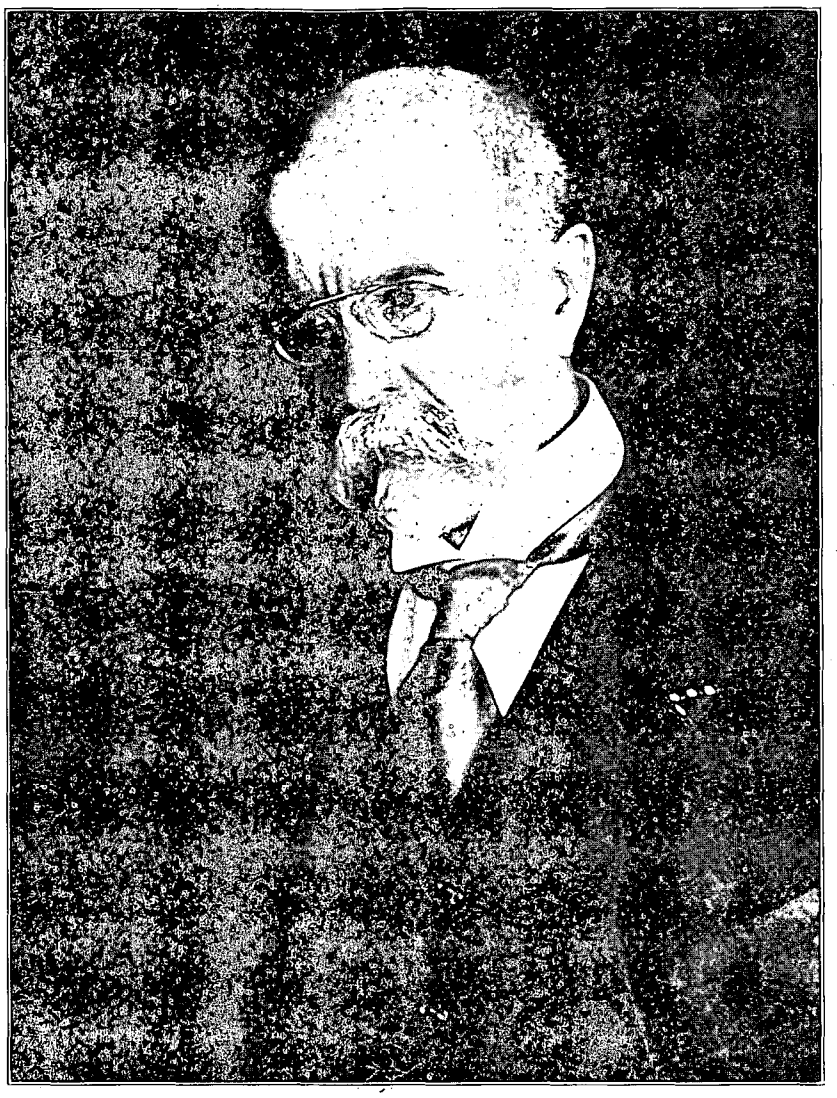
'We shall be adamant,' he told me, 'in everything which is a vital necessity for us, but in that alone. We mean to look at things always from the point of view of the common welfare.'

That is the secret of Beneš's influence over the statesmen at the Versailles Conference. He was able to give those who spoke with him the impression that he was always taking the point of view of the common interest of all. When necessity arose, he would sacrifice the interest of his own country to a collective interest that seemed to him more important. He was sufficiently objective in discussion to be able to recognize the force of his adversaries' arguments, and even on occasion to provide arguments for them.

This was not a pose or a mere matter of policy on his part. It was the result of his conviction that the new Czechoslovakia could continue to exist only in a peaceful and prosperous Europe. When he worked for the general interest, he felt that he was working for the true interest of his own country. This ability to distinguish the permanent from the transitory, this innate sense of international solidarity, assured him from the first of a place apart among the statesmen of Europe. Many of them had spent their lives among outmoded diplomatic formulas; Beneš's strength lay in his freshness of mind and, if one may say so, in his very inexperience.

In Paris, Beneš had scarcely any arguing to do. Once the idea of a Czechoslovak State had been admitted — and that had been done in advance — no one dreamed of refusing fair boundaries to the new nation. Beneš's wisdom consisted in convincing his listeners from the first that he demanded nothing more than this. He succeeded so well that statesmen fought with one another to help him, and he was finally given more than he asked. On top of it all, they gave him Ruthenia, for the simple reason that they did not know what else to do with it.

His difficulties lay not in Paris, but at home. For even within the ranks of the delegation which accompanied him to the Peace Conference, he had to contend with such nationalists as Kramář, who outbid him and whose position in his own country was stronger than his. Their demands threatened to compromise the moderate attitude which he was taking and which constituted his only strength.



THOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK

FATHER OF CZECHOSLOVAK independence, and for a decade Chief Executive of the nation he helped to create. Like Woodrow Wilson, whose friend he was, he came from a professorship to the presidency.

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'I am dismayed,' he said at that time to one of his friends, 'to see them giving me everything that I ask. It is too much. I cannot refuse to pass my compatriots' demands on to the Conference, and yet I am never refused anything. I wonder where it will end!'

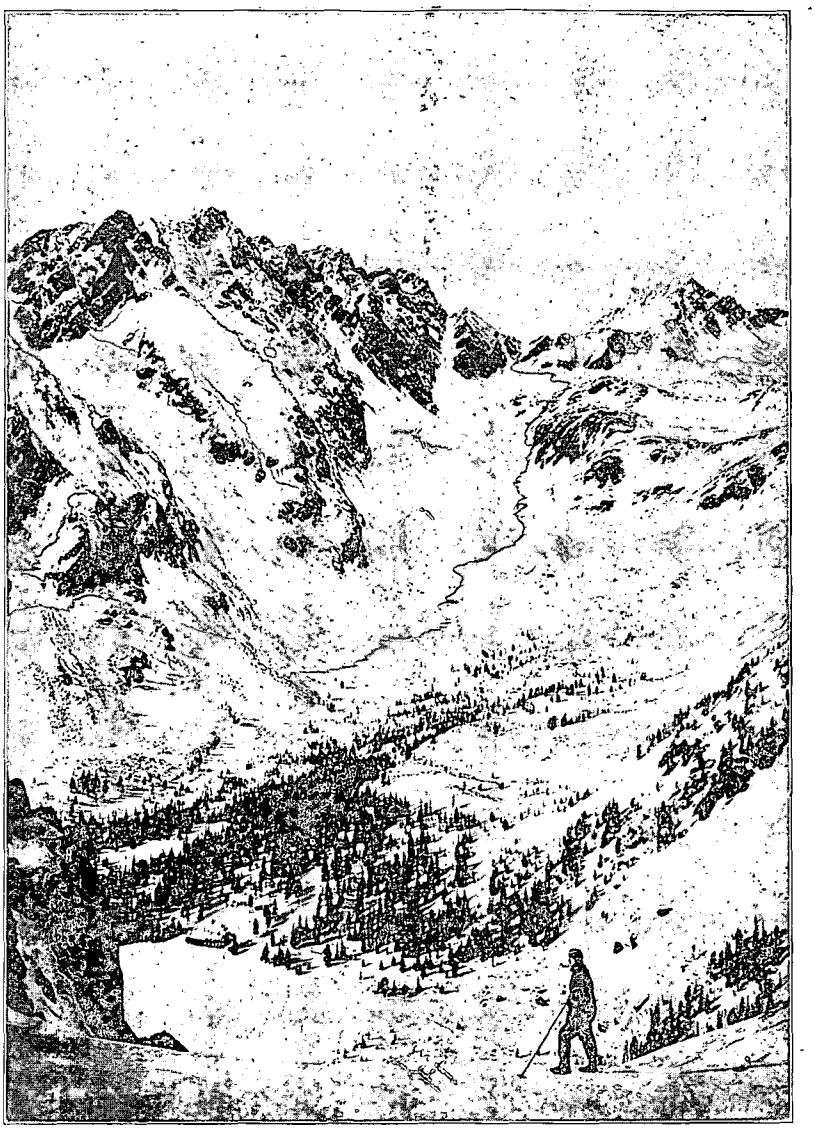
Since that time, this same objectivity of mind, this feeling for the welfare of all and for the solidarity of the nations, has continued to be the mainspring of Beneš's policy, and his influence has steadily increased.

ONE day, he was explaining to me why it was necessary, in a disarmament treaty, to take account of the industrial power of the nations concerned.

'If you fail to do so,' he said to me, 'a country like my own, which is strong industrially, would have too great an advantage over an agricultural country like Hungary.'

Another time, when he was informed that the Czechoslovak member of a technical committee of the League of Nations was backing a Protectionist policy and blocking a desirable agreement, Beneš declared: 'This is intolerable. Unmask him, hold him up to shame. Our manufacturers must learn to think like Europeans!'

As a statesman, Beneš sets a high moral example for Europe, for he proves that one can attain greater success in the world, and even in politics, by good faith and disinterestedness than by Machiavellian duplicity. The word disinterestedness, of course, should be clearly defined. Beneš is not disinterested as far as his own country is concerned. He is an ardent patriot who has but one thought and one duty: to serve Czechoslovakia. If this were not so, he could never wield the influence necessary to carry out a policy which has the welfare of all Europe as its aim. If he were thinking of the general interest alone, it would not be long before he would fall from power at home. Even the great services which he has rendered his people, and his unquestioned patriotism, would not be sufficient to shelter him from attack, were he not always guided principally by the interests of his own country. But he is convinced that upon one essential point — the maintenance of peace — this interest coincides with that of all. He once said to me: 'One does not build a nation overnight. In order to accomplish her economic and spiritual unity, my country needs twenty years of peace.' Beneš's single object in life is to assure Czechoslovakia the twenty years of peace that she needs.



IN THE HIGHER TATRA

NO CLEARER NOTION of the variety of Czechoslovak scenery can be gained than by comparing the snow peaks of the far-eastern province in the scene above with the level farming country of western Bohemia, pictured at the opening of this article.

THIS is what makes him the most 'European' statesman in Europe. The majority of his colleagues, if they follow this policy at all, follow it hesitantly and within strict limits; Beneš alone follows it whole-heartedly and without mental reservations. But he does so by methods which vary according to circumstances. On the morrow of the rejection of the Versailles Treaty by the United States Senate, he did not know what was going to become of the League of Nations, so he set up the Little Entente, an alliance of the old type. But when he saw that the League of Nations was working and was growing stronger, he entered into its activities and gained unequaled influence in its councils. He was one of the authors of the Geneva Protocol, and at Locarno he played the rôle of mediator between Germany and Poland. He is convinced that Czechoslovak interests coincide with those of France in the maintenance of the peace treaties by which his nation was created; he is equally certain that Czechoslovakia must maintain friendly relations with her neighbor Germany, across whose territory run all the channels which connect her with the sea. He has also been active in urging Franco-German rapprochement and the general pacification of Europe. His policy toward Austria has varied, but it has always been friendly and of a sort to strengthen Austrian independence.

In every situation, he has always been anxious to work for the fairest and the most 'international' solution. His hand has been felt wherever there were differences to reconcile, conflicts to settle, suspicions to allay. But he has never fallen into Utopian ways of thinking nor lost sight of political reality. This makes his conversation unusually interesting. He is not the sort of man who can be called a brilliant conversationalist.

To have been able to make such a career for himself without being in the least an orator is his unique and remarkable record. Beneš does not conquer his listeners by the charm of his speech; he holds them by the clarity and the closeness of his reasoning. He possesses that rarest of qualities, common sense.

ONE might suppose that with all these qualities Beneš would hold a position of unequaled influence in his

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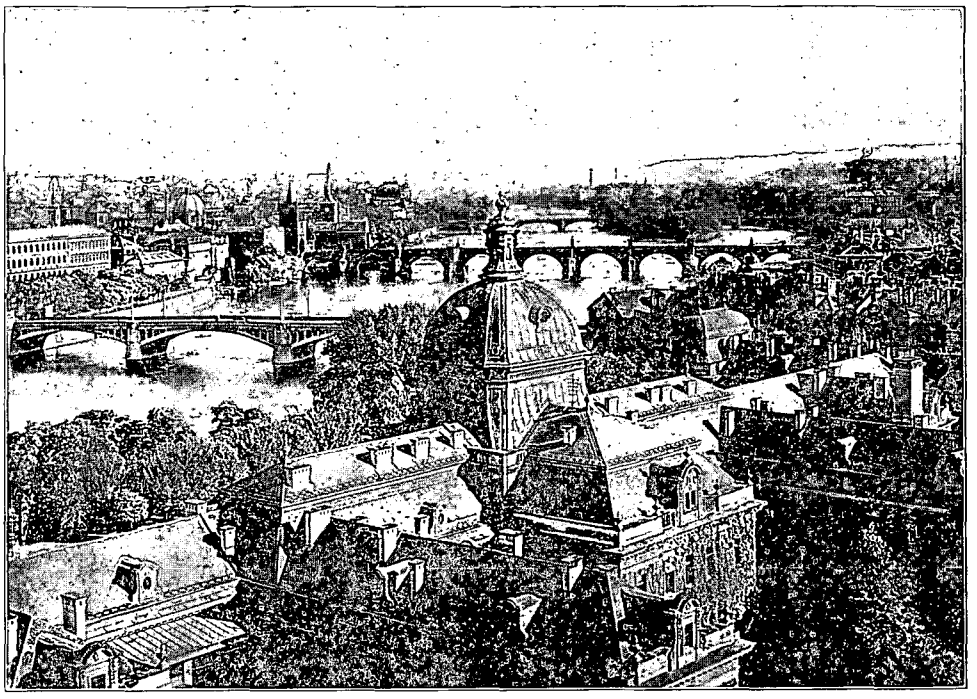
own country. This is true in one sense. He has been Minister of Foreign Affairs for ten years, and no one dreams of interrupting his work in this post; for everyone in Prague knows that his retirement would be tantamount to a defeat for Czechoslovakia. But his influence is much greater outside his own country than within it. He is not a party man, and, consequently, has few faithful friends in Parliament. Besides, it is inevitable that in a nation which has never before governed itself and which has always been in opposition to those who did govern it, political passions should be more bitter, more mean, and more destructive than elsewhere. Beneš's broad-mindedness, far from benefiting him in such a *milieu*, could not fail to harm him. The same thing may be said of his anxiety for moral honesty, and of the energy he showed in denouncing certain scandals, renouncing certain friendships, and refusing office to certain of those who sought it. His only — and rather short — tenure of the premiership brought him more blame than praise. His whole strength within his own country lies in his friendship with President Masaryk.

But there is another side to this friendship. The President has a prestige and an influence which place him above attack. The people consider him a Liberator, and he has their lasting gratitude. They see in him a man whose presence is necessary if the unity of the nation is to be maintained and its policies continued. Above all, they see in this tall old gentleman, sixty-eight years old, a man of high moral purpose, whose righteousness commands respect. No one in Czechoslovakia would dare oppose the President of the Republic. Masaryk himself, however, remains a fighter. He makes no more concessions to-day, when he believes that he sees the truth, than he did in his youth; and if his personality commands everyone's respect, his policies are not unanimously approved.

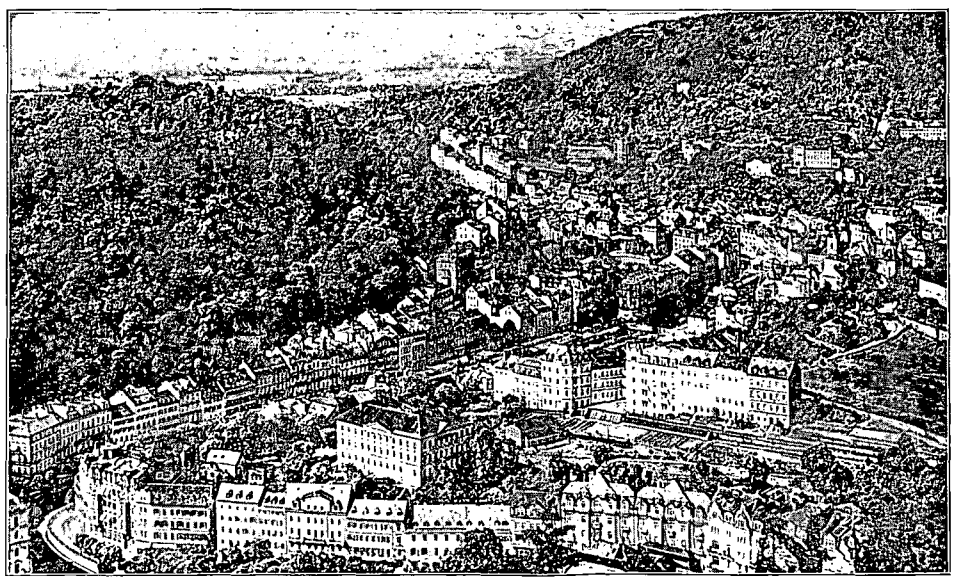


PRAGUE

UNDER THE GRACEFUL, arched bridges of Czechoslovakia's capital city runs the river Vltava, carrying the nation's water traffic north to the Elbe and on through Germany to the sea.

THE most recent move in which Masaryk gave an indication of his qualities as a statesman was his inclusion of representatives of the German minority in his Cabinet. This was the domestic parallel of the policy of rapprochement and goodwill toward Germany which Beneš is carrying out in the domain of international politics. Both policies have as their purpose the destruction of irredentism and separatism; for Czechoslovakia is no more a homogeneous state than was the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and if she had made the same errors as the Hapsburgs, sooner or later her end would have been the same. Beneš and Masaryk realized this; the Czech nationalists did not; and in this situation, as in so many others, Beneš served as a shield for his master and friend, the President of the Republic. Against Beneš are directed the attacks of the opponents of the President's policies. Masaryk shields Beneš with his prestige; Beneš in his turn stands between the President and his adversaries.

Among the nations newly created or increased in size by the World War, Czechoslovakia alone has the privilege of possessing two statesmen really worthy of the name. It is to this privilege — and, therefore, to these two men — that she owes her present prosperity and the unique position that she holds in the world to-day.



KARLOVY VARY

IN A SETTING of green Bohemian forest stands the old, white-walled Carlsbad of pre-war times, a thriving health resort that to-day is drawing more visitors to Czechoslovakia than ever before.

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Metropolitana

Table Manners in Paris — Singapore Laughs at Social Ritual — Making Berlin Night Life Safe for the Family — In the Tapir House of the London Zoo — Ashes of Empire in Constantinople

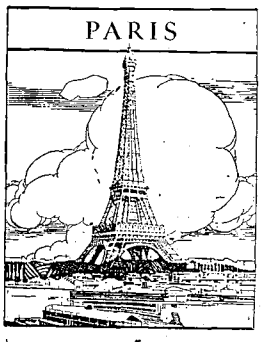
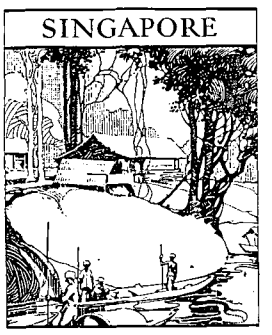


TABLE manners and the etiquette of wining and dining may not at first glance seem highly important in the affairs of nations; yet there is probably no single set of mannerisms by which people of different nationalities can more certainly be distinguished one from the other. An American, for instance, would think it highly improper to tuck his napkin under his chin in the manner long sanctioned by the most orthodox French bourgeois society. It likewise comes to him as something of a shock to realize that in France one's spoon may properly be left in one's coffee cup. That this should never, never be done is, of course, one of the first tenets of the well-brought-up American child. That it is quite allowable for Frenchmen is evidenced, if evidence be required, by the fact that not long ago the billboards of Paris were covered with large posters prepared by the makers of Benedictine, depicting a postprandial trinity of Benedictine bottle, liqueur glass, and demi-tasse, the demi-tasse with a clearly visible silver spoon standing erect and unashamed within it!

Conversely, two apparently insignificant American table habits have probably contributed more than any other personal characteristics toward convincing orthodox Parisians that visitors from the United States are, at worst, barbarians, and at best slightly mad. One is the practical, but — according to the French — perverted, American procedure of making a whole meal out of a heaping plate of *hors-d'œuvres*, where a Frenchman contents himself with a single morsel that is a mere palate-tickling preliminary to better things to come. This may be accounted for by the fact that an American sometimes learns to eat *hors-d'œuvres* in Sweden, where they rejoice in the name of *smörgåsbord* and where plentiful helpings are the rule. But more important is the barbarous and quite unaccountable American habit of smoking between the courses of a meal.

In the light of these facts, it is interesting to learn that the cigarette-with-meals question has been brought up afresh in Paris among Parisians themselves, and is creating the considerable amount of comment that any problem of the Seventh Art can always be expected to create in the capital of France. A questionnaire sent out to various groups of gastronomic experts by the *Revue des Tabacs* — an organ of the tobacco manufacturers that might logically be suspected of favoring the American method of handling the smoking-at-meals situation — began the discussion, and the answers have been illuminating. The famous dining *Club des Cent* replied categorically that it condemned any smoking whatever at meals as ruinous to the palate and fatal to the true appreciation of good food, and stated that under no circumstances would it admit a member who smokes at table. Prosper Montagné, the famous chef, and Pierre Mille, the novelist, agree in describing the cigarette between courses as 'a gastronomic crime.' Many purists admit that a concession must be made to permit smoking with the demi-tasse, when the meal may be said to be over except for liqueurs, but never earlier. Several would tolerate a single cigarette before this culminating point is reached, on condition that it be smoked with a so-called Russian *hors-d'œuvre*, which should include caviare and vodka and is traditionally taken standing at a side table, before the real business of eating has begun.

A scattered few would grudgingly allow a second cigarette to accompany the *trou normand* — the tiny glass of apple brandy which is served as a 'booster' in the middle of a long and involved dinner. The general tenor of the replies, however, is that all smoking except under the most exceptional circumstances definitely constitutes a breach of gastronomic grace; and it seems that it will be a long while before an American, come to experience the pleasant mysteries of the French cuisine in a restaurant patronized by true Parisians, will be able to pull out a Lucky Strike after the soup course without seeing his neighbors' eyebrows arch upwards in an expression of reproof and high disdain.



NEWS has come to Singapore that two customs peculiar to colonial society in the Far East — the 'not-at-home box' and the accompanying practice of 'ticket shooting' — are falling into disuse. Singapore is pretending to be worried.

The 'not-at-home box' is an article hung out on the porch of your bungalow to indicate that you do not wish to receive callers on that particular afternoon. It means that passers-by do not come in, unless they happen to catch sight of you in the garden and say that they thought they would drop in anyhow. Instead, they indulge in 'ticket shooting,' which is a ritualistic procedure according to which all the residents of a community solemnly call upon one another and leave their cards without entering the house. Unless you have 'shot your ticket' at the proper time, you are doomed to slink by the particular home that you have slighted, marked forever as the-man-who-forgot-to-drop-his-card.

Neither of these customs has been so rigid in Singapore as in other parts of the East where white men and their wives live together in large communities. In the capital of one Indian presidency, for instance, it is insisted that all friendships must come up for annual review during the first two weeks of November, when cards must be dropped by callers specially dressed for the occasion. Singaporeans are more likely to 'beat the game' by dropping cards for one another. In India, likewise, the 'not-at-home box' custom is so uncompromisingly rigid that it is being called in the correspondence columns of the newspapers 'an artificial barrier to honest friendship and congeniality, which has been the means of keeping many good people apart, causing innumerable tea-cup storms, and much needless bother to everyone.'

Singapore and the villages close by are more likely to joke about it, as they did in the case of the lady from Ipoh who wrote a letter to the newspaper signed

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'Daring Daisy,' protesting that bachelors not only were undismayed by the 'not-at-home box,' but came all too often to tea, and never gave anything in return. The retort came in the form of another letter to the same newspaper next day, signed 'Three Bachelors of Ipoh.' It remarked, not only that bachelors accepted hospitality because they were invariably pressed, with almost pathetic earnestness, to 'drop in and take pot luck' at any time, and because they felt that a variety of company would benefit the happiest of couples, but that these particular three bachelors believed they knew the identity of 'Daring Daisy,' and would most certainly see that she was left alone at Wednesday dances in the future.

Singaporeans are, therefore, inclined to greet a little ironically the thought that such customs may be on the wane. 'What of the threat to the dignity of our womenfolk?' asks the *Straits Times*. 'Must they abandon their right to classify the opposite sex into gentlemen and those who have not called; to dismiss the uncivilized *XYZ* thus: "That man! I don't know him. I believe he is my husband's partner or something, but he has not called!"' 'What of the Singapore bride?' asks another, perhaps in ironic reference to the uproar over Singapore's 'tragic wives' reported in THE LIVING AGE a few months ago. 'How else can she be brought to a true realization of the heights to which she aspires in seeking admission to the sacred circle of Singapore's Four Hundred than by spending the first days of her married life behind the bars, waiting for that First Card which will rescue her from social oblivion?'

Much has been written of the plight of white women who must live in the East. Yet does not such an attitude toward the little difficulties of social life indicate that perhaps a sense of humor will make a pleasant thing out of many trying situations, and that after all the Englishman could not have built his Empire had he really not been able to see a joke?

BERLIN

BERLIN'S night life, always varied, has started off on a new tack with a new slogan: 'Night Life for Families.' Travelers who visited the city in the first years after the War were startled at the money that was being spent by foreigners and by Germans themselves in vast amusement palaces and in smaller cabarets that sprang up overnight. Marks were spent madly, champagne corks popped, and empty wine bottles mounted into a great pile. The explanation, of course, was the swiftly accelerating inflation of the mark, together with the feeling of despair that followed the Treaty of Versailles. Visiting foreigners of the most modest means found that their money had tremendous buying power, and were carried away by the thought that here they could afford to amuse themselves in a way that would astonish their friends at home and might never be possible for them again. Germans spent almost as freely, fearing to hold their money even over night, lest it decrease in value, and resigned to the idea that the slump would not cease until bottom had been reached. Hysteria was in the air, and night life took on an exaggerated importance that for a long while made cafés, cabarets, and even big restaurants no place for conventional people to bring their sons and daughters.

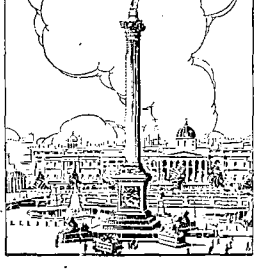
Gradually, however, sanity was restored. With the revalorization of the mark, spending returned to normal or somewhat less than normal pre-war levels, and night life became once more for the vast majority of Berliners an occasional diversion rather than an engrossing nightly occupation that would help them to forget.

Those to whose interest it was to build up Berlin's nocturnal amusement places on a sound foundation saw that Berliners were turning away from the wilder types of amusement toward something more solidly bourgeois; from clandestine resorts to larger places where merry-making crowds could openly gather without feeling that they were doing something on the sly. Paris, it seemed probable, would always have a monopoly on the more intimate type of night club; Berlin, which is inclined to go in for the spectacular and the pretentious in amusement places, could not hope to compete with the French capital. Berlin's proper course was to cater to the bourgeois family gathering, to make the night life of the city more and more safe for democracy.

The result is that amusement resorts have reached the point where they now fall into three fairly well defined classes. One is the luxurious dancing-palace, where the marvel of decoration and lighting does not make up for the bad quality of food and wine. This is the sort of place likely to be recommended to visiting foreigners by conscientious hotel proprietors. A second type is a relic of the days of inflation — the so-called 'club,' which is supposedly open to members only. One enters these places by much the same system of peepholes and cards which has been devised by the American speakeasy; and when one gets inside one finds much the same combination of high prices and bad air. Finally, there have sprung up, in response to the new demand for family night life, great pleasure halls which combine restaurant, café, and dance-floor facilities, and which are filled to overflowing each evening by solid middle-class citizens who are bent upon family rejoicings, entertaining business acquaintances, or attempting to startle less sophisticated relatives from out of town.

The biggest and newest of these latter amusement places is the rebuilt pre-war 'Piccadilly,' rechristened 'Vaterland' on the outbreak of hostilities. It is there that one should go at about two in the morning to gain a true idea of how the mass of the people of Berlin amuse themselves when time and money permit. The walls of a tremendous building have been covered with panoramic mural paintings of German country scenes — a terrace on the banks of the Rhine, a Bavarian beer garden, and all the varied pleasures of the German scene. A jam of cheerful people are to be seen dancing, smoking, talking, drinking, while a brass band blares itself red in the face in the corner. So realistic are the painted scenes upon the walls that it is not unusual to see a party of homesick Bavarians seated under the scene which represents one of their own Munich beer gardens, solemnly ordering stein after stein of Münchner Hofbrau, and passing every other stein up to the orchestra, which thereupon produces a tremendous fanfare of trumpets in acknowledgment of the gift. This is the new, cheerful, bourgeois 'night life for families.' It is not Parisian, it is in no sense 'intimate'; but to one who knew the Berlin of 1923, it is a far cry from the maniacal wave of spending and forgetting that marked the effect upon Germany of the Peace of Versailles.

LONDON



THE London Zoölogical Gardens, situated between Camden Town and Marylebone, east and west, and between Primrose Hill and Regent's Park, north and south — are as fine as any in the world. Maintained by the Zoölogical Society of London at private expense, with no government or

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municipal assistance, they have been in existence since 1828, just one hundred years; and largely because of the extensive possessions of England abroad, they have exhibited the first captive specimens of queer wild animals more often than any other similar institution in the world. The Gardens are a favorite recreation place; they provide a regular supply of entertaining photographs — ranging from boa constrictors being fed by force to lions having their toe-nails clipped — to the British illustrated press. Surely so innocent a place is not likely to be the scene of a criminal mystery. Yet this is exactly what has occurred.

One morning recently an Indian elephant-trainer named Sayid Ali was found in bed, murdered; his skull had been crushed with a pickaxe and a crowbar, and his strong box had been forced open and the contents robbed.

The police had no clue; there was only one suspect, Sayid Ali's subordinate, another Indian, San Dwe, who had merely the rank of elephant-keeper. It was suspected that he had become jealous of his countryman and had desired to rob him. He was arrested and brought to trial.

In the course of examination, San Dwe manifested great willingness to answer all questions asked him, but seemed entirely inconsistent in his replies, which were largely limited to 'yes' and 'no.' At last, it was suggested that the accused Indian was pretending to a knowledge of English which he did not actually possess. An interpreter was summoned, and the suspicion proved correct.

The presiding magistrate requested San Dwe through the interpreter to tell his own version of what had happened. San Dwe replied that four men had attacked Sayid Ali and himself. He had been wounded, Ali had been killed, and Ali's strong box broken into. San had saved himself by jumping out of the window of the room, which, strangely enough, was located on the top floor of the tapir house! San added that in his youth he had spent much time reading the Bible, that he had of late years been neglectful of his religious duties, and that this sin, in his belief, was the reason why suspicion had fastened upon him.

This account was, to say the least, vague, and much of it was irrelevant. The magistrate, therefore, asked the interpreter whether he thought San knew the meaning of evidence. The interpreter conversed with San quite earnestly for a few moments, but the Indian only looked more and more puzzled. Finally, the interpreter admitted that he could not make himself clear, that San had no idea of evidence whatsoever and thought that he was expected to make up any story which would please the magistrate. The interpreter was of the opinion that San could never be got to make any statement in which the least credence could be placed.

The police had no witness in the case; they reported that when asked in English, San had admitted that he was guilty. But as San knew little or no English, this must have been mere desire to please. Apparently nothing specific or coherent could be got from him through an interpreter, so the learned judge decided to have San held for further examination when he shall have learned the meaning of evidence.

Meanwhile, the case has made good conversation for the British capital, and Londoners on an outing to the zoo — this is still an orthodox London recreation — are still wondering who killed the elephant-trainer in his bed above the tapirs. It is to be suspected that the public will never know.

TWO great cities, each at one time the capital of a wide empire, emerged from the World War impoverished and enfeebled. One was Vienna. The lands over which she once ruled are now governed separately by their own peoples, and the Palace of Schönbrunn is empty of its Emperor. Nevertheless, the Viennese have regained their good nature, and even their own statesmen have come to believe that in time Austria will be able to make her own living from her own diminished land. The same thing, unfortunately, cannot be said of the other, the abandoned capital of Turkey; for Constantinople has lost her position as the hub of Turkish economic, social, and governmental life, and it will be a long while before she builds up a new life of her own.

Everywhere are signs of decadence; everywhere there is evidence that things are being allowed to slip, that those who used to care are gone. Trade that once kept the Golden Horn busy is now shared with Smyrna and the Black Sea ports. The repatriation of thousands of Greeks, which created enough of a problem when these emigrants arrived in Greece, meant a heavy drain on the life-blood of Constantinople. For, together with the Armenians and Jews, who have also left, they carried on most of the old capital's business activities, and it will be a long while before the Turks can train a corresponding class among their own people capable of assuming the functions of those who have left or been turned out. Local farmers who used to find ready markets for their produce in the city are likewise affected by the exodus; for these vanished non-Turkish peoples alone were sufficiently educated to serve as middlemen. The need of replacing them with Turks, trained to keep books and written orders, explains the feverish haste and anxiety with which Mustapha Kemal is applying his reform of the Turkish language, which will simplify reading and writing and open education to far greater numbers than ever before.

Although no exact figures are available, it is safe to say that the population of the city has shrunk by 300,000 since the War; yet experts have recently claimed that the city cannot properly support more than three-fifths of the 500,000 inhabitants who remain. Prices are high; travelers report that it costs more to live in a second-rate hotel, like the Pera Palace, than it does to live in the finest hotels of London or Berlin. Poverty is on every hand, the streets are packed with beggars, and the yapping dogs of Abd-ul-Hamid's time have been replaced by hundreds of scrawny cats. The Turks are not averse to making away with a cat that makes a particular nuisance of itself, but they hesitate to interfere with human beggars, since they believe that this brings bad luck.

Naturally, there are some encouraging signs — most of them originating in the new capital, Angora. The police, under Mustapha Kemal's hand, are immeasurably improved; they are extremely polite, and most anxious to aid the stranger. The city, on the whole, is cleaner than ever before in its history.

The Turks under their Dictator have set themselves to plow a long and lonely furrow. They do not wish to be patronized. They realize their shortcomings, and do not need to be reminded of them by foreigners. For a time they are content to bury themselves in their own country, rebuilding a shattered structure with fresh materials in their own way. Then, perhaps, something substantial will arise out of the wreckage, and they will come out of retirement and astonish the West.

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WASHHOUSES: CHARTRES

FROM AN ETCHING BY ERNEST ROTH

Within an Hour of Paris

How the Forewarned Traveler Can Find a Dozen Delightful Spots within Easy Reach of the Place de la Concorde

By George Slocombe

President of the Association of Foreign Newspaper Correspondents in Paris

Written especially for THE LIVING AGE

THE richest spoil of the old Île-de-France lies for the taking but an hour from Paris. Within this narrow casket is enshrined the heart of the old French kingdom, the domain of the French kings when the Burgundians were at war with France, when the Angevins were hostile, when Normandy was a duchy only recently captured from the English kings, and Brittany was a barbarous country of ragged gentlemen and fierce peasantry, speaking an outlandish tongue. Fringed by great forests in which the deer and the boar still run wild, — the forests of Saint-Germain, Fontainebleau, Sénart, Vincennes, — watered by three rivers, — the Seine, the Marne and the Oise, — the old Île-de-France is still a green, historic island. Time like a river has washed its shores. Wars and revolutions have razed many of its castles, but many others still stand. Its villages are to-day very much as they always were, a huddle of white stone houses on either side of a narrow, twisting cobbled street. Houses with low, overhanging eaves, and dark oaken timbers. Houses roofed with the beautiful small brown tile which is so characteristic of this region of France. Even on the tarred and macadamized *routes nationales*, the scarlet column of a gasoline station alone marks the devastating march of progress, and the villages are little changed. Off the high road to-day it is as if time were not. The wagoner with his slow horses, or — on the great, wide uplands north of Paris — his team of white oxen; the old women hoeing in the brown, unfenced fields; the dusty unmade road; the spire or tower of the Norman church; the high-walled farms, built like fortresses around a hidden citadel — they are unchanged since five centuries, defying the passage of the years.

Any of the great roads out of Paris leads directly to the conquest of this green island filled with treasure. An hour's automobile run brings you to the foot of a castle, or the altar of an old church, or the table of an inn. Let us take first the road to the northwest, along the valley of the Seine. From the Porte Maillot the road to Saint-Germain passes the familiar enough retreat of Josephine at Malmaison, with its pathetic relics of Napoleon, and skirts the old royal forest of Marly. Off the road a mile to the left is the phantom of the Sun-King's famous palace. You can still trace, in the wild park where cattle graze, the outlines of the king's pavilion and the twelve smaller pavilions of his courtiers, ranged like the signs of the zodiac. The view of the valley, through the dark opened curtain of trees, is magnificent. The royal gardens once fell in terrace after terrace to the Abreuvoir, which alone remains of all the glories of Marly, a still sheet of water rimmed in stone.

Past Saint-Germain with its château, rebuilt with the original stones at the beginning of this century in the style of its first builder, Francis I, but now disappointingly new. The exiled Stuarts had their court there, and walked on fine days on the magnificent Mansart

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terrace with its avenue of lime trees, a terrace over a mile long, built like a ledge in the high banks of the river. The Château Neuf built by Henri IV has disappeared and the only vestige left of it is the round-domed pavilion which gives its name to the Pavilion Henri Quatre at the beginning of the terrace. Past Saint-Germain and on by a rising and falling road through open country to Mantes. From afar you sight the twin and hollow towers of its cathedral. More than eight centuries ago they stood there as the watchtowers of the French on the edge of Normandy, tempting the Norman archers to put a defiant arrow through the great sky-lighted apertures in the tower, those windows from which the raiding Duke William, the Conqueror of England, looked out with arrogant eyes upon his adversaries. 'My well-beloved daughter,' Philip Augustus called Mantes. And *Mantes, la Jolie* it is to-day. A pretty sentiment these warriors had for their children in stone. Richard, the Lionhearted, looking upon his white Château Gaillard at Petit Andely, thirty miles from Mantes, could not refrain from a similar boast: 'How fair she is, my daughter of one year.'

The castle and ramparts of Mantes have long since disappeared. But the cathedral remains. It is built in the best Early Gothic, after the manner of Notre Dame, and probably by the same architect. Three magnificent doorways in carved stone adorn its façade, and there is a fine rose window above. In the square in front of the cathedral the horse of William the Conqueror stumbled upon an ember and threw him heavily. He died within a few hours, not, however, without directing that the cathedral, which he had partly destroyed, should be repaired at his cost. In the rue Nationale is a handsome Renaissance house that once belonged to Gabrielle d'Estrées, and nearby is a fifteenth-century assize-court, the Auditoire Royal, with the arms of France and Brittany and Mantes and Milan carved over its doors. There are two principal inns in Mantes worthy of the attention of the visitor: one, with the sign of the Grand Cerf which will henceforth be found in every town in the Île-de-France; and the other, the Hôtellerie de Notre Dame. There is also, across the bridge which leads from the old town to the neighboring but uninteresting village of Limay, an *estaminet* devoted to the cultivation of *noces et banquets* where the cooking is simple, unpretentious, and adequate.

CHARTRES, by train or road, must be the object of a special pilgrimage. It is a complete mediæval town, completely provincial and completely French. When you have seen Chartres at close range, have spent a day in its narrow streets, its inns, its cloisters, have come into it and gone out of it, curiously and ardently, you will know more and feel more of the history of eight hundred years than was ever put down in ink on paper. The road to Chartres is a history in itself. It is the road to Versailles, the road to Rambouillet, and one of the roads to Tours and Orléans. Half the traffic of ancient France wore out its old pavings. And now its smooth surface is familiar to the wheels of the Presidential automobile, for the President of the Republic's official summer residence is at Rambouillet. Between Rambouillet and Chartres is the lovely little town of Maintenon, with its graceful château, its quiet gardens, its mill-stream, and its tranquil, sleepy inns. Maintenon stands at the edge of the château country. It somehow escaped destruction during the Revolution, overlooked, perhaps, or disdained. You come with a catch in the breath upon it, so gray in morning light and rose in evening, slumbering over its ancient memories of grace and ease.

And then, coming swiftly over the smooth road between high trees, over the wide and rolling plain, passing now and then the hulk of a towerless and spireless church like a ship without masts, you come into Chartres. And at the entrance to the city you see a signboard directing you to the Hôtel du Boeuf Couronné, the hostelry of the Crowned Ox. To see this ancient place against its true background, free from intervening sights and sounds, proudly in its original character, you must come upon it, by preference, on the day of the quarterly horse-fair. The fair, when I saw it, was half over, but still full of horses. The great, hairy-hoofed Percheron, the shire horse of France, most beautiful of the animals outside the Greek mythology; little dark-haired ponies, half-wild and unkempt, fresh from the bright freedom of the horse farms between Paris and Bordeaux — round these noble and strangely quiet beasts, bending their proud, patient heads over an oak rail, ranged the wildest company of large, hairy men wearing hairy fur coats I have ever seen. They had red, congested, wind-bitten faces, and carried great knobby canes. The whites of their eyes were veined with red, they breathed heavily and they looked on their horses with pride, as if they had stolen them. They had all eaten an enormous but, for them, quite normal luncheon at the Crowned Ox.

But many as were those that had already eaten, there were still a goodly company of horse-dealers inside the worthy inn. The vast low-ceilinged room was swimming with heated air, odors of wine and food, tobacco smoke, noise, and good-humor. Two waiters ran dexterously and quietly from table to table, bearing fresh viands. It was now one o'clock, and they had been so running since ten. Large freshly-boiled, country-cured hams, boiled almost to a jelly, sausages from Arles, from Toulouse, from Strasbourg, red and white wine flowing from casks into bottles, from bottles into glasses, from glasses into parched throats; scallops of veal, cutlets of lamb, *entrecôte* of beef, cooked in butter with a little red wine stirred into it, Camembert cheeses, apples, omelets, Calvados from brown earthenware pitchers — the great, red-faced, hairy men swallowed them all, not abandoning for a moment their knobby canes or their dogskin coats. They had been up at dawn, staring at the sunrise over the wide, grassy plains. They were happy where they sat, lolling in the great, smoke-filled room, odorous and dark with memories.

But we cannot linger too long in the Crowned Ox. The cathedral, perhaps the first in France, awaits, and there are beauties on every hand. Eleven kilometres away, on the high, rolling plain west of Rambouillet, we sight for the first time its great spires and noble frame. Like a landlocked ship, like the vessel of a heavenly armada, the great hulk rides the green ocean. Thereafter, plainly in sight, it remains as the goal and reward of our journey until we descend the hill into Chartres, and then it sinks out of sight. And when we are in the middle of the town, the cathedral is lost. Like a hidden thing too large, it cannot be found. The narrow streets and high houses that hem it in, the quiet square in which it stands, are a strong prison for its protection. We drive round and round, making vain inquiries, and at long last come upon it, enormous in its imprisoning frame.

NOTRE-DAME-DE-CHARTRES is one of the first four cathedrals in France and to some, perhaps, the first of the four. The original church, of which only the principal façade remains, was founded by Bishop Fulbert in 1020. Here is the splendid triple doorway, the Portail Royal, with its early Gothic carvings. Within is the most beautiful carved choir screen in France, and probably in the world, and some very old stained glass that makes a gay and sparkling pattern of rich color on the gray stone floor of the cathedral — color like the play of light on the dappled

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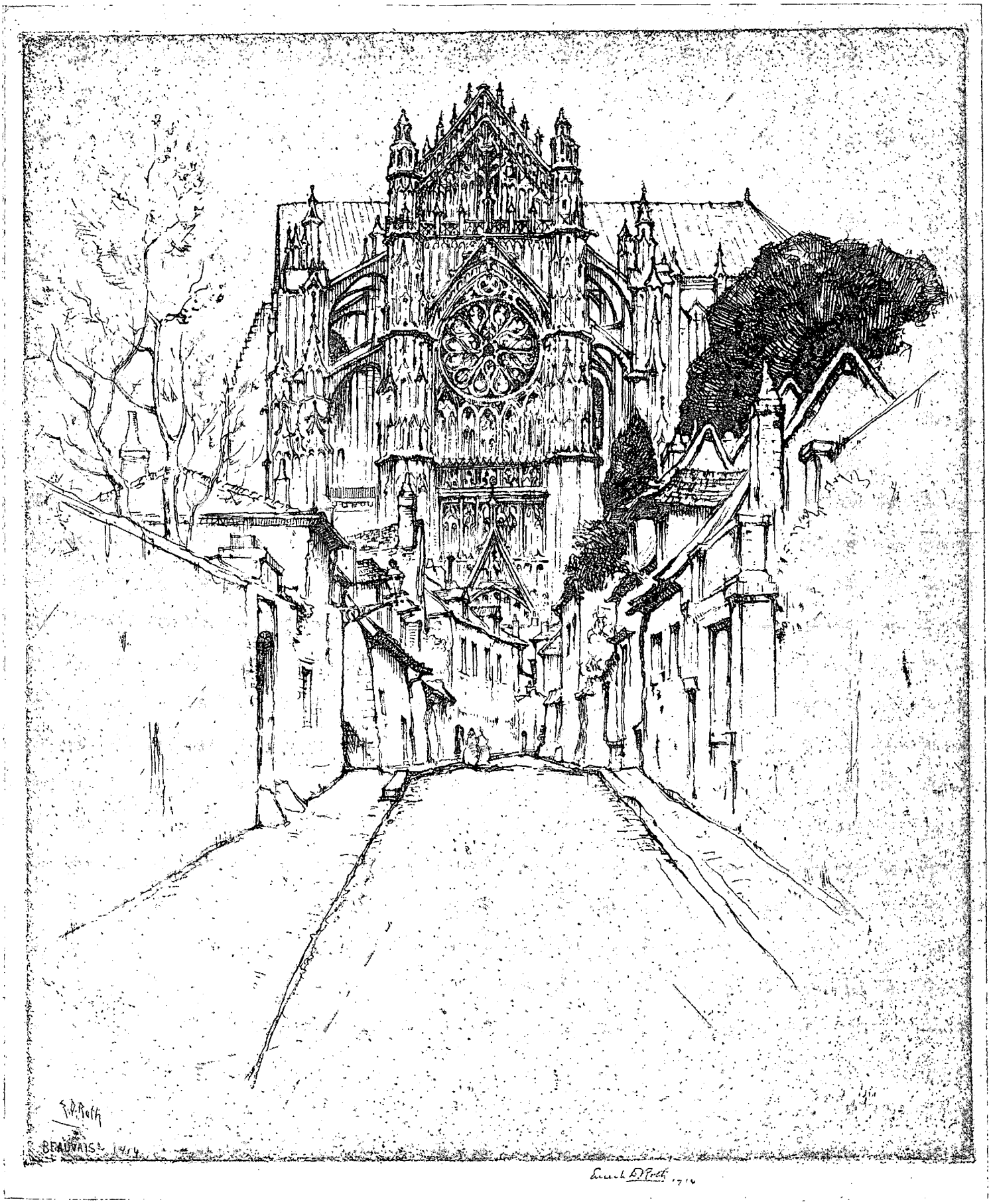

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BEAUVAIS CATHEDRAL

FROM AN ETCHING BY ERNEST ROTH

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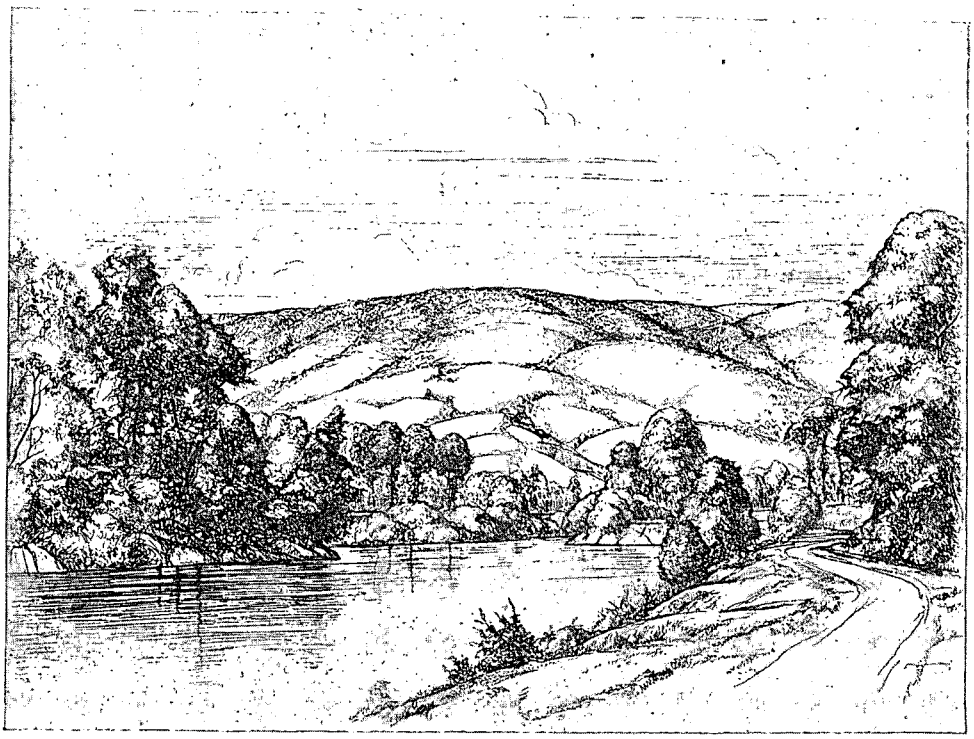

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THE SEINE NEAR LES ANDELYS
FROM AN ETCHING BY ANDREW BUTLER

floor of a forest of immensely old trees, trees whose heads lean together in high Gothic arches. But the long, cool poem that is the cathedral at Chartres can tell its own story. Between the church and the river, the narrow Eure that winds through Normandy like a silver thread, turning mill wheels and flooding the moats of châteaux, there are a hundred tranquil and neglected places in which some remnant of the Middle Ages has lingered. The town is full of measured beauty.

On the return journey to Paris, by a partly abandoned old Roman road through Ablis and Rochefort, the last named place is worthy of remark. It is a characteristic French village built round a stronghold, and its castellans belong to the family which contributed a notable hero to the classic of Alexandre Dumas.

TO THE south of Paris, only a few miles from much-frequented Fontainebleau, lie a group of hamlets, on the little river Loing, that have long been a refuge for artists and writers but are little known to tourists. Unspoiled, tranquil, they preserve an atmosphere of picturesque simplicity and content rare in French villages, of which the dusty and often sordid exterior alone is seen by the traveler. A short drive through the forest of Fontainebleau, under the arched, green roof of immemorial trees, brings you to Moret, the largest of the four villages. The two entrances to Moret are guarded by strong gateways, and remnants of a wall still stand on the confines of the place. A church like a stronghold, built by the unhappy Thomas à Becket, stands in the middle of the town, and a stone bridge five hundred years old, spanning the rushing waters of the Loing, and flanked by old mills built on piles, leads to the vineyards of Burgundy a hundred miles to the south. Moret was for many years the home of the Impressionist, Sisley, and he never tired of painting its river and bridge.

Hard by are Montigny, Marlotte, and Grez, smaller but even more enchanting. Montigny is one of the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood of Paris. Once seen it can never be forgotten, with its high church on the hill, reached by steps; its cottages, untouched by the vulgar hand of modern builders; its old mill; and even that picturesque, if modernized, inn of La Vanne Rouge, with its lawn sloping to the river and thatched roof over the riverside tables. Grez and Marlotte are similarly situated on the narrow Loing, swirling through reeds and between green meadows. Both villages have good inns, narrow streets, gray stone houses with gardens running down to the river, and a small permanent artist population. In Grez is a sturdy, old church built like the keep of a castle, and behind it is the relic of a real fortress, the Castle of the White Queen. The White Queen was Blanche of Castile, mother of Saint Louis, and the walls of her tower still stand in this smiling country, relics of a time when the region was full of similar high towers standing like sentinels over the river and the valley.

Still but an hour from Paris is Beauvais, perhaps the most perfect example of a mediæval town left in France. The market-place is like an orderly mountain range of high, brown roofs, gabled, pointed, irregular, and fascinating. The Hôtel de Ville alone breaks the rhythm of this great square, but even that building, three centuries later than the others, does not detract from the dignity of the place. It, too, has played its part in history. Jeanne Hachette roused its citizens to defend the ramparts against Charles the Bold and his army of Burgundians, and Louis XI himself came to thank the axe-wielding Jeanne for her courage. And it was from Beauvais that a Bishop rode to the trial of another Jeanne, the Maid of Orléans. The narrow timbered houses, the great cathedral, strange to the eye by its lack of spire or tower, but marvelous for its choir-screen, the old ecclesiastical court, the court of the Bishops of Beauvais, with its arched doorway and twin pepper-pot towers — no other town in France holds so many beautiful relics of both worlds, the world of the great and the world of the humble.

The return to Paris from Beauvais may pleasurably be made by l'Isle Adam, an attractive little town on the banks of the river Oise, where a number of summer-residents have constructed a charming swimming pool, with pavilion and café and big yellow sunshades on a *plage* of silver sand taken from the bed of the river. Between l'Isle Adam and Paris is the old town, once fortified, of Pontoise, with an old church and several inns in the market-place and near the bridge, one of which, the Grand Cerf, was the coaching house mentioned by Balzac in his curious story, 'Un Début dans la Vie.'

AND now we come to the last group of the beauty spots which may be reached in an hour from Paris. The road to Senlis runs either through Saint Denis and Chantilly, or out from Paris by Aubervilliers, past the airfield at Le Bourget, through Louvres — the old Roman road from Lutetia to the little Roman town of Senlis. It is still a stranger to this green and brown country of the Île-de-France. There is something white and antique in its immobility, something brooding and immemorial as in the Roman ruins at Arles and Nîmes. The arena, unlike that in the two Roman cities of Southern France, is sunken and grass-grown. Only its outlines and gateways remain. The walls are mutilated and half obliterated. The dens of the

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wild beasts which once fought here, the bear and wolf and boar and wildcat of old Gaul, and imported leopards and tigers from the East — they are fallen in now, mere heaps of stones. But the stones are eloquent enough. They bear the imprint of centurions, the initials of Roman legionaries, neat memoranda of dates and persons in that neat Roman lettering, besides rude scratches of generations of barbarians who came later, overturning the stern temple and the tiny amphitheatre, stabling their rough cattle in the stone baths, and in their frenzy of triumph destroying the orderly Roman city, set down here in the rolling chalk hills whose sides still bear eloquent witness to the diligent quarrying of the Romans.

It has always been in the van of armies, the first to suffer the fate of the vanquished. In the last war it was occupied by the Germans in 1914. Its *Sous Prefecture*, several hotels, and a number of private houses were set on fire, and the mayor was taken as hostage and afterwards shot. Once Senlis was a royal residence, and ruins still stand of the château in which Henri IV lodged during his advance on Paris. The cathedral, with its superb south tower, open to the sky; the thirteenth-century inn of the Trois Pots; the gargoyled houses in the rue de Beauvais; the old church of Saint Pierre, now used as a market; and the other old church used as a theatre — these are but a few of the proud and delicate treasures of Senlis.

FROM Senlis to Pierrefonds is so beautiful a journey, through the forest and the town of Compiègne, and near the historic clearing of Rethondes where the Armistice was signed in 1918, that, although it takes us a little outside our prescribed radius of one hour, the ride and the reward justify everything. Compiègne itself is a town of beauty. It has a Louis Quinze château in the classic style, crammed with beautiful furniture and tapestries, and a Renaissance *hôtel de ville*, more vivid and more beautiful. Many of its streets are unspoilt by modern buildings, and in the walls of the houses are still occasionally to be seen the beautiful wrought-iron brackets which once supported the street lamps. But Pierrefonds is our goal, half an hour away through the forest. You come upon it suddenly, emerging from the green, arched highway into an abrupt valley full of light. A lake spreads away into the clear distance, a lake so sharply defined that it seems artificial. In the still water gray towers are mirrored, like the towers, in familiar pictures, of the Castle of Chillon. You look around, and up. And there, in the still air, clear and dazzling and white, is a castle towering out of a fairy-tale, a castle out of a dream. For the château of Pierrefonds is no ruin. It was once. Seventy years ago it was like the Château Gaillard at Petit Andely, a majestic but shapeless ruin on a hill. Then Napoleon III ordered its restoration, and Viollet-le-Duc, that passionate apostle of mediævalism, who has restored the old fortified city of Carcassonne and a great many other ruined monuments of the Middle Ages, did his work thoroughly. Built out of the original stones, the great keep of Pierrefonds rises now white and impregnable as it was when Louis of Orléans first built it in 1499. The village huddles picturesquely at its feet, between its outer walls and the lakeside. The market-place stands in its shadow, full of a life still mediæval, and sheltered from the sun at noon.

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MEADOWS NEAR LES ANDELYS

FROM AN ETCHING BY ANDREW BUTLER

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Letters and the Arts

A New Biography of Bach — An Extraordinary Oriental — Tailor-Made Verse — A Playwright's Version of History — The Home Life of the Heines — A Common Language — Tolstoi among Revolutionists

A New Biography of Bach

Musicians have been anticipating eagerly the new biography of John Sebastian Bach by Charles Sanford Terry, published by the Oxford University Press, which reaches this country just as The Living Age goes to press. Much as has been written about him, Bach's personality has remained vague to most of his enthusiasts. His music being, as it were, complete in itself, one gains from it the impression that it was written by a very great man, a great man whom one would like to know more about, but a man who appears himself only dimly in the nobility and clarity of his music. Mr. Terry believes that the fault lies with Bach's biographers. Johann Nikolaus Forkel, his first biographer and the first to see his greatness — whose book, incidentally, was first fully translated into English by Mr. Terry in 1920 — was guilty of the most exasperating neglect in not using materials readily available. He knew Bach's sons and knew, or could have known, many of his pupils and relatives. But he did not take the trouble to leave the account it would have been so easy for him to leave. Most later writers followed Forkel's example.

There is no lack of critical writing on Bach, the musician and composer. The importance of such books as those of Pirro, Schweitzer, and Parry cannot be questioned. But none of them is a true biography. Even the great work of Philipp Spitta is unsatisfactory as a study of Bach, the man. His three volumes are a monument and will probably remain the most important work on Bach; but they constitute a monument of which Terry rightly says, 'Its fabric grew to such proportions that Bach fades out of sight, a nebulous figure in an eclipsing frame, obliterated under a pitiless avalanche of exposition.'

It is Mr. Terry's purpose, in his new book, to reclothe this nebulous figure with flesh and blood and to show us Bach, the solid, eighteenth-century German citizen.

An Extraordinary Oriental

A YOUNG Chinese named Sheng-Cheng, now an instructor at the Sorbonne in Paris after eight years' work in the factories of France and England to support himself while studying biology, has delivered himself of what appears to be a highly important book. Its title is *Ma Mère*. It is written in French — very clear and powerful French, according to Paris comment — and may best be described as an interpretation of the mind and soul of China through the life of the writer's mother. The book itself is reviewed by Auguste Bailly elsewhere in this number. This note is concerned with the extraordinary career of the author, and with the story of how a Chinese came to write a book in French, ten thousand miles from home.

From Les Nouvelles Littéraires, Paris

Sheng-Cheng

Author of *Ma Mère*, a book which has taken Paris by storm.

Sheng-Cheng was born twenty-nine years ago in the Kiangsu province of China. His family is one of the oldest in the old Chinese Empire; he is said to be a descendant of the philosopher Lao-Tsze. He studied first at an American missionary school in Nanking, then under the Jesuits in Shanghai. In spite of his ancient lineage, he felt himself a part of the new China; in 1916 he joined the revolutionary party. Wishing to put his equalitarian doctrines to the test of practice, for three years he worked as a trainman on the Peking-Hankow railroad. Then he rose to be President of the Railwaymen's Union, and was workman's delegate for the whole of north China to the Pan-Chinese Labor Union. All this occurred before he was twenty.

In 1919 he decided to leave China for the Occident. 'I came to Europe,' he said later, 'because I admired the social organization of European nations, and because I realized the spiritual unrest of Chinese youth. I had early become greatly interested in the influence of Occidental culture upon China; Europe taught me to understand my own country.' What he did in Europe sounds like a Utopian Socialist's dream, for it was his desire to alternate study and factory labor. He was by turns cabinetmaker in Paris, student at the Montpellier agricultural school, workman in the silkworm nurseries of Provence, apprentice in a silk-spinning mill, student at the Wine Institute at Padua. During all this time he continued his studies in natural history, and earned degrees in French universities. Now he conducts a course in natural history at the Sorbonne.

He had begun his new book in China. His Chinese friends had found it pleasing. As soon as he had leisure in Paris, he began to rewrite it in French, slowly, carefully. 'I prefer quality to quantity,' he says. 'In this age of large-scale production, I am less interested in saving my own time than in saving the time of my readers' — which is a rule that even Occidental writers can well afford to consider. When the book was finished, Paul Valéry, a man of overwhelming prestige in French letters, offered to write a preface for it. He said in part: 'Delightful books are rare, and rare also are the books that are really important. The combination of the two therefore almost never occurs. Nevertheless the improbable is not the impossible; sometimes, as here, a charming volume may at the same time be the sign of a new epoch in the history of the world.'

Sheng-Cheng feels that his book really will open a new epoch in relations between the Occident and the Orient. In his foreword he defines his creed and his purpose. 'I want European culture to become an integral part of Oriental life. I want Oriental genius, modified by Western culture, to become in its turn a major element in European life. Understanding is necessary. To understand, one must observe and study. We Chinese cannot judge a European with a mind

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that is wholly Chinese, nor can Europeans judge us fairly without modifying their normal viewpoint.' What he has attempted is an interpretation of the soul of the East through the character and sayings of a typical Chinese woman, his own mother; and in the story of her life, told largely by herself, one sees and feels those elements of human civilization which are not Occidental, not Oriental, but universal.

Ma Mère is not to be Sheng-Cheng's last book. It is the first of a series of four which he has planned, under the general title of *Toward Unity*. In the second volume, to be called *My Mother and I*, he will take up the period of his later youth; the third will be entitled *My Odyssey in Europe*, and in it he will tell of his efforts to understand Western civilization; the last will be a summarizing volume under the title, *Orient and Occident*.

Already, with the publication of this first volume, Sheng-Cheng has become an 'event.' For he is a new kind of apologist for the Orient, who speaks quietly after study, thought, and practical experience. And he is perhaps the first Oriental whose ideas reach us in their original suppleness and subtlety, suffering not at all from the rigidity of translation, because he has learned to express himself in an Occidental tongue with all the concision and clarity that he commands in his native Chinese.

Tailor-Made Verse

ON the corner of an old open square in Neuilly is a little junk shop. At first glance, its show windows, such as they are, seemed filled with only the usual mixture of old books, old furniture, and dusty bric-a-brac to be found in such emporiums anywhere in France. But a closer examination reveals a neatly lettered sign, propped up between a brochure published by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and a book of remedies for cat and dog ailments. It reads: '*Verse to order. Songs, hymns, and longer poems on any subject. Apply within. Madame Sauter.*'

One does not enter, however, before reading some of the samples which one discovers the versatile Madame Sauter to have placed on display to catch the eye of the chance passer-by. One, which occupies a position of honor above the doorway, is a funeral oration dedicated to the memory of the circus elephant Gaspar, 'who died in the flower of his youth.' Another, which Madame Sauter's husband has engraved on wood so that it may be preserved for posterity, was evidently created according to the specifications of a prohibitionist client. It reads, in translation which is rough but does no injustice to the author's sense of rhyme,

> Let us banish the danger of alcoholism,
> Which ruins health, destroys the family,
> And causes the child to be born in idiotism.
> Let us banish it; this is my homily.

All around the show window, forming a sort of frieze, are other samples, also engraved on wood by a coöperating and admiring husband.

Inside, in a Henry II dining room, which serves as her workshop, sits the Muse of Neuilly herself. A pup and a parrot are her companions. When a visitor enters, they do not even notice him.

From Les Nouvelles Litteratres, Paris

MAURICE ROSTAND

AUTHOR of *Napoléon IV*, a play which is compounded of bad verse, bad history, and bad taste.

The pup continues to play with a rubber ball, the parrot maintains the dignified silence desirable in a Temple of Poetry.

Madame Sauter has been in this business only four years; yet in that time she has produced three hymns, twenty songs, one hundred and forty-two quatrains, and the equivalent of three volumes of other verse. On the table before her are great piles of old manuscripts. One can account for their presence in a custom poetry shop only by the fact that clients do not always call for what they have ordered, or are not satisfied when they do.

The poetess, however, is both satisfied and proud. Although four years mark the period of her actual creative work, the flame of poetic genius, she explains, was burning in her long before. It burst into its full glory on the occasion of the death of Anatole France. At that time she wrote her first poem, in praise of the great Frenchman's work. How she was able to do it remains a mystery to her, since she confesses she had never read anything he ever wrote.

Only one thing disturbs her composure: the jealousy of her neighbors, who make malicious insinuations that she steals lines from the great writers, arranges them in order, and shamelessly signs her name. This charge makes her very indignant, and it was to confound such enemies that she took to writing poems on what might be called 'current topics,' such as the death of the elephant Gaspar, mentioned above. 'Could Lamartine or Hugo,' she asks with some justice, 'have written such a poem?'

She is resigned, however, to such accusations. Meanwhile, she says, orders continue to come in from students at a neighboring *lycée*, social clubs of the *quartier*, sometimes, even, from a lover who feels himself unequal to the task of expressing the fullness of his sentiment in verse. 'I am misunderstood,' sighs the Muse of Neuilly. 'I always shall be misunderstood. But my name will go down in history.'

A Playwright's Version of History

MAURICE ROSTAND opened the Paris dramatic season this fall with a play in verse called *Napoléon IV*. He has taken the story of the second French Emperor's unfortunate son, dressed it up in all the frills that a romantic imagination and a certain facility with Alexandrine couplets could provide, and closed it with the killing of the throneless French Prince in Africa as the result of a plot instigated by Victoria, Queen of England!

No British men of war have crossed the Channel, no notes of protest have passed from Downing Street to the Quai d'Orsay. The British press printed a few headlines about 'M. Rostand's Amazing Libel against Queen Victoria'; but for the most part contented itself with saying that the applause of enthusiastic French audiences 'was probably less for the lines that the actors speak than for their efforts to make acceptable the string of improbabilities which the public are asked to swallow.' The French press admitted that the author's garbled history was in exceedingly bad taste, and his verse far from perfect. It was suggested that M. Rostand, who has two enemies, — English imperialism and French grammar, — showed a regrettable tendency to treat historical truth with much the same disrespect that marked his handling of the rules of prosody. But the important thing was that a French producer had dared to present a tragedy in verse in the third decade of the twen-

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tieth century, and that the son of the once great Edmond Rostand had written a play about a Bonaparte which offered a striking parallel with his father's *L'Aiglon*.

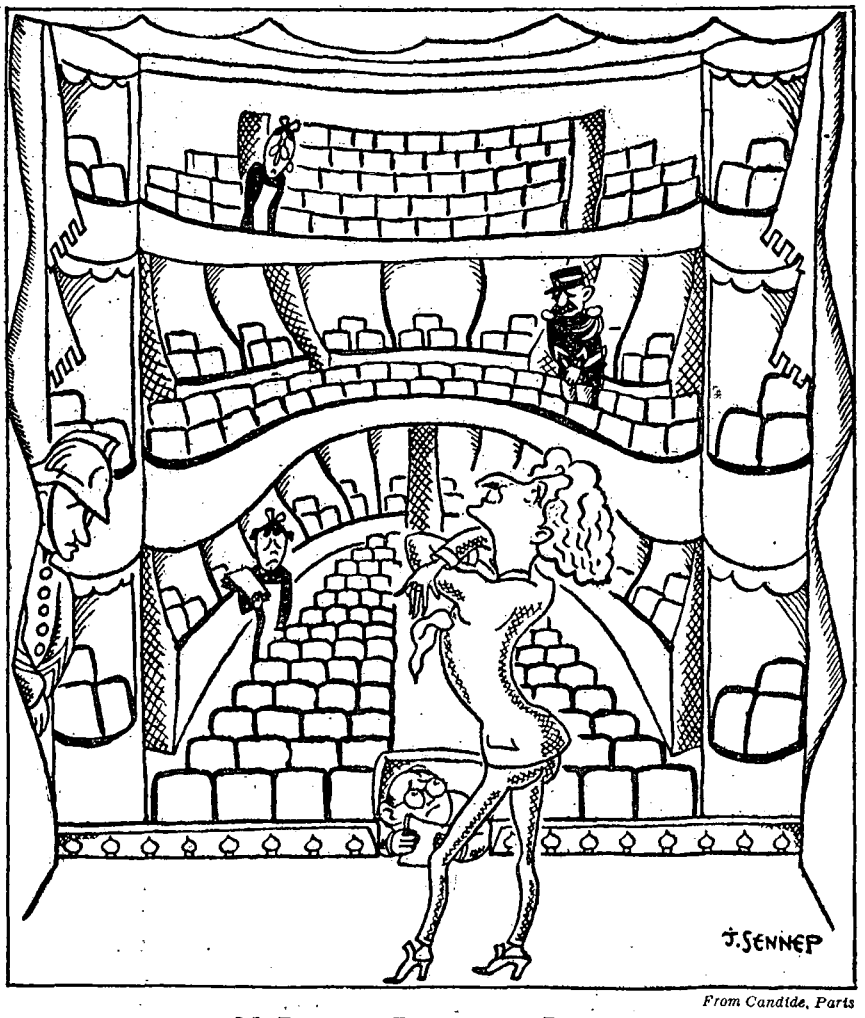
The story of the futile, pathetic son of Napoleon III becomes in M. Rostand's hands excessively simple. The young Prince Imperial, exiled in England after the disaster of 1870, makes love under an assumed name to a pretty English girl, unromantically named Charlotte Watkins. She returns his affection with a warmth that is quite un-British, rejecting in the process an English army officer named Carey. A life of exile is thus made bearable, until the moment comes when the incognito Prince, who is in the British army himself, is ordered to Africa to fight the Zulus. The next act opens in Natal. The French Prince, dressed in British scarlet, stands before an outpost tent in the jungle. In command of his cavalry party — by strange coincidence — is his rival Carey. The two enter into a fiery discussion of British imperialism, with the Prince Imperial defending the exploited native masses in rotund Alexandrine verse. Meanwhile shadows of approaching tragedy gather. Suddenly the native masses arrive — yelling Zulus who have ambushed the party (by arrangement with Carey and the Queen of England, M. Rostand makes it clear). Carey and his men escape; the Prince, unable to mount his horse because the surcingle has been slashed by his British 'assassins,' is left to face death alone as the third act curtain falls.

The epilogue takes place in London. Charlotte visits her old place of rendezvous with the young Frenchman whose rank she never knew. Newsboys are crying extras in the street: 'The Prince Imperial is dead!' By his photograph in the newspapers (all this in the days of the slow daguerreotype process) she recognizes her lover, and divines that he has been killed at the wish of the British in order to further their imperialistic policies. The ex-Empress Eugénie, mother of the dead prince, enters — in full mourning. Charlotte demands vengeance. Queen Victoria arrives, to present her condolences to the ex-Empress. Charlotte again cries out for vengeance; but her voice is drowned as Victoria moves majestically away and the final curtain falls to the strains of 'God Save the Queen.'

Edmond Rostand did it better in *L'Aiglon*. His, too, was the story of a throneless Bonaparte, leading a futile life of exile — the Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I. He, too, garbled history, but, in comparison, only slightly. For the only proven facts on which his son's play rests are that the Prince Imperial did live in exile in England; did go to Africa in 1879 to fight with the British; actually was pierced with seventeen Zulu spears, when his party was ambushed and he failed to mount a horse that was too big for him and escape with an officer named Carey. (Carey, incidentally, was later court-martialed by the British and only acquitted at the ex-Empress Eugénie's personal entreaty.)

Both playwrights, father and son, sought popularity by capitalizing the public feeling of the moment at the expense of another nation. Edmond Rostand presented a play which exalted nationalistic feeling by blaming Metternich and the Austrians for the death of the great Napoleon's son, at a time when French prestige had suffered badly from events like Fashoda and the Dreyfus Case, and when Frenchmen welcomed a chauvinistic tonic. Maurice Rostand presents a play which damns British imperialism and exalts pacifism at a moment when Frenchmen are weary of war. But the father allowed sixty-eight years to intervene between the death of his hero and the production of his play; the son forty-nine. The actual difference in interval is perhaps only twenty years, but this is just the decent lapse of time that lets a generation slip away. The Duke of Reichstadt, son of the first Napoleon, died at Schönnbrunn in 1832; when Sarah Bernhardt opened in *L'Aiglon* in 1900, Metternich had long since passed into history, and no one who recalled the Austrian court of the twenties was then alive. The Prince Imperial, the Napoleon IV of Maurice Rostand's play, however, is almost a contemporary figure; Victoria's death occurred within the memories of all of us, and Eugénie passed away in Spain a bare eight years ago.

Napoléon IV may bring Maurice Rostand a neat profit. Its controversial character has assured it publicity; it has been playing to full houses at the *Porte-Saint-Martin* during the past month; it has been bought for immediate production in Berlin and Vienna. But it remains a play in which the son of a greater poet and playwright, himself now out of favor, mixes the elements of spotty poetry, bad history, and extremely doubtful taste.



From Candide, Paris

M. Rostand Defies the British

Eleven p.m., after the last curtain: 'Bring on your vile Britishers!'

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The Home Life of the Heines

ALTHOUGH Heinrich Heine died in 1856, a writer in *La Petite Gironde* has discovered an old man who remembers him, and who is willing to talk about it. The old man, himself a journalist, was for a time an intimate of the riotous Heine ménage. The German poet, shortly after he settled down in Paris, married. The marriage was generally supposed to be a demonstration to his detractors that he could live a sober, regular life as well as anyone. Mathilde, the little clerk from the glove shop whom he chose as his wife, is said to have combined 'the beauty of Venus with the intelligence of a goose and the sweet disposition of a donkey.' She cooked, quarrelled, and generally added to the uproar of the poet's life. The only thing in the world which she really loved was her parrot, a creature as noisy as herself.

One day this parrot died. Heine was at that time in extremely bad health, and on this day he suffered a relapse which frightened his household. Mathilde said to him, 'Heinrich, my parrot died this morning; if you die on the same day it will be more than I can stand.'

Heine could only groan out that she was a miserable baggage who would smart for this next Monday. Every Monday, the story has it, he beat her, according to a schedule, as a punishment for her sins of the week; whether the week past or the week to come is not known. This proceeding was not so brutal as it sounds, however, because each Monday as soon as the beating started Heine tired of it, a grand reconciliation took place, and they went off together to open a bottle with their friends, everyone singing the air from *William Tell:* 'O Mathilde, Idol of My Soul.'

During these years in Paris, enlivened by the poet's acrid wit, and resounding with quarrels with politicians, journalists, and publishers, the couple received occasional help from Heine's uncle, Salomon Heine, one of the wealthiest bankers in Hamburg. Mathilde counted absolutely on their getting some of old Salomon's money when he died. As a matter of fact the greediness of other heirs prevented Heinrich from receiving his due. But he always promised to leave everything he had to Mathilde when he died — on the one condition that she should remarry. 'Thus,' said he, 'there will be one man in the world who will mourn for me every day. He will say to himself, "If poor Heine were not dead, I could never have married this woman."'

A Common Language

IT is interesting to find that before it is too late common speech is being used as a basis for international good will. Some philologists seem to be of the opinion that the languages used in England and America have already grown so far apart that they can hardly be called the same language. Whether or not this is true of the language of the street, the educated people of both countries can still understand one another. And it will be a long time before any 'American language' is developed so different as to be incomprehensible in England. Indeed, a British book reviewer, as noted elsewhere in this number, recently allowed that the American 'speaks a language not unlike our own.' Meanwhile such organizations as the English-Speaking Union will, in addition to their expressed aims, have the effect of delaying the separation. The purpose of the English-Speaking Union, as expressed in a recent descriptive leaflet, is 'to promote friendly relations, common interests and peaceful coöperation between the American people and all the other people of the world who speak the English language. It coöperates to this end with its sister society, the English-Speaking Union of the British Empire. . . . It aims at no alliances, and is not connected with governments. It is composed of men and women, is non-political and non-sectarian, and is based not on race but on the broad foundation of common speech as a medium of understanding. It assumes that the growth of friendship among people the world over who speak English, in no way impedes, but tends by example to encourage, similar friendly relations between them and people of other speech.'

Sponsored by this organization, journalists from England travel in the United States writing for American newspapers and observing American life. Similarly American journalists are sent to England. Arrangements are also made for the interchange of teachers for full school-year periods between American and English schools. Thus the community in which the teacher works has the benefit of a fresh point of view and different methods, while the teacher himself profits perhaps even more than those whom he returns to instruct.

Tolstoi among Revolutionists

THE celebration in honor of the hundredth anniversary of Tolstoi's birth, mentioned in an earlier number of The Living Age, has taken place. People seem to agree that it was a very magnificent celebration; money was spent and the great man was honored. But a cynical comment comes from one of Tolstoi's former secretaries, V. F. Bulgakov. He says that the celebration was carried out to advertise the Soviet government rather than to honor Tolstoi. 'The fact is, the Bolsheviks honor Tolstoi only because they are afraid of Europe's and even Russia's disapproval if they should fail to hold a celebration. They hate Tolstoi and fear his influence, and their celebration was quite formal and empty.' Although the Russians have not a sufficiently high reputation for consistency to make it seem strange that Bolshevik revolutionists should celebrate the birth of one of the world's great advocates of non-resistance, it is very likely that Mr. Bulgakov is in some degree right. The chairman of the committee which managed the festivities, Anatol Lunacharskii, Soviet Commissar of Fine Arts, has been quoted to the effect that the influence of Tolstoi is 'harmful.' Mr. Lunacharskii is a thorough-going Marxian and finds *I Cannot Be Silent* and *What I Believe* (which contain some of Tolstoi's most moving writings on non-resistance) rather ineffective as revolutionary propaganda.

Mr. Bulgakov is very bitter about the great edition of the works of Tolstoi which the Bolsheviks are announcing. It is to run to nearly a hundred volumes and will include material never before published. The work on this edition, Bulgakov says, was started by a society organized for the purpose, and part of the editorial work is under the direction of Tolstoi's daughter. After a good deal of work had been done planning the edition and editing the first volumes, the Soviet government forbade its publication and demanded that all the material be turned over to the authorities. This the 'Coöperative Society for the Study and Propagation of the Works of Tolstoi' refused to do, basing its refusal on Tolstoi's will, which says that his work is to be published without restraining rights or restrictions of any kind. Finally, however, the leaders of the Society were forced to turn over the material by threats of various kinds, including — according to Bulgakov — exile to Siberia. And now, he remarks pessimistically, the edition will be botched completely if it is issued at all. Although the Bolshevik editors may not dare actually to use the scissors on it, the 'objectionable' parts will be issued in such small editions that their potential power to free men's minds will be nullified.

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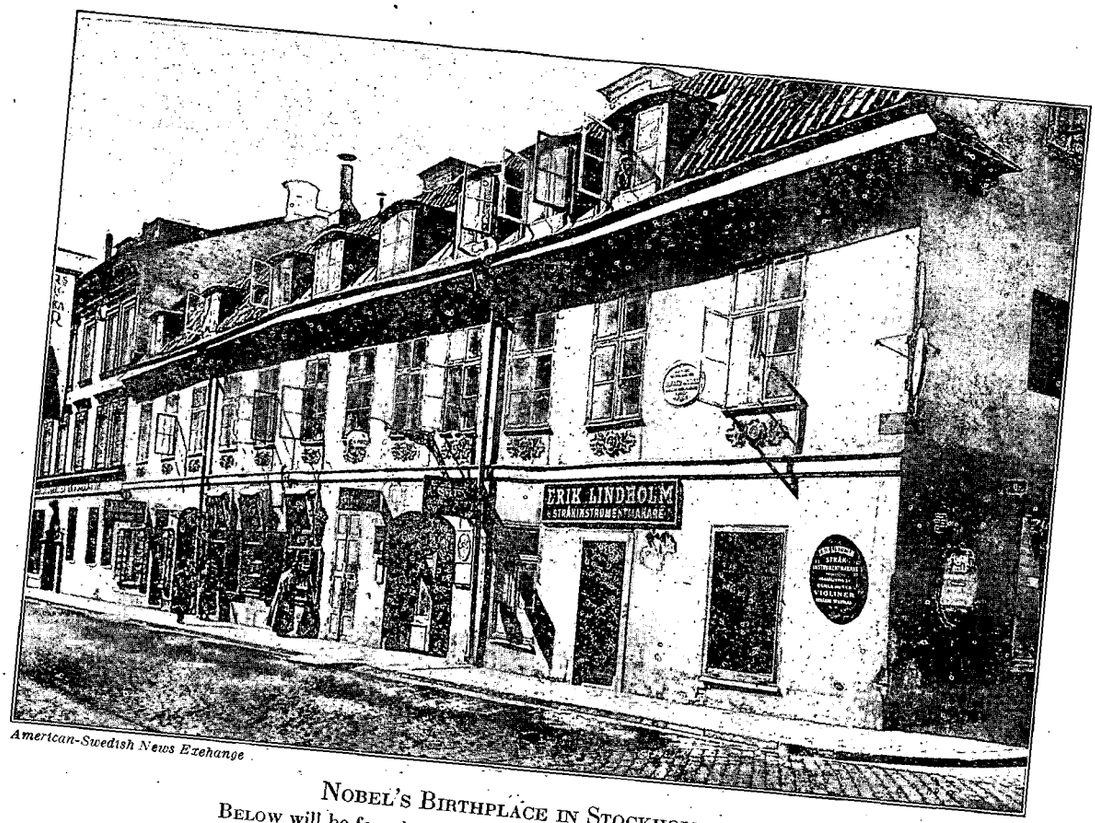

American-Swedish News Exchange

NOBEL'S BIRTHPLACE IN STOCKHOLM
BELOW will be found a closer view of the plaque which marks it.

The Nobel Prizes and Their Founder

How a Dynamite Millionaire Left His Entire Fortune for the Advancement of Literature, Science, and World Peace

By Naboth Hedin
Director of the American-Swedish News Exchange

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

ALFRED NOBEL, Swedish donor of the five annual prizes which bear his name, was a man of strange contrasts. An inventor of high explosives, including dynamite, he promoted universal peace; a professed atheist, he practised the fine art of charity; a recluse, he loved his fellow men; a cosmopolitan — 'the world's wealthiest tramp,' in his own language — he chose only Scandinavians to administer his estate; an engineer and scientist, he admired Shelley, wrote verse in English, novels in Swedish, and, finally, dramas; an idealist and dreamer, he amassed one of the greatest fortunes of the day; a disbeliever in religion, he gave money to churches; by nature melancholic, he thought science could make men happy; a lifetime sufferer from ill health, he left part of his estate to doctors; a bachelor, he made no discriminations against women; a pessimist, he had faith in the future.

Such, in brief, was the man from whose estate in Stockholm gold has flowed during the past quarter of a century to nearly all parts of the globe, and since the principal has in no wise been diminished, this distribution will continue as long as the present order of society endures.

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THE TEXT OF THE PLAQUE above the door of Nobel's birthplace in Stockholm reads: 'Here was born on October 21, 1833, Alfred Nobel, inventor, promoter of culture, and friend of peace.'

Many of the prizes have been donated, in turn, to altruistic purposes. Ultimately, all mankind will benefit. Thanks to the prize money, scientists have been enabled to continue their researches. The hope of winning has spurred others on. Some of the peace prizes have been devoted to the further promotion of peace, and obscure authors have at once been lifted into the sunlight of world-wide fame. Some of the prizes may have been injudiciously bestowed, but, on the whole, to be a winner of any one of them is reckoned as one of the highest honors attainable. Last year, George Bernard Shaw refused the money, but no future biographer of G. B. S. will forget the fact that it was offered to him.

In racial origin, the Nobel family is purely Swedish. Its earliest known representative was a country judge, Peter Nobelius, in the seventeenth century. While a student at the University of Upsala, he married the daughter of its most famous professor, Olof Rudbeck, known to his generation as a great humanist, one of those universal minds

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who seemed to have mastered all knowledge — a walking university. The name Nobelius, with its Latin ending, was derived from the name of the parish, Nöbbelöf, in the southernmost province of Scania, or Skåne, where Peter was born. Until he came to Upsala to study, he was probably known by his patronymic, a ——*son*, something or other, according to the old Swedish rural custom. In order to avoid confusion, it was a common practice for boys who attended the universities to assume latinized forms of the names of their home districts.

THE grandson of Peter Nobelius and Vendela Rudbeck was a physician in northern Sweden and he shortened the name to 'Nobel' (pronounced with the accent on the last syllable). His son, Emmanuel Nobel, born at Gefle, in northern Sweden, in 1801, was the father of Alfred Nobel, and the first of the family to become known outside of his native country. His bent was neither clerical nor medical, but mechanical and scientific; but such gifts were not then held in as high esteem as now, and, instead of going to school and college to study the humanities and classical languages, he went to sea. Upon his return, he began the study of architecture, and at the age of twenty-six he was appointed teacher of machine construction at a technical school in Stockholm, the school which was later to develop into the Royal Institute of Technology of to-day. Here, his bent for original constructions and devices was allowed free play, and one of his inventions was a submarine bomb which, in 1837, attracted the attention of the Russian authorities. Emmanuel Nobel was thereupon invited to cross the Baltic with his family to what was then the Russian capital, St. Petersburg, where he was given the opportunity to continue his experiments without need for financial worry. A special factory was built for him; there, besides submarine mines, he made rapid firing guns and other implements of war, which were used by the Russians with good effect in the Crimean War. The mines, in particular, were credited with preventing the British fleet from bombarding the capital.

Associated with him were his four sons, of whom Alfred was the third, and when the family returned to Sweden soon after the Crimean War, the second son, Ludwig, was left in charge of the factory. In Stockholm, Emmanuel Nobel continued his experiments with high explosives, into which he was the first to introduce the use of nitroglycerine. In an explosion at his laboratory, Heleneborg, near Stockholm, his youngest son, Emil, was killed, and he, himself, was so badly injured that he never fully recovered. There were other accidents of a serious nature, and finally the use of nitroglycerine was forbidden by law in many countries. But the elder Nobel and his sons were not to be deterred. Prohibited from working on land, they hired a boat, and, anchoring it in the middle of Lake Mälaren, outside of Stockholm, they continued their experiments with increasing success.

Alfred Bernhard Nobel had been born in Stockholm in 1833, or before his father moved to Russia. His formal schooling was scant, but thanks to his association with his father and his independent reading as well as his travels, he became a master of several languages, including Russian. At the age of seventeen, he was sent by his father to New York to visit Captain John Ericsson, who was then developing his various mechanical inventions. This was before the Civil War; Ericsson's plans for the 'Monitor' were ready, but had not been used.

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ALFRED NOBEL, 1833–1896

SWEDISH INVENTOR and manufacturer who left his fortune to advance the world's literature, science, and the cause of peace.

IT WAS not in mechanical engineering that the younger Nobel was to distinguish himself, but as a successor to his father in the field of explosives. By combining nitroglycerine with various absorbent substances such as sawdust or infusorial silicate, he made it safer to handle and thus, in 1863, achieved dynamite.

In the construction of the St. Gotthard tunnel alone, the use of dynamite saved more than five million dollars, besides several years of work. The total value to humanity of the Nobel inventions may well be called inestimable. He also perfected the dynamite cap and made possible blasting under water. Later he invented a smokeless powder; altogether he obtained eighty-five patents, royalties from which brought him a good part of his fortune. The other part was derived from his share in the exploitation of the Caucasian oil fields at Baku, for which his two older brothers, Robert and Ludwig, had obtained concessions from the Russian government. To the problem of extracting, transporting, and refining petroleum they had applied their inventive abilities with such success that they not only enriched themselves, but earned immense royalties for the Russian treasury. A member of the Nobel family, now living in Sweden, is my authority for the statement that, prior to the World War, one-sixth of all the revenue of the Russian government was derived in some form or other from the activities of the Nobels. In the Bolshevist revolution, of course, everything possible was confiscated.

IN 1873, Alfred Nobel settled in Paris, where he occupied a stately house on avenue Malakoff, living there alone with servants. He did not even employ a private secretary but attended himself to all his correspondence and personal bookkeeping.

While living in Russia, he seems to have imbibed some of the radical political doctrines that flourished surreptitiously under the Czars; in many of his

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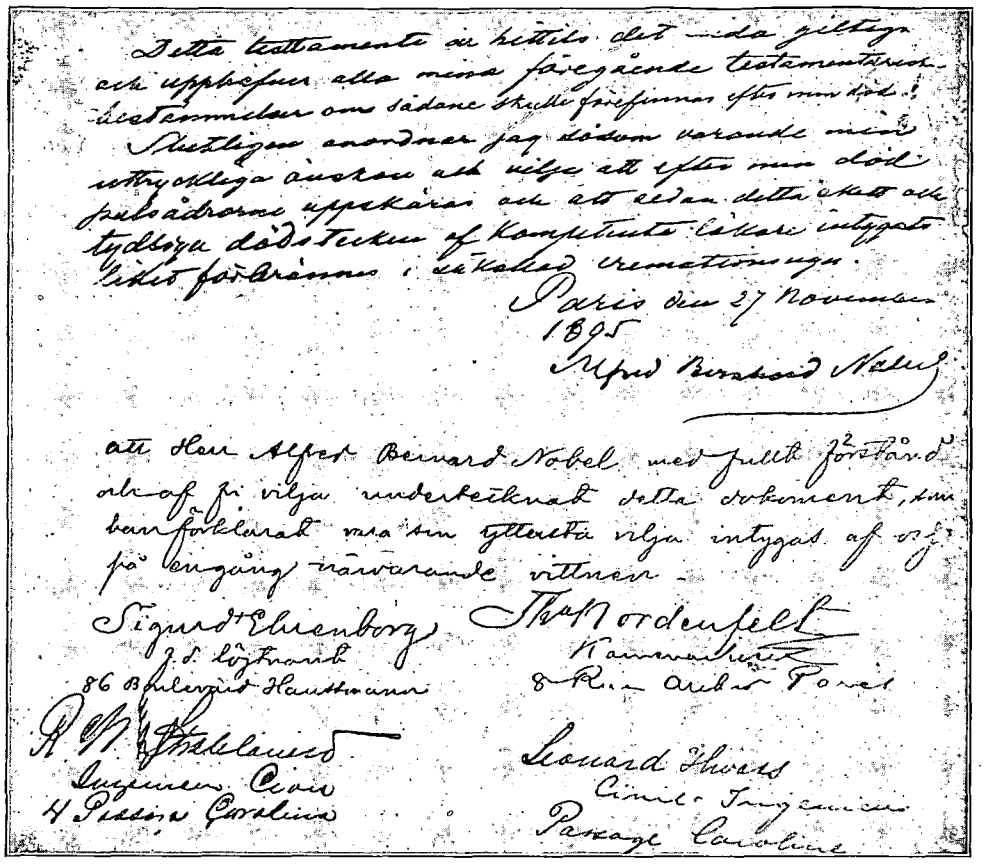

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LAST PAGE OF NOBEL'S WILL

DRAWN UP BY NOBEL himself and written in his own hand, the will contains numerous legal flaws, by which the Nobel family generously refused to profit.

letters are remarks derogatory to both monarchical and republican forms of government. By some biographers, his political views have been interpreted as leaning towards Bolshevism, by others as favoring Fascism, though neither term was then known.

Most of all, he seems to have been influenced in his youth by Shelley, who, in his political writings, was anything but orthodox. As a young boy, Alfred Nobel had read Shelley's poems; it was very easy for him to acquire the poet's world philosophy, his overwhelming idealism, his all-inclusive love for humanity, his pacifism, his political radicalism, and his somewhat confused atheism, which, in reality, was closely related to both Christianity and Platonism. All these strains recur in Nobel's letters, but, thanks to his sharper intellect and scientific training, in a more practical form. The oldest extant poem by Nobel is in English, and it is known that in his youth he wrote other English verses, though he later burned them all. In Swedish, he tried his hand at novel writing, but without success, and shortly before his death he attempted the drama. His letters, however, show an unmistakable literary gift. His Swedish biographer, Professor Schueck, remarks that, if he had not been a great inventor, he might have become a great author.

His political radicalism was of a very mild sort. Of the rights of others, he was most considerate. At Bofors in Sweden he founded a plant for the manufacture of his smokeless powder. Once he was advised to subscribe to a conservative newspaper for the workingmen's reading room. 'If the workingmen were to prescribe for me what I ought and ought not to read, I should regard it as highly improper,' he replied. Conversely, they have the right to demand that I do not make any such intrusion on their freedom.' In general, he was a good employer. Strikes were unknown in his factories, and he once refused to reduce the output in order not to inconvenience his employés.

To all forms of injustice he was very sensitive. Lawyers he disliked. His will, disposing of his fortune, which, in those days, was regarded as enormous, he composed himself and wrote out with his own hand. From a legal point of view, it was very faulty and, had his heirs been less generous, they might very easily have contested it successfully. Most of the provisions, as carried out to-day, are 'interpretations' to which his next of kin have consented.

NEITHER did he like clergymen; his letters abound in bitter references to theology, yet he was one of the most munificent supporters of the Swedish church in Paris. The ethics of Christianity he esteemed just as highly as he despised its dogmas. In practice he was a friend of man. To him love of humankind seemed closely equivalent to religion. 'If you could only learn to understand,' he once wrote to a German friend, 'that it is possible to help a fellow being without selfishness or hope for reward!'

Paris he left in disgust when accused without justification of espionage. One of his inventions happened to resemble the objective of experiments conducted in great secrecy at the laboratory of the French powder monopoly, which was located close to his own laboratory, just outside of Paris. It was by pure coincidence that he had happened to work on the same problem as the army engineers, and, when he solved it first, they became jealous. After that he moved to San Remo on the Italian Riviera, where he died on December 10, 1896.

Though he wrote English, French, German, and Russian equally well, his holograph will, dated at Paris, November 27, 1895, or only a year before his death, was written in Swedish. After making certain specific bequests, it continued: —

'The remainder of my convertible estate is to be treated as follows: —

'The capital, invested by the executors in reliable securities, is to constitute a fund, the income from which is to be distributed annually as prizes to those who during the past year have rendered humanity the greatest services.

'This income is to be divided into five equal parts, of which one is to be given to whoever has made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics; one part to whoever has made the most important chemical discovery or improvement; one to whoever has made the most important discovery in physiology or medicine; one to him who in literature has produced the most excellent work of an idealistic character; one to whoever has done the most or best work for the fraternization of the nations and for the abolition or reduction of standing armies as well as the organization and increase of peace congresses.

'The prizes in physics and chemistry are to be distributed by the Swedish Academy of Science, those for physiological or medical works by the Caroline Institute of Stockholm; for literature by the Academy in Stockholm; and to champions of peace by a committee of five, chosen by the Norwegian Storthing.

'It is my express desire that, in the distribution of prizes, no regard be paid to any sort of national affiliation; in

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such a way that the most worthy receive the prize, whether he be a Scandinavian or not.'

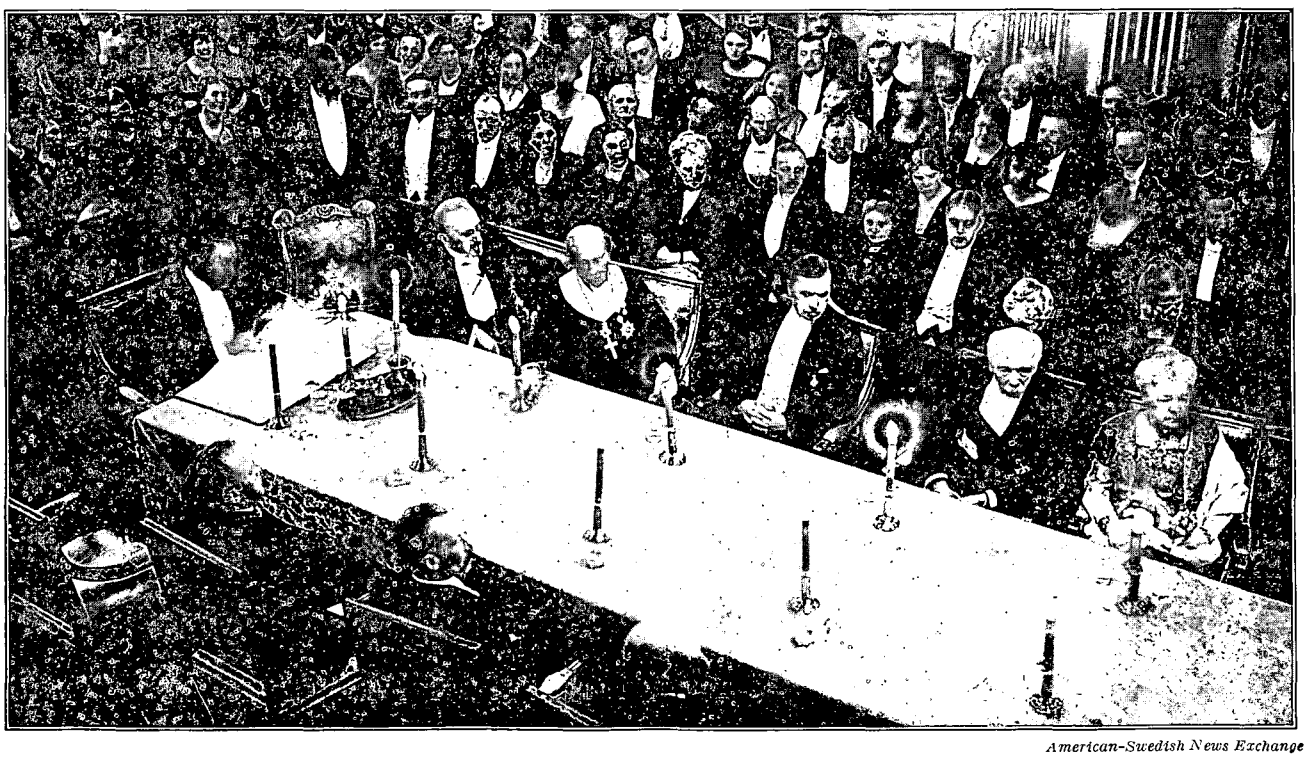
THE administrators were two Swedish associates, Ragnar Sohlman and Rudolf Liljequist; their chief counsel in the settlement of the widely invested estate was Carl Lindhagen, now the chief magistrate of Stockholm. Instead of contesting the loosely drawn will, the testator's nephews, headed by Dr. Emmanuel Nobel of Stockholm, aided in the establishment of the central fund out of which the prizes were to be paid. A detailed set of statutes, serving as constitution and by-laws for the Nobel Foundation, was drawn up with the approval of the Swedish Government, and, in five years, the distribution was begun. The first diploma was signed October 30, 1901, bearing the name of Emil von Behring, the German investigator in serums. The actual award of the prizes takes place annually in Stockholm on December 10, the anniversary of Nobel's death. The same day the Peace Prize is awarded in Oslo, but the check is drawn on a Stockholm bank.

The amount of each prize varies with the income from the fund. The lowest so far was that of 1923, when, due to the post-war deflation and the increase in taxes, it shrank to $30,802. This year, thanks to better business conditions and the voluntary remission of part of the Swedish taxes, the value reached a new record of $42,060. When first awarded, the prizes were worth $40,511. This year, the total sum available for the 1928 prizes was $210,298. Originally the estate was worth somewhat over thirty million Swedish crowns, and more than half that amount was distributed in prizes during the first twenty-five years. The statutes provide that any prize may be reserved for one year, but, if not then distributed, the money becomes part of either the main fund, or special reserves of each section, the income from which is to be used for the promotion of the same objects as the testator had in mind. So far, the peace prize has been withheld most often, owing to the outbreak of the World War, when peace promoters were hard to find. Special Nobel institutes have been built up with the money thus obtained.

THE awards most severely criticized have been those in Letters and for Peace Work, chiefly because, in these fields, the general public is better able to form an opinion as to the winner's merits than in the case of the scientific awards. The very first Literary Prize, given to the French poet, Sully Prudhomme, roused a storm of protest in Sweden itself. 'A sensitive little candy-container,' the Swedish critic, Oscar Levertin, called the winner. Leo Tolstoy was the man the Swedish *literati* outside the Academy had picked as the most worthy, and to him they sent a formal address of apology. The next year, when the eighty-four-year-old German historian, Theodor Mommsen, was given the prize for his imperialistic History of Rome, the outcry became even louder. Nothing could be less idealistic than the tone of Mommsen's writings. The next year he died. 'Funeral expenses,' the prize money was then called.

Curiously enough, most of those early critics were later elected to the Academy themselves, and, though objections and jeers have not been absent, the awards have since been somewhat better. The third year the Norwegian poet, Björnstjerne Björnson, was crowned, and, the year after that, the French and Spanish authors, Frederic Mistral and José Echegaray, were given half of a prize each. But Tolstoy never got one, neither did Strindberg nor Hardy, while the second rate talents rewarded have been many. Gentle souls writing about rural life in hopeful vein have more often been picked than literary stormy petrels.

The American prize winners have been Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson, and Elihu Root, for peace work, Albert A. Michelson and R. A. Millikan in physics, Th. W. Richards in Chemistry, and Alexis Carrel in medicine.



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A MEETING OF THE SWEDISH ACADEMY

GATHERED AT THEIR LONG, CANDLE-LIGHTED TABLE, the 'Eighteen Immortals' award the Nobel prize in Literature and elect members to fill vacancies caused by death.

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As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

Paris Without Parisians

In *Politiken*, a Copenhagen daily, Gisken Wildenvey, the wife of a wellknown Danish *littérateur*, writes an amusing account of her visit to Paris last August, of which a condensed version appears below.

If you go to Paris in August, you go to America. A Parisian who prides himself on being Parisian will not be seen there during that month. It is the Americans who set their hearts on being there at that time. They swarm over the city as the grasshoppers in the Biblical story swarmed over Egypt. They arrive by the hundreds and thousands and camp down at *Fouquet's*, at the *Select*, and the *New York Bar*.

A single visit to the *New York Bar* in rue Daunou is amusing, but utterly boring if one goes oftener. Unbroken monotony reigns there. The place is filled with people who are drunk or who were so the night before. The little room downstairs attracts most visitors. It reeks with the odors of liquor and Lucky Strikes. An entertainment is going on. A black-faced artist, with a diamond on his little finger, is singing the latest American songs in a way that would cause him to be mobbed in New York, but here uproarious applause greets him — for this, you know, is Paris.

Young girls and college boys make up a majority of those present. There is, however, one lone retail 'buyer' who has remained in the city while five hundred of his fellows are 'doing' Deauville. Everyone agrees that the French capital's *New York Bar* is a 'swell place.'

Two kinds of Americans are present: those who boast about themselves, and those who are making fools of themselves.

'A Frenchman came in here yesterday,' says one of those present, cackling with laughter. 'A Frenchman with a straw hat and cane, and a little black beard.'

'Impossible!'

'Yes, really; but he ducked out again quickly. He looked around for a moment, like a mouse caught in a trap, and then fled.'

'We're pretty tolerant, but a Frenchman *here* — well, there are limits!'

The black-faced artist appeared again, extended his little finger, and when sure that everyone had seen his diamond, began to sing. But we preferred the tourists to the song and departed to the sound of

'Old man river, old man river,
Just keeps rolling along, rolling along.'

Next day, I decided to escape the Americans for a little while and go and look up some Scandinavians. There was that nice Miss Hansen in rue Denfert-Rochereau. I took a taxi and hastened to her address. She was out of town. I drove away disappointed. Then I thought of Miss Bennett in rue Boissonade; certainly I must give her a greeting. But — she had gone to Sweden. Next, I decided to call on a Danish family who had been very kind to me on a previous visit. They would surely be at home, for they lived in a pleasant suburb, almost in the country. I motored out there. The family were all in the South of France.

The Living Age sees but one moral to this: if Americans enjoy Paris as much as Mme. Wildenvey suggests, even more of them should visit the French capital.

American Morals Shock Foreign Observers

THE British press, which is quite willing to overlook alleged imperialistic tendencies of the United States, has been much exercised of late over our internal moral condition. The London *Observer* remarks that 'Philadelphia and New York seem to be vying with each other, while the deep rumble of Chicago's underworld rises a note or two as the lid is pried off by official inquiries there. The condition of things is pretty bad. Philadelphia, as the most recent washer of linen, is the most surprising; but there is nothing in Philadelphia which has not existed and, one may safely say, does not exist, in most of the big cities of the United States. The same foreign names appear. There is the same corruption of the police force. There is the same complicity of politicians, and there is the same general indifference of the public.'

To this distressing picture, the *Manchester Guardian* adds an explanation of the causes of vice in the United States. 'The factors causing it are numerous, but among them are Prohibition, the use of the automobile (which enables criminals to move about at will), and the division of large cities into colonies representing the various races of Europe.' Tokio readers of the *Japan Advertiser* will have a somewhat similar opinion of conditions in the United States. It seems that Professor Nishiyama of Tokio University, while on a visit to this country, noticed that many charming young ladies were indulging in the fad for coolie coats decorated on the back with Japanese characters. With horror Professor Nishiyama noted that most of the coolie coated backs to be seen on Fifth Avenue displayed 'Yoshiwara' and 'Yoshicho' in large Japanese letters. Presumably their wearers were blissfully ignorant that these words stand for the most infamous district of sexual immorality in all Japan! No doubt Professor Nishiyama doubts the morals of many American girls, or is sure they should carry Japanese interpreters into Fifth Avenue shops when selecting their oriental wraps!

The North American Goliath: More Davids Throw Stones

IT sometimes seems that the press of Latin America works off most of its repressions in precise and pointed vituperation of the United States. Mexico and Central America hover dangerously near the surface of the Latin subconscious. Take, for example, these fiery criticisms appearing in the *Diario de Panama:* —

The foreign policy pursued in Nicaragua and Mexico by the United States makes it clear that economic measures are much more efficient than war tactics to make weaker nations surrender. Faced with Cesar Augustino Sandino, Mr. Calvin Coolidge became excited and ordered him suppressed by military force. Faced with Calles, who seemed determined not to respect North American rights, the Yankee president instigated an economic blockade. Behold the results! While General Calles is completely subjugated to the White House, General Sandino continues gaily to fight American troops.

This experience will greatly influence the future international procedure of the Anglo-Saxon colossus. North Americans are practical and lack the pride of conquest. Why should they suppress rebels by military operations, which are very expensive and create scandal, when they can achieve more satisfactory results without the use of armed force? . . . While Calles' surrender gives Mr. Coolidge the reputation of being clever, practical and cool, the campaign against Sandino has won him an unenviable reputation for stupidity, greed, and violence. . . . Naturally the admirers of Calles must be distressed by the surrender of one who seemed the standard-bearer of the race, the guardian of Spanish-Americanism, the mouthpiece of the Latin nations, and worthy of all the other hollow titles bestowed on those who defy the United States.

Plucking in more direct fashion at the same string, the indomitable Luis Araquistain holds forth in *El Día Gráfico* (Barcelona conservative daily):—

It is not surprising that Spanish American republics ask themselves what they gain by being at Geneva, where they are vaguely protected from the members of the League, but remain wholly at the mercy of North American imperialism which to-day is the only serious menace to South America. . . . If Geneva cannot come to Washington to defend the members of the League, it would be natural that these should withdraw from Europe and take refuge in a group of their own making. Or they may believe that in the Pan-American Union — that is, in the very mouth of the American wolf — they would be better off than at Geneva. They would thus resign themselves to an American League of Nations dominated by the United States.

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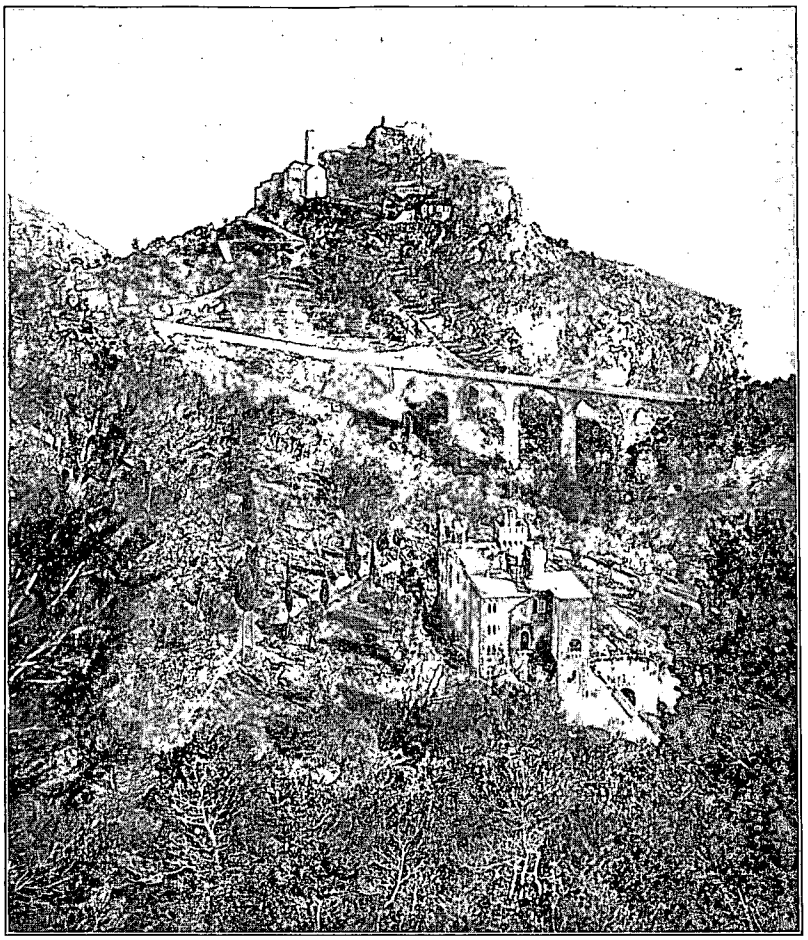
THE FRENCH RIVIERA

SO FAMOUS have the cosmopolitan pleasure resorts of the *Côte d'Azur* become that few people are aware of the existence of a dozen charming provincial spots only a few miles back in the mountains from the coast. The illustrations on this page show what awaits the traveler who seeks a complete change from social gaiety.



Ewing Galloway

BACK FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN

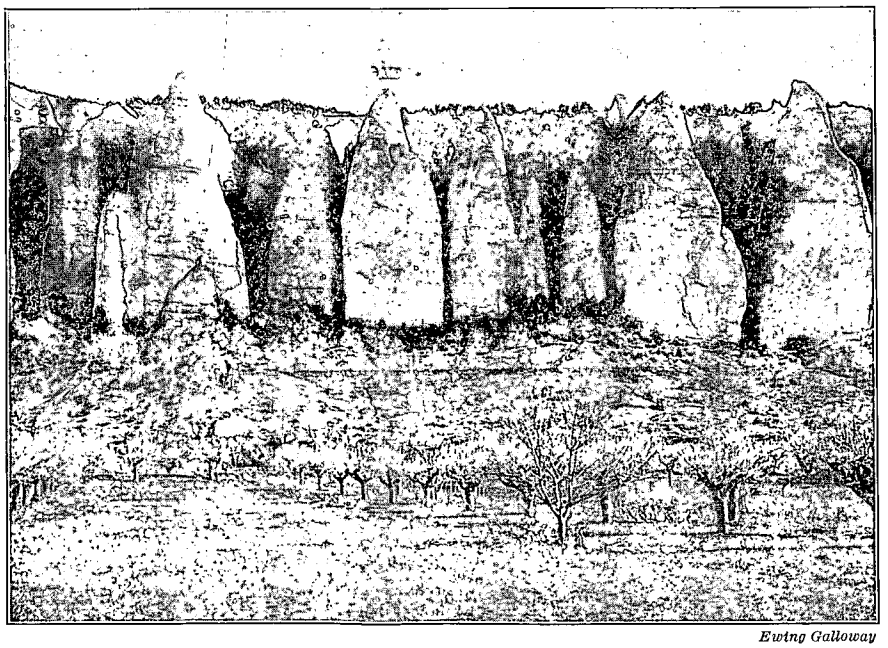
THE UPPER CORNICHE ROAD, a marvel of French highway construction, carries the traveler over smooth surfaces high into the semicircle of mountains that look down upon Nice, Cannes, and the whole French Mediterranean coast. This photograph shows the approach to the village of Eze.

World Travel Notes

The Itinerary of a Mediterranean Cruise

THOSE who have not spent a winter on the French Riviera have something to live for. Of course there is Monte Carlo.

When M. François Blanc went to Monaco and built the Monte Carlo Casino, he transformed a barren rock into the world's most talked-about resort. Celebrities of all nations gather there today. Every kind of amusement is found — even American baseball. Lucky is he who can be there for the delights of the *Mardi gras* carnival — this year from the seventh to the thirteenth of February.



Ewing Galloway

NOT FAR FROM THE RIVIERA'S GAIETY

STRANGE ROCK FORMATIONS little known to tourists, which may be seen from the motor road that runs along the banks of the Durance River through country that the great Provençal poet, Frédéric Mistral, knew and loved.

LA TURBIE, an ancient village twenty minutes from Monaco by mountain railway, has probably the most beautiful golf course in Europe. A long drive from the first tee will put one's ball full into the sparkling Mediterranean, or among the ruins of the Roman *Tour d'Auguste*, hundreds of feet below.

Nice is the starting point for many a charming excursion, by automobile, afoot, or awheel. Most famous of all is the *Grande Corniche* drive, extending to Mentone, close to the Italian frontier. One's motor climbs steeply to La

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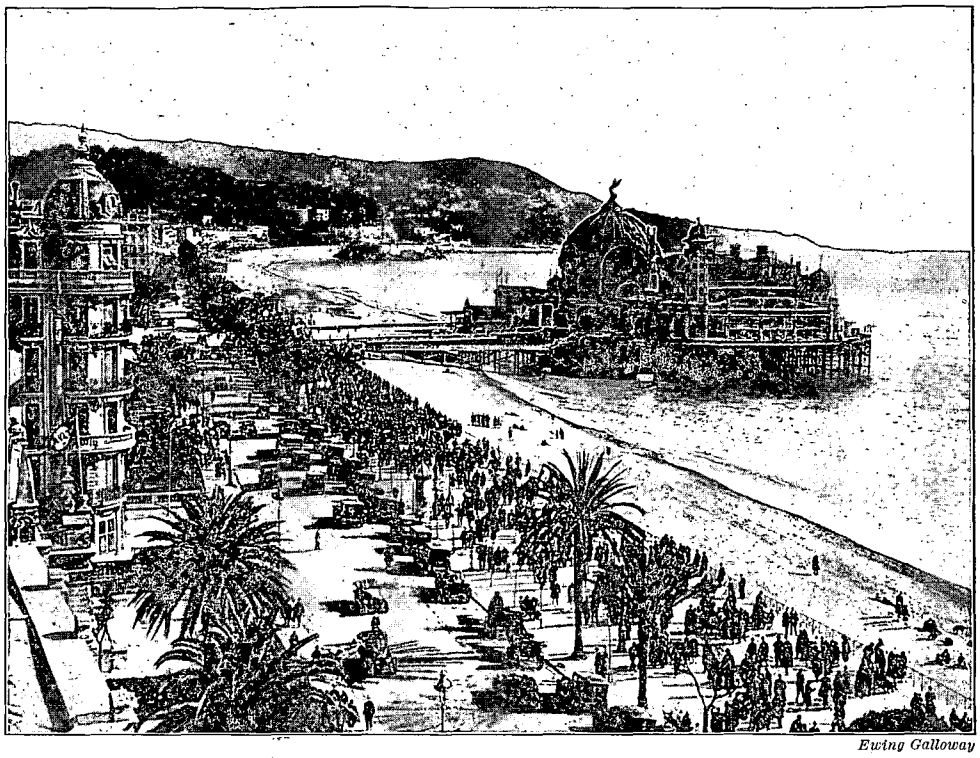
Turbie, mentioned above, whence there is a superb view of the entire *Côte d'Azur*, from *Cap Ferrat* to *Cap Martin*. Below stretches the picturesque peninsula of the Principality of Monaco. Mentone, at the end of the drive, is one of the best winter residences on the Mediterranean. Its sheltered position protects it from the north winds; visitors praise the absence of fog and the equitable winter temperature — always about 50° Fahrenheit.

Returning by the coast road, one has ample time to visit the Oceanographic Museum established by the father of the present Prince of Monaco, an extremely interesting institution which contains by far the most elaborate collection of marine plants and animals in the world. An hour's gaming at the Casino — if this be a new experience — the last few miles back to Nice over the *Petite Corniche* road in the cool, sweet-smelling late afternoon, and one has finished the finest drive along the Riviera.



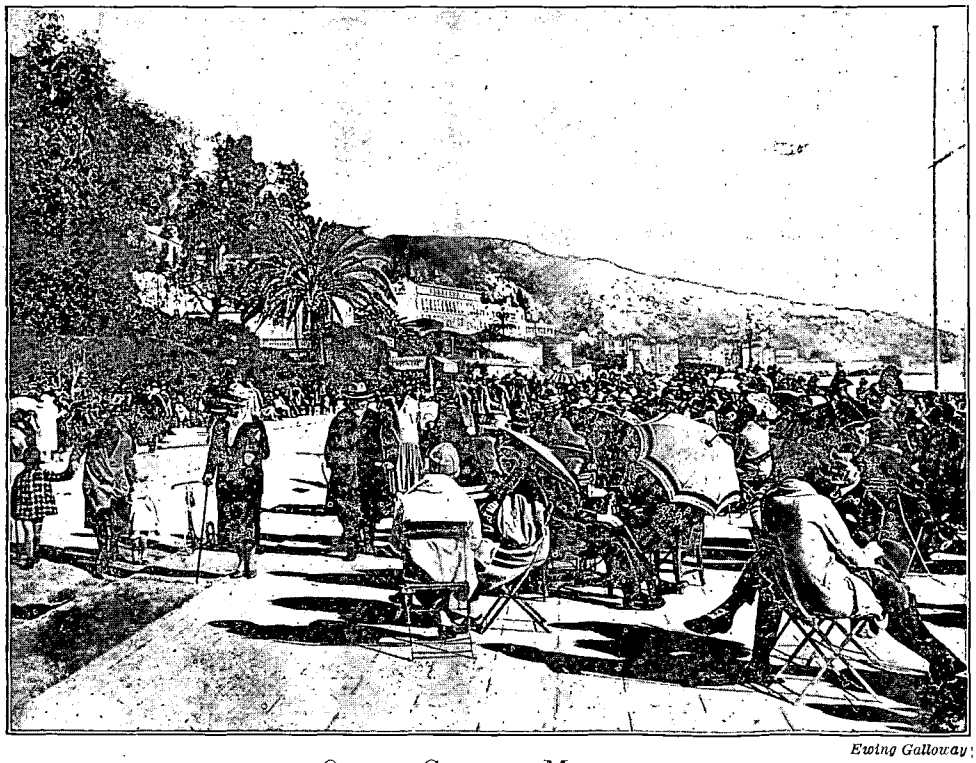
Ewing Galloway

NICE: A COSMOPOLITAN WINTER CAPITAL

THE *Promenade des Anglais* and the *Café des Anglais* in the famous Mediterranean resort.

CANNES, twenty miles west of Nice, is even more fashionable. The town is modern and spacious. Luxurious gardens surround most of the villas. Yachts belonging to foreign visitors gleam brightly in the harbor. A dozen tennis clubs, a polo field, a casino, two golf clubs, and frequent regattas provide a constant round of gaiety from December to May. Unique and colorful at Cannes are the 'battles of flowers,' held both along the shore and in the waters of the Mediterranean.

The flowers of the French Riviera are so luxuriant that the *Paris, Lyon, et Méditerranée Railway* runs a daily *train des fleurs*, like the special trains which carry fruit from the valley of the Rhone. This Flower Train runs north, laden with fresh blossoms for Parisian florists and with essence and perfume from the fragrant village of Grasse for M. Coty and his confrères.



Ewing Galloway

ON THE CORSO AT MENTONE

CLOSE TO THE Italian border, and sheltered from the north wind by low hills, Mentone is Nice's keenest rival for the favor of the cosmopolitan society that flocks to the Riviera each winter.

ITALY'S RIVIERA is less exploited than the French *Côte d'Azur*, but it is no less beautiful. In the words of an anonymous but lyric writer, it is 'a radiant world of blue and green and gold and silver; of azure sea and sky; of olive gardens and hills wooded with ilex, cypress, and myrtle; of oranges and lemons glowing amid their glossy foliage; of fields of violets and hedges of roses and trees of pomegranate and magnolia pouring out their perfumes upon the sea breezes; of bright sands and shady groves; of gay houses painted white or blue or pink or lemon or rose-red; of all the loveliest scents and colors and shapes and sounds mingled beneath a magical canopy of deep blue sky, between the mountains and the sea. Such is the Ligurian or Italian Riviera, one of the loveliest regions of a lovely land.'

San Remo, on the way to Genoa, is beautifully situated on the bluest of blue bays. Steep, clean streets traverse the old town.

Green-leafed vines and creepers cover picturesque archways and curl over the crazily slanting roof tops. San Remo, too, has its *trente et quarante*, *roulette*, and *chemin-de-fer* — not to mention opera and daily concerts — in a handsome new casino.

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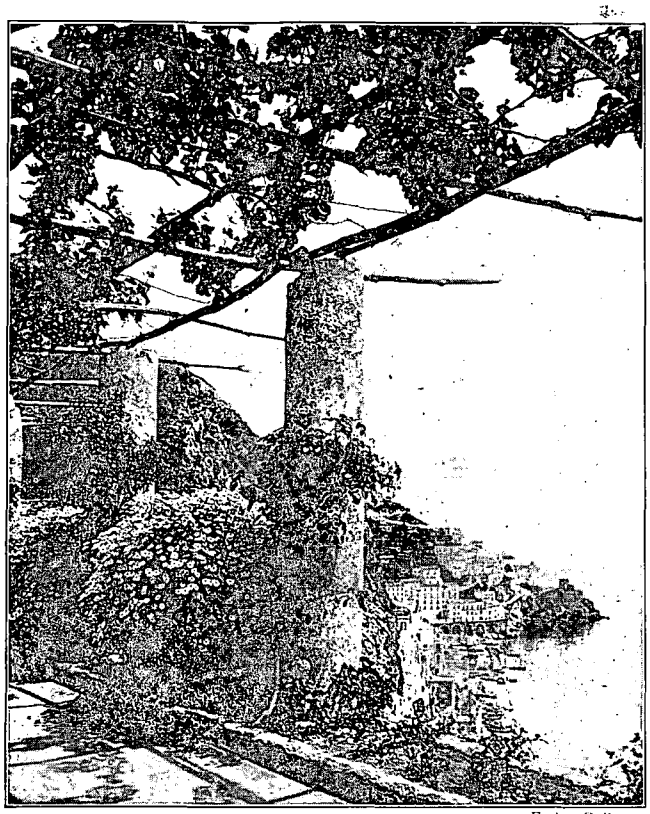
STATESMEN and diplomats favor attractive spots for parleys. To Rapallo, an ancient seaport and modern winter resort on the Mediterranean just east of Genoa, they have come twice — once in 1920 to arrange an Italian-Yugoslav treaty, and again, in 1922, for a German-Russian agreement. Mountains rising steeply to the north shut out cold winds, while charming public gardens and a casino with a *cercle privé* entice the visitor.

One's Mediterranean cruise, while allowing all too little time for shore excursions, inevitably permits a few days at Naples. Of this, Italy's most populous city, it was said long ago, *Vedi Napoli e poi muori* ('See Naples and then die'). In the *Rione Santa Lucia*, the fishermen's quarter, may be witnessed every variety of care free Neapolitan life. At night the *Via Roma* sparkles with Latin animation and abandon. And if one cannot leave without some tortoise-shell souvenir, the shop of Achille Squadrilli in the *Plaza Vittoria* is the oldest and largest in town.



Ewing Galloway

FROM AN AMALFI PERGOLA

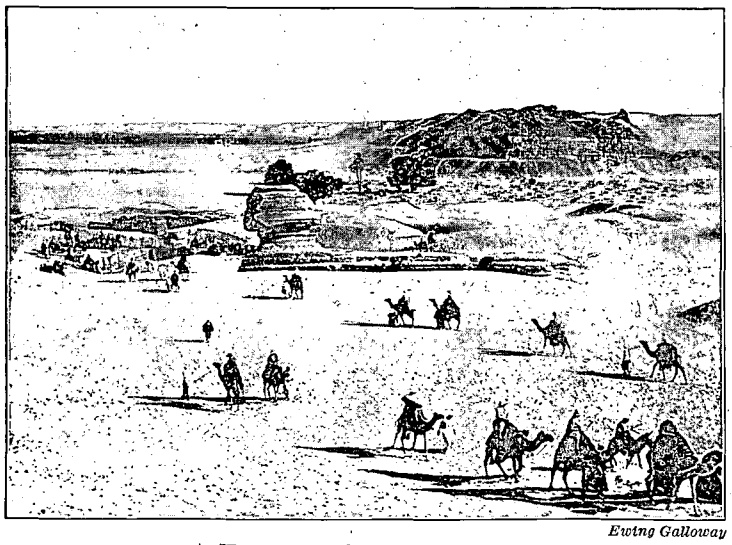
NESTLED AGAINST the green flanks of the Island of Capri, with the Gulf of Salerno at its feet, Amalfi basks in the warm sunshine of an Italian winter.

FROM Naples one goes naturally to Capri by the morning boat, staying there the night, and on to Sorrento the following day. The latter, a famous winter resort, is the starting place for a drive to Amalfi and Ravello.

Oddly enough, the noted 'Amalfi Drive' is best seen by boat. The motor is too hurried. On the Gulf of Salerno, one glides slowly and gently by each beautiful promontory, usually crowned with a crumbling Saracen tower. Confidential advice is always dangerous, but one may conceivably profit by this: stay at the Hotel Santa Caterina and, stepping out on your wide balcony, see white and sunny Amalfi nestling in the cleft between two hills (upon one of which is the ruined tower of Queen Joanna) and spreading out along the curving shore against the incredible blue of sea and sky. In the evening, watch the changing colors of the Mediterranean while the hazy twilight settles gently upon the quiet city and the lights come out one by one.

ALGIERS! It is a happy morning when one looks out of one's porthole on one of the Mediterranean cruise ships and sees the startling whiteness of Algiers, rising in terraced majesty from the bluest of Mediterranean harbors. One goes ashore, of course, to be surrounded by scores of tatterdemalion Arabs, young and old. One enters a mosque, having discarded one's shoes for soft slippers. And if one has had shopping inhibitions ever since leaving Fifth Avenue, Algiers' long, narrow streets of bazaars do wonders. Here, for almost nothing, are marvelous copper water jars, baskets of exotic weave, rugs, things to wear and things to hold as curios. To do justice to Algiers' bazaars one should bring an empty trunk.

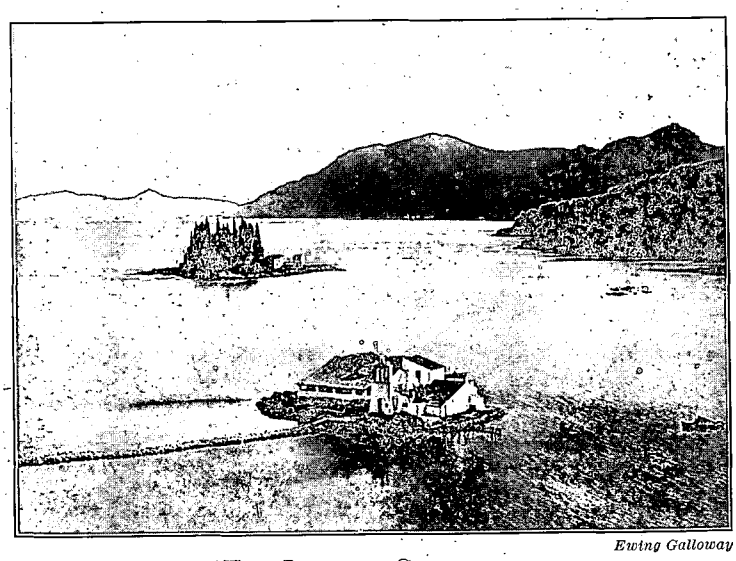
What a host of sights and places besides these remain for the unending pleasure of Mediterranean travelers — the isles of Greece, the Holy Land, with all its associations, Sicily, Egypt, Constantinople. But space forbids. One could write volumes on this cradle of European civilization, the wine-purple Tyrrhenian Sea; there is perhaps no equivalently large body of water in the world richer in natural and artificial beauties; one has not traveled until one has circled it at least once; one could profitably spend a lifetime studying it.



Ewing Galloway

A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN EGYPT

BRIGHT SUNSHINE favors the traveler whose winter cruise allows him to stop off at Cairo, and who can experience the unique sensation of a camel excursion to the sphinx.



Ewing Galloway

'THE ISLES OF GREECE —

WHERE BURNING SAPPHO loved and sung, where grew the arts of war and peace, where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung. Eternal summer gilds them yet . . .'

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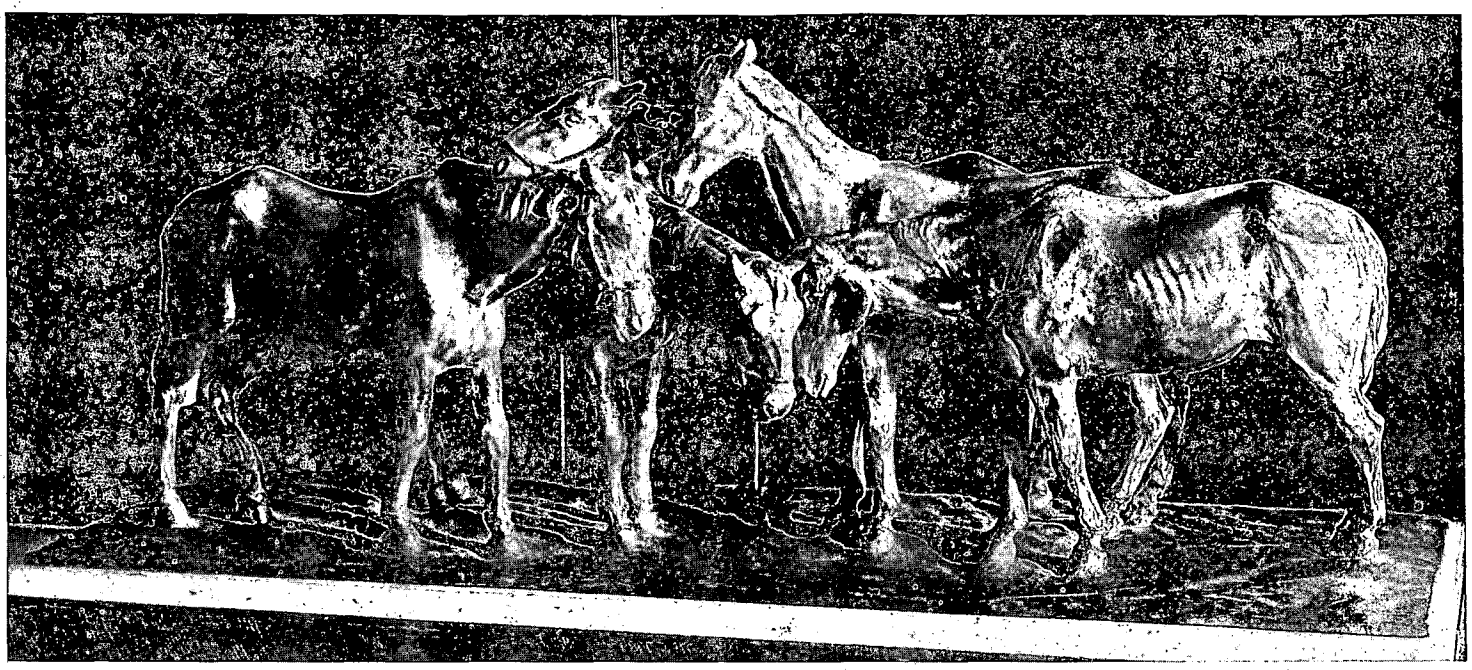


Mattie Edwards Hewitt

OLD WARRIORS

A SCULPTURE GROUP BY E. M. ALEXANDER

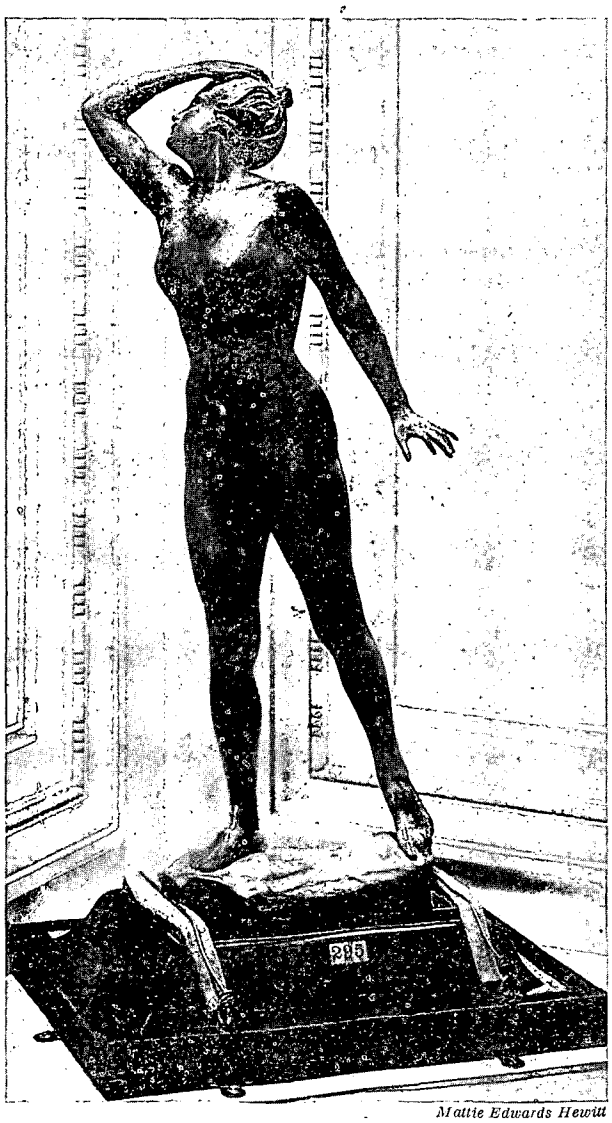
An Art Exhibition on an Ocean Liner

AN ENGLISH organization, the *British Artists' Exhibitions*, sponsored by Sir Joseph Duveen, Sir Robert Witt, and Sir Martin Conway, has just been holding, for what is probably the first time in history, an exhibition of art aboard an ocean steamer. With the coöperation of the Cunard Lines, the *British Artists' Exhibitions* held a showing aboard the *Berengaria* which lasted from the time she left Southampton, late in October, until her return there from New York, early in November.

This use of an ocean liner as an exposition place surely merits the attention of those who desire to obtain careful consideration for any kind of art object on the part of a highly selected public. Every one knows that the six days spent in crossing the Atlantic are days during which one is likely to have very little with which to occupy one's time. Is this not an ideal place to study carefully any interesting subject which is brought to one's attention? It is probable that the average passenger on the *Berengaria* during the British exhibition of art learned more about contemporary art by seeing it constantly for six days than he would be likely to learn by any number of semi-conscientious visits to art galleries.

Both at Southampton and at New York, the show on the *Berengaria* was opened to such members of the general public as cared to visit it. One of the sponsors, Sir Martin Conway, Member of Parliament for the Scottish Universities and prominent in Conservative Party affairs, accompanied the exhibition over its whole route, seven thousand odd miles.

The New York showing, which occurred on October 29, was attended by several hundred persons; perhaps its most interesting feature was the surprise it caused these visitors to learn that art works of such excellent quality were being produced by so large a number of relatively unknown British painters, sculptors, and engravers. This was exactly the purpose which had moved the sponsors of the exhibition to undertake so novel a venture.



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

GRIEF

A BRONZE BY F. BROOK HITCH

SOME two or three years ago Sir Joseph Duveen, the widely known art dealer, who was knighted for his generous gifts to British galleries, wrote a letter to the London *Times* stating it as his opinion that no better art has been produced in Great Britain since the eighteenth century than is now being produced. He felt strongly that the British Government, like the Continental governments, should undertake to make this art known not only to the public of the United Kingdom, but to the publics of other coun-

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tries. The English Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, immediately became interested and offered Sir Joseph full governmental support for anything which he might decide to do. The result was the foundation of the *British Artists' Exhibitions*.

The object of this organization was, as stated above, primarily to make known to the British and non-British publics the merit of little-known British artists; there was also the subsidiary purpose of making people realize that they might easily afford to own works of art. As Sir William Orpen later wrote for an exhibition catalogue, 'There are many people who imagine that the purchase of original work is the rich man's prerogative. They do not know that really admirable paintings and sculpture are obtainable at prices to suit all grades of income, or that one can buy a charming wood-engraving for the price of two seats in the dress circle, or a fairly good bottle of champagne.'

Sir Joseph Duveen at once proceeded to associate with himself two other prominent lovers of art, Sir Martin Conway and Sir Robert Witt, mentioned above, who, together with Sir Joseph, have been the leading spirits in the enterprise. A Committee of Selection was named, composed of distinguished artists of all schools; their wide range of opinion is well illustrated by the fact that both Jacob Epstein and Sir William Orpen are members. This committee undertook the task of selecting from great numbers of submitted art works the best, to form exhibitions, which were opened to the British public during 1927 in Leeds, Manchester, Bradford, and Belfast. These experimental exhibits were a great success; over two hundred and fifty works of art were sold.

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

LANCASHIRE FOLK
FROM A WATER-COLOR BY WILLIAM A. WILDMAN

It was then decided to extend the showings to countries outside Great Britain. Paris, Brussels, Buenos Aires, and now New York have seen modern British art and have found it much to their taste.

On these two pages are reproduced two sculptures and two water-colors; there were several works in the show even more interesting than these, but they were not susceptible of reproduction.

It would be impossible to describe the works of the many artists whose work is being brought to public attention by Sir Joseph Duveen's excellent plan. There is no doubt that much of the work thus given public showing not only is worthy of attention, but also would not in any other way receive such attention during the lifetime of the artist as his work merits.

One point should be made. These showings offer a chance for a man of moderate means and good taste to put his taste to use and purchase at little expense art works of true worth. How small this expense is may be realized when it is stated that the prices in the *Berengaria* showing ranged from five dollars to five hundred; only two objects were priced above two hundred and fifty dollars; the vast majority averaged between fifty and one hundred.

Americans planning to visit Great Britain in the near future will be glad to know that the work of the *British Artists' Exhibitions* will continue. One cannot urge a visitor too strongly to make a point of going to one of the shows; it will not only prove interesting as supplying illustrations of what is being done in English art to-day, but it may well be that the visitor will be able to acquire at low cost an object, the beauty of which will be a constant joy to him.

The London address of the *British Artists' Exhibitions* is 7 Garrick Street, W. C. 2. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, who will be glad to give any information desired about future showings.

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL
FROM A WATER-COLOR BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER

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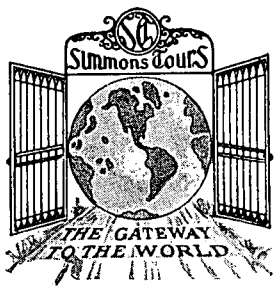
HOLIDAY TOURS

All Expenses Included over

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S



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Winter Cruises

With Name of Vessel, Duration of Trip, and Date of Sailing from New York

¶ AROUND THE WORLD: December 1, SS. Empress of Australia, 136 days; December 17, SS. Belgenland, 135 days; January 7, SS. Resolute, 140 days; January 15, SS. Franconia, 136 days; fortnightly on Thursdays, President steamers, 105 days.

¶ AFRICA: January 12, SS. Carinthia, 81 days; January 22, SS. Duchess of Atholl, 104 days.

¶ BERMUDA: Every Thursday and Saturday, SS. Bermuda, SS. Fort Victoria, SS. Araguaya.

¶ COLOMBIA: Every Wednesday, SS. Santa Marta, SS. Metapan, SS. Sixaola, SS. Zacapa, 22 days.

¶ COSTA RICA: Every Saturday, SS. Pastores, SS. Ulua, SS. Toloa, SS. Calamares, 22 days.

¶ GUATEMALA: Alternate Saturdays, SS. Tivives, SS. Carrillo, 24 days.

¶ HAVANA: Every Saturday, SS. Mexico, SS. Monterey, SS. Siboney, SS. Havana, SS. Orizaba, 18 days.

¶ HAWAII: Alternate Thursdays, President steamers (about 64 days).

¶ JAMAICA: Every Wednesday, SS. Santa Marta, SS. Metapan, SS. Sixaola, SS. Zacapa, 15 days.

¶ MEDITERRANEAN: December 5, SS. Samaria, 43 days; January 3, SS. France, 33 days; January 3, SS. Augustus, 12 days; January 5, SS. Conte Grande, 12 days; January 10, SS. Adriatic, 47 days; January 19, SS. Laurentic, 46 days; January 22, SS. Samaria, 67 days; January 26, SS. Homeric, 68 days; January 29, SS. Scythia, 67 days; January 30, SS. Transylvania, 68 days; January 31, M. S. St. Louis, 70 days; January 31, SS. Providence, 42 days; February 2, SS. Roma, 12 days; February 4, SS. Empress of Scotland, 72 days; February 7, SS. President Wilson, 16 days; February 7, SS. Rotterdam, 71 days; February 7, SS. France, 33 days; February 14, SS. Calgaric, 68 days; February 16, SS. Mauretania, 40 days; February 23, SS. Patria, 41 days; February 28, SS. Adriatic, 45 days; March 9, SS. Laurentic, 48 days; March 14, SS. France, 30 days; April 9, SS. Carinthia, 35 days; April 19, SS. Providence, 37 days.

¶ MEXICO CITY: Every Thursday, SS. Mexico, SS. Monterey, SS. Siboney, SS. Havana, SS. Orizaba, 18 days.

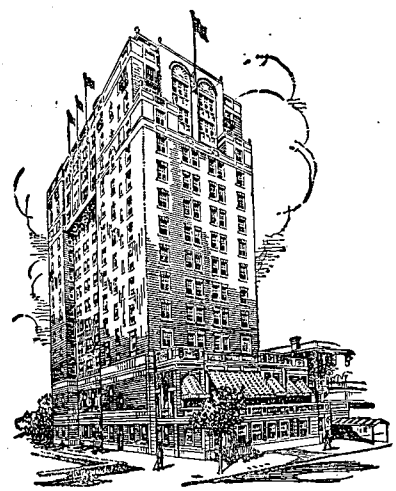
¶ NASSAU: Every Friday, SS. Munargo (2½ days to Nassau).

¶ ORIENT: Alternate Thursdays, President steamers.

¶ ROUND SOUTH AMERICA: January 24, SS. Ebro, 69 days; Grace Line, Lamport & Holt, Munson Line, South American Steamship Co., Pacific Steam Navigation Co., weekly sailings.

¶ WEST INDIES: December 1, SS. Franconia, 16 days; December 8, SS. Fort St. George, 12 days; December 18, SS. Reliance, 16 days; December 20, SS. Franconia, 16 days; December 21, SS. Fort St. George, 12 days; December 22, SS. Araguaya, 16 days; December 22, SS. Duchess of Bedford, 16 days; January 5, SS. Fort St. George, 12 days; January 5, SS. Araguaya, 14 days; January 5, SS. Reliance, 16 days; January 7, SS. Scythia, 17 days; January 19, M. S. Kungsholm, 17 days; January 10, SS. Duchess of Bedford, 29 days; January 19, SS. California, 31 days; January 22, SS. Araguaya, 14 days; January 24, SS. Calgaric, 18 days; January 26, SS. Volendam, 16 days; January 24, SS. Reliance, 27 days; January 30, SS. Columbus, 25 days; January 31, SS. Lapland, 22 days; February 2, SS. Fort St. George, 12 days; February 7, SS. Araguaya, 14 days; February 9, M. S. Kungsholm, 17 days; February 11, SS. Duchess of Bedford, 29 days; February 12, SS. Veendam, 29 days; February 16, SS. Fort St. George, 13 days; February 16, SS. Volendam, 16 days; March 12, SS. Araguaya, 14 days; March 16, SS. Fort St. George, 13 days; March 16, SS. Lapland, 18 days; March 27, SS. Reliance, 16 days; March 28, SS. Fort St. George, 13 days; April 6, SS. Lapland, 10 days.

Quick, complete, and detailed information concerning these cruises may be had by writing to Travel Editor, THE LIVING AGE, 280 Broadway, New York City.



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World Business

The Tangled Threads of Economic Empire

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

TO PICTURE the chess-board of business as ruled simply by supply and demand, with corporations moving men from one square to another, is to look upon the economic scene with near-sighted eyes which miss all the stereoscopic depth of detail which otherwise comes to us with dramatic vividness. There is the direct battle between the business of one nation and that of another. There is the all-important conflict of interests between a state and the foreign business within its borders. There is also the struggle between two great economic worlds of 'capitalism' and 'communism,' separated by a vast chasm.

The financial struggle between New York and London, the equitable allocation of taxation, the intervention of the state in the battle for film markets, the Russian bid for world business, the newest phase of 'oil diplomacy' — these economic problems all involve questions far more complicated than that of merely selling goods over the nations' counter on a 'cash-and-carry' basis.

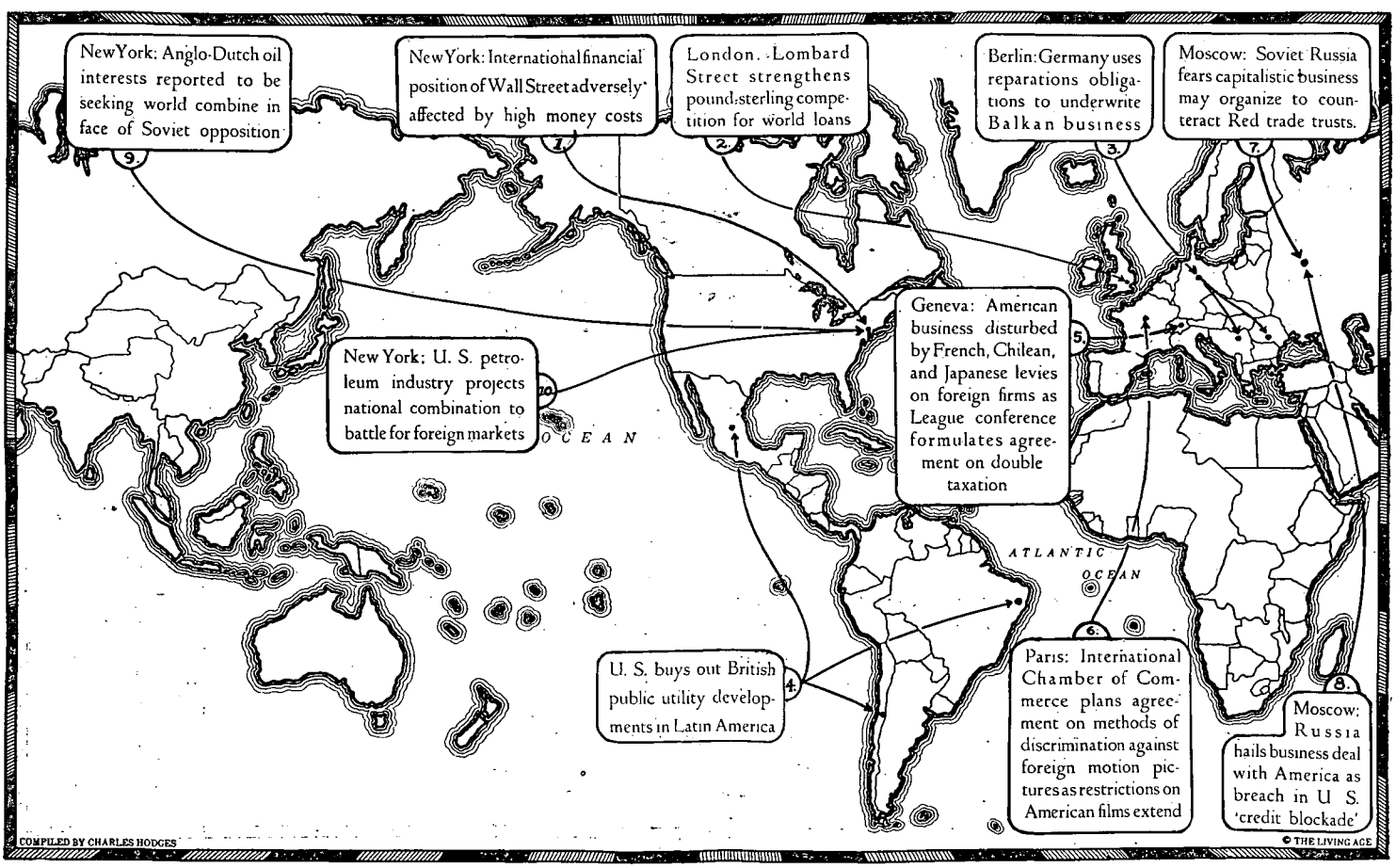
1. The World Position of the Dollar

Though the volume of foreign loans in Wall Street has been reduced by a wave of speculation that has brought interest rates up, there is good ground for the belief that New York never occupied a position of real financial 'supremacy,' and hence cannot well have lost it. London's pre-war dominance in international financing really never passed across the Atlantic to the United States. What has actually happened is that the financial centres of the world have become to-day more closely interrelated in their operations than ever before, and that the American market has taken a larger part in post-war financing than the European markets care to admit. Our present 'slipping' in world finance is therefore more superficial than real; that we are still doing our large part in post-war lending is proved by the steady growth of 'investment trusts' for the small investor, and by new negotiations for loans to Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru.

2. The Pound Sterling Stronger

American speculation, accompanied by high interest rates, has of course helped Old World bankers. London loans in 1928 promise to exceed those in 1922, with a larger proportion of the money going abroad.

The expected gold drainage from Europe to the United States has not attained sufficient proportions to alarm Threadneedle Street. New York loans remain a vital factor in world financing; but much world borrowing is being accomplished through the coöperation of lenders on both sides of the Atlantic. For example, the Swedish Match Company has been financed by an American group and a British syndicate, with allotments on the Continent. Our negotiation of a


New York: Anglo-Dutch oil interests reported to be seeking world combine in face of Soviet opposition
9.
New York: International financial position of Wall Street adversely affected by high money costs
1.
London. Lombard Street strengthens pound sterling competition for world loans
2.
Berlin: Germany uses reparations obligations to underwrite Balkan business
3.
Moscow: Soviet Russia fears capitalistic business may organize to counteract Red trade trusts.
7.
Geneva: American business disturbed by French, Chilean, and Japanese levies on foreign firms as League conference formulates agreement on double taxation
5.
New York: U. S. petroleum industry projects national combination to battle for foreign markets
10.
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
U. S. buys out British public utility developments in Latin America
4.
Paris: International Chamber of Commerce plans agreement on methods of discrimination against foreign motion pictures as restrictions on American films extend
6.
Moscow: Russia hails business deal with America as breach in U. S. 'credit blockade'
8.
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loan to Bolivia has been followed by a flotation of bonds in New York, Amsterdam, and Geneva. Europeans are also helping to market the Peruvian loan.

3. Berlin Again Turns East

Belgrade has announced an agreement between Yugoslavia and Germany concerning railway supplies. A one-hundred-million gold-mark credit has been established, but it involves no cash transfers. Part of it represents payment in kind due Yugoslavia as war reparations; the remainder is covered by German Government bonds as a guarantee to the German manufacturers whose goods are being bought by Yugoslavia.

Roumania, facing problems of financial stabilization, hopes to effect a similar adjustment with Germany. Negotiations have been conducted between Bucharest and Berlin that are expected to settle the war claims of the two countries. This is essential to further Roumanian financing on a large scale. A spokesman for the Balkan country has made it clear that Roumania does not intend to repeat her experience with German financial penetration before the Great War; Bucharest intends to spread her foreign obligations among her allies as well as her ex-foes.

4. We Buy Out the British

British pioneering in the development of Latin America, followed first by German capital before the War, is now feeling the full force of American competition.

It is in utility interests that the greatest shift in control from British to American hands has occurred. This, however, must not be regarded as any abdication of influence on the part of the British. Britain, Germany, France, and Belgium all are regarded by American interests as offering continued strong competition in this quarter of the world.

5. Double Taxation — Case Material

Across the Atlantic, the highest French court is considering an appeal from American corporations upon which hinges virtually the future of our business operations within the jurisdiction of France. This has to do with the right of the French to apply surtaxes to subsidiaries of American corporations. Industrial plants and banking enterprises, as well as trading concerns, are threatened. American copper interests, now extensive in Chile, have sought relief from income tax laws. Americans likewise are represented among the foreign interests in Japan which object to Japanese local taxation as applied in the City of Kobe. The national motives behind these three cases deserve emphasis.

Paris business circles are inclined to believe that the fiscal difficulties of American firms in France certainly have been accentuated by our own commercial policy. It will be remembered that the outcome of the Franco-American tariff negotiations earlier in the year was a compromise. The French were led to believe that their modification of restrictions on American products would be compensated for by favorable treatment which the United States would grant to French products. The French, it is said, feel that Washington has not been overly prompt in making concessions. Hence the present pressure.

Ironically enough, the very economic strength of the United States would appear to be at least one of the motives animating the Chilean Government. Indeed, we learn that the reply of Chile to the American claims contained an article *in extenso* from the Santiago press to the effect that heavy taxation is justified because the American copper trust is strong enough to stand it.

The foreign business community in Kobe is confronted with a purely local problem of administration. For this, there can be no international remedy, unless a denial of justice can be shown.

6. Motion-Picture Politics

The world-wide distribution of American films has thoroughly aroused competitors of the United States in the newest art. Last year, France threatened to block the invading American pictures by drastic import regulations. These were designed to force a reciprocal agreement upon us, which would have vastly increased the consumption of French productions in America. Only the most energetic business diplomacy put through an agreement which prevented a disastrous walling up of the French market.

This Franco-American agreement, purely an emergency measure, ends in the early part of next year, and the European film industry is determined to oust our celluloid drama from the Old World by working out agreements between European producers under state regulation in such a way that American films will be effectually handicapped.

To comprehend European strategy in this field, one must understand the problems of international law involved. Under the Geneva agreement, 'frontier' restrictions affecting film importations must cease by 1930; but 'internal' regulations can remain with all their restrictive effect, untouched by any international obligations. Well informed opinion holds that Central European countries shortly will shift from the doomed 'import control' to the more vexatious regulatory practices that do not appear to be governed by treaty.

The leading producers, such as Germany and France, are taking up the quota systems now encountered everywhere abroad as the principal means of building up national production. European film producers are exchanging under such agreements film productions which are suitable to Continental tastes, and American films no longer can enter these markets with anything like former profit.

The International Chamber of Commerce, that business League of Nations in which the United States plays such a large part, has seen the peril in this battle of the films. A meeting of the representatives of the film-producing nations of the world is to take place in Paris. The delegates will consider the possibility of 'regularizing' all existing motion-picture restrictions.

7. Counteracting 'Red' Trusts?

Moscow has started a rumor that capitalistic business under the leadership of Germany is in a new 'plot' to thwart Soviet economic development. This time, we are told, German business leaders plan to turn the tables on communistic enterprise by meeting the 'Red' state trusts with combines of their own.

Berlin has become suspicious of the business policies through which the Russian foreign trading agencies have achieved their success. These have rested upon the monopoly of commerce which enables the Soviets to 'shop around' and play the capitalist sellers against each other. Now Moscow waxes indignant over the reports of German plans for a selling monopoly to deal especially with Russia. Such a German consortium would stop the ruthless price-cutting that has characterized previous bids for Russian orders.

8. Breaking the 'Credit Blockade'

The new Soviet policy concerning concessions to foreign enterprise has not had all the favorable effect that Moscow would seem to have expected. Public opinion, particularly where there has been experience with 'Red' business methods, must be characterized as suspicious of the good faith of Soviet Russia. Certainly British, French, and German business has not struggled to seize the new opportunities open to them in Russia.

(*Continued on page 316*)

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Views & Reviews

Wide World

THE HONORABLE STANLEY BALDWIN

THE PRIME MINISTER of Great Britain, author of *Our Heritage*, pours himself a glass of English bitter ale at the Old Berkeley Hunt.

OUR INHERITANCE. *By Stanley Baldwin. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1928. $2.50.*

THIS collection of the speeches of the British Prime Minister comprises one of those books which never should have been published, not only because, as the author himself states, he is 'one of those politicians who has a profound distrust of rhetoric and who prefers to lower the temperature of political life by very often putting his thoughts into a refrigerator,' and because the book represents the formulæ a statesman inevitably will use in his public utterances rather than, as the jacket solemnly affirms, what he thinks on questions of the day, but also because it reveals almost a state secret: Great Britain apologizing to her Dominions and resounding the 'hope-of-the-world' and 'white-man's-burden' tomtom of nineteenth century imperialism.

To his native island, the Prime Minister is a forensic Soames Forsyte, holding up the solid virtues characteristic of his race as a charm to keep out the evil spirits from abroad: all of the Latin '-isms' and the Russian '-isms' and — 'a very ugly word for a very ugly thing' — 'the intelligentsia.' To the Dominions, with the shadow of the General Strike not far behind him and the 'dole' still suggesting pessimistic questions, he calls for renewed confidence in the mother country with such sociological fatuities as this: 'What I think one wants to look at in a nation to see the signs of health are its civic morality, its administration of law, the influence of its churches, the tone of its press, the freedom of its universities and, I would add, last but not least, the conduct of its sport.'

Yet, if the book were not the speeches of a Prime Minister, it would justify itself as the most profound and, at the same time, most naïve expression of the philosophic values of a British gentleman. There is in it that reverence for England's history and traditions, that fine appreciation of her language, bred of generations steeped in her classics, that lyric fondness for the countryside, and that amazing confusion of the spiritual with the ethical, the moral with the æsthetic, the intellectual with the practical, which make English literature pleasant reading. His cardinal virtues are toil and decency, and a proud sense of nationality. He alludes, without indignation, to the characterization of England as a nation of shopkeepers and, for the future, he says 'all we want is to develop ourselves and our countries in peace. That will be our great contribution to the world.'

Without betraying a trace of creative thought, some of his speeches contain passages of dignity and beauty, particularly in his eulogies of the Earl of Asquith and of Earl Haig; and others invest the struggles of Britishers with their environment, the work of the pioneer in the colonies, and the history of the conquest of the sea with a romantic glamour and a poetic humor which dignify the national conceits and hypocrisies which the gentle reader occasionally feels himself on the verge of discovering. Finally, to use Mr. Baldwin's own words, 'A very distinguished critic named Leslie Stephen said once that Walter Scott was not brilliant. Since I read that I say, "Thank God I am not brilliant."'

LAWRENCE BABCOCK

CIVILIZATION. *By Clive Bell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $2.50.*

MR. BELL heard so much about 'saving civilization' during the War that he determined to discover what civilization really is. His conclusions are interesting, and not without beguilement to anyone outside of the 'man-of-action' class decried by the author. A leisure class, picked at birth or in youth, should be purposefully supported by the state; for only by such a class, cultivating the best and subtlest things of the mind, can civilization be attained and communicated, in lesser measure, to others. Civilization is a means to good and is frankly artificial and unnatural. But it pays immeasurable dividends, says Mr. Bell, who takes, as his three great examples, Athens of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., Renaissance Italy, and eighteenth century France, where 'Mr. Valentino himself would have been given a less impressive funeral than Sir Isaac Newton.'

The author's definition of civilization is not calculated to make this book a best-seller in the twentieth century. It devastates most of the cherished hallmarks assumed by the modern orator and statesman. Patriotism, rights of property, a belief in God, even chastity and cleanliness, are roughly discarded; barbarians have possessed these traits, and barbarism is the opposite of civilization. Efficiency, strong men, and nationalism are left bewildered and groping. Mr. Bell even doubts if the rulers of any state, by the very demands of the job, can be really civilized. Civilization has no traffic with democracy's pet children, freedom, justice, and equality, except as they may or may not operate as a help to civility. Civilization and creative genius are by no means necessarily contemporary — Rembrandt, Shakespeare, Wagner, Walt Whitman, and many other flame-clad leaders are not termed civilized by the author.

Yet it is a pleasant picture he paints and an inspiring one, where prejudice and materialism take back seats, and where the horizon is endlessly broadened and life heightened. His leisure class, of which nothing is to be expected but self-cultivation and self-expression, and the inevitable contagion of its refinement, seems to have mapped out an attractive existence. The book is written readably and not ponderously.

BULKLEY SOUTHWORTH GRIFFIN

Books Abroad

MA MÈRE. *By Sheng-Cheng. Paris et Neuchatel: Victor Attinger. 1928.*

(Auguste Bailly in *Candide*, Paris)

MA MÈRE is a collection of memories and impressions of early youth, written in French by a highly educated Chinese, Sheng-Cheng. The book is interesting as literature, and it moves the reader because of the deep feeling which runs through it; but it is especially significant as evidence of a desire for rapprochement between the Orient and the Occident. The author has the privilege of understanding Occidental civilization perfectly. He has studied it not as a

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Christmas, 1928

FOR the benefit of LIVING AGE readers, a supreme effort is being made toward aid and comfort in the solution of the 'Christmas problem.'

MANY persons have a list composed of neither very close nor yet very casual friends whom they wish to remember at Christmas, but for whom the selection of appropriate gifts is a plague and perplexity.

For these the plan now first announced will come as a boon and blessed relief.

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¶If you are a subscriber to THE LIVING AGE, you will receive about December 15th five attractive and unusual Christmas cards, together with enclosing envelopes. There will be no charge for these cards, though they would retail for about 25 cents apiece.

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¶Complete information concerning this extraordinary offer will be contained in a letter accompanying the cards. But the most important item of all is that you may have five one-year gift subscriptions to THE LIVING AGE for a total price of Ten Dollars.

¶Make out your LIVING AGE Christmas list now and see how many eligibles you can place upon it. The longer this LIVING AGE list is, the shorter will be your catalog of Christmas worries. If your LIVING AGE list comprises more than five gift subscriptions, additional cards will be sent, upon request.

¶The coupon annexed is for the benefit of readers who are not regular subscribers and who will not, in the absence of express request, receive the benefit of this Christmas plan.

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passer-by, but as a scrupulous investigator who has dedicated the greater part of his life to documenting himself in Western culture.

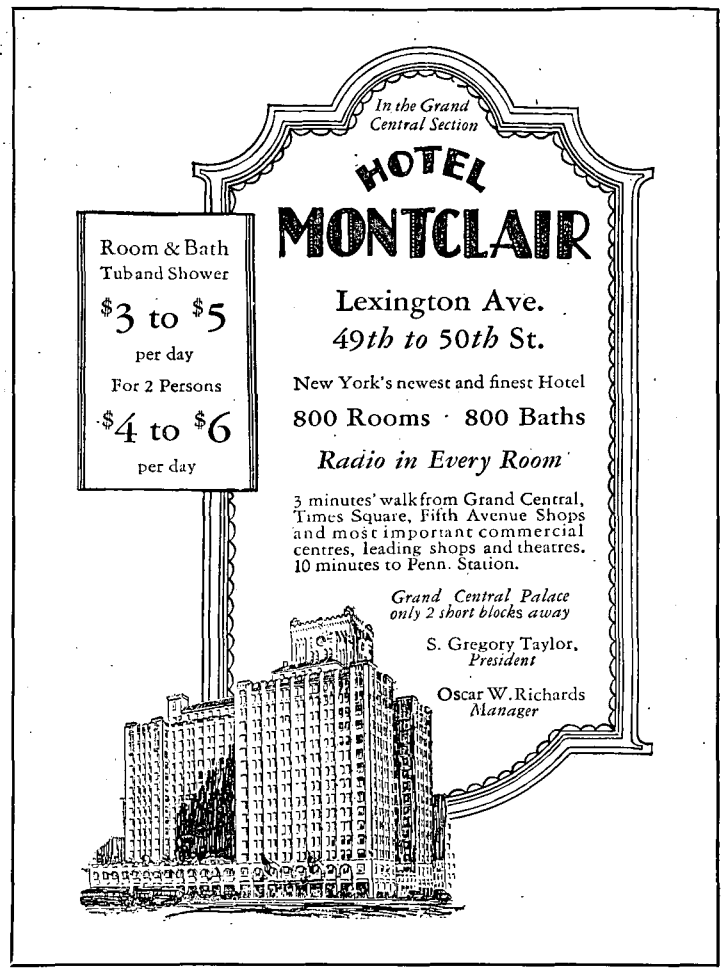
Sheng-Cheng's purpose is to paint a most tender and subtle portrait of the mother of a Chinese family—his own. He has sought to bring us into intimate contact with the soul of China, not by dissertation, not by rational and abstract discussion, but by describing those feelings which are universal among men and which, by their nature, make us realize the confraternity of the human family.

In reading *Ma Mère*, one is immediately struck by the fact that maternal love and filial devotion are very much the same in any latitude. I will go further than that. It seems to me that there is more respect, more submissiveness, more appreciativeness on the part of the Chinese toward their parents and their ancestors than is to be found in French families. But this submissiveness does not rest solely upon gratitude, either conscious or unconscious; it is based also upon tradition, which is always powerful and often tyrannical. The whole drama of contemporary China, if I understand Sheng-Cheng's meaning, arises from the present struggle between a tradition which is fighting to maintain itself, and the forces of youth which seek freedom from the shackles of the past. One finds this struggle symbolized in miniature in the author's own family. In the name of tradition, his mother married a man whom she came to love, but whom she had had no voice in choosing and did not even know. In the name of tradition, the mother-in-law became mistress of their home, and the daughter-in-law obeyed her like a slave.

Throughout the book, the history of Sheng-Cheng's family is interwoven with the history of China. The same struggles for authority, the same shocks, the same revolts occur. The two stories are mingled with great subtlety. Some chapters are almost pure history, and it is in these that perhaps for the first time Europeans can see the Chino-Japanese War and the Boxer Rebellion explained and judged by a Chinese. But I confess that what interested me more was the picture the author paints of a life which is so close to ours in its deeper feeling, yet so different in externals and in the poetic reticence with which it is described. In one chapter, for instance, Sheng-Cheng tells at length of the pain inflicted upon Chinese women in the process of moulding the shape of their feet—in the name of tradition. He calls this chapter *How Her Feet Became Small as a Pair of Golden Lilies*. Nothing could be more subtle or more moving than such fusion of realism and poetry.

> Three years . . . At night during that long period of torture I kept my feet higher than my head. In that way my plaints stopped, for the circulation of the blood was cut off from the founts of my tears. By day, I feared the world. I hid in the corners of the garden, often behind the flowers, themselves mutilated by Nature; and I took my two feet in my hands. How small they were! Before, they had been as big as my hands, their sisters. My hands caressed my feet like sisters embracing brothers who had been wounded in battle. While I trembled for fear some one would come and see me, I watched the falling flowers, victims of Nature. Thus did I learn to weep in silence.

The reader who is interested in local color and the picturesque will spend a long while with the chapter on opium. But he who wishes to penetrate the intimate reaches of the soul, and to find that in love there is neither Orient nor Occident, will turn to the pages in which the author's mother describes her life with her husband, and to those in which Sheng-Cheng tells of her difficulties and of what she said to her children during a period of distressing privation.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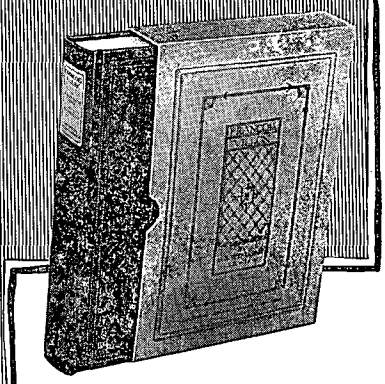

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I do not wish you to suffer, and I suffer for you. I wish you to eat of my flesh and drink of my blood so that you may grow. I know that to produce honey there must be nectar, and that nectar comes only from blown flowers. When I cannot nourish you sufficiently, my children, I suffer. Know that I love you, know that I suffer more than you!

The strongest impression left upon the reader by the book is that basically there is nothing to distinguish the Oriental soul from our own. The differences are superficial; essential feelings are the same. With this admitted, why is mutual comprehension not possible? It ought to be; it is infinitely desirable that it should be. We are too easily satisfied by conventional ideas about China, by aphorisms which rest upon no actual experience whatever. Sheng-Cheng's book forms a precious document, for it will destroy many opinions based upon guesswork, and will cause a fruitful awakening among us of the West.

The Twilight of the Myth-Mongers

(*Continued from page 271*)

were solely responsible. It was a dictum exacted by victors from vanquished, under the influence of the blindness, ignorance, hatred, and the propagandist misconceptions to which war had given rise. It was based upon evidence which was incomplete and not always sound. It is generally recognized by the best historical scholars in all countries to be no longer tenable or defensible.

Therefore, there can be no doubt whether Professor Fay stands with the bitter-enders, the salvagers, or the revisionists. His volumes are fully as damaging to the salvaging position of Professors Schmitt, Renouvin, and Slosson as they are to the passionate polemics of a Hazen or Stearns Davis. Among the revisionists, Professor Fay would need to be classed with the moderate and benign group, best represented by Gooch, Dickinson, Ewart, Barbagallo, Lutz, Lingelbach, and some others, rather than with the stalwart and uncompromising group made up of such authorities as Beazley, Demartial, Fabre-Luce, Montgelas, Stieve, Langer, Schevill, Japikse, Aall, and the present writer. All things taken together, he resembles most closely in his equipment, methods, attitudes, and results the scholarly and amiable German savant, Hermann Lutz.

We congratulate Professor Fay for having thus both launched and brought to a victorious conclusion the greatest and most dramatic historical revolution ever achieved in the field of diplomatic history. We bespeak for his book the wide reading and profound respect which its remarkable qualities entitle it to receive.

Travel Books

PROSPECTIVE travelers often wonder rather vaguely whether there are no books which would enable them better to decide what portion of the globe they should next visit. There are many persons who would like to travel but do not because they do not know where to go. There are fireside travelers, who cannot afford to leave the immediate duties of their daily lives, but who wish to enjoy travel in imagination and plan what they shall do when the long desired leisure of age shall have freed them from their immediate burdens. For all these are travel books written, as they are also written for the student of human nature and the seeker after sound culture. Surely among one's friends there are always many who fit within these categories, and for whom it is very difficult to find appropriate yet inexpensive Christmas gifts.

We suggest that to such persons an appropriate travel book be given; we suggest good, solid travel books, preferably illustrated and long; not mere scrappy potboilers. In our Travel Books Department this month there are listed any number of possible gifts; we hope that our reviews will be of help in making selections; they are designed to combine information with criticism, in order that one may fairly judge the appropriateness of a book, which must remain a mere title in any bookseller's or publisher's catalogue.

Information concerning travel books and travel book bibliographies will be gladly supplied on application to the *Book Review Editor*, THE LIVING AGE, *280 Broadway, New York City*.

MY AFRICAN GARDEN. *By Sheila Macdonald. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $2.00.*

My African Garden — an intimate narrative of home life in Rhodesia. Instead of a dense and big-game jungle, or a boundless stretch of veldt, it turns out to be thirty acres of such familiar things as pink hollyhocks, mauve and pink larkspur, rose-colored clarkia, verbena, phlox, petunias, and delphiniums. Roses, that bloom in untold magnificence, even reach a height of six feet. Then to blend and contrast with the pinks are the purple-blossomed jacaranda trees, and bowls of mauve violas on pink-clothed tea tables. So does the garden pass as a pageant of colors, a riot of blooms, with the short interim of a three weeks' winter, and a rainy season at Christmas.

Picture an English breakfast under the glory of a jacaranda, then a morning tea, a luncheon, an afternoon tea, beside the author's favorite 'glory bed.' And to stabilize such a picture one must meet the *schelms* of Africa, pests of all sorts, that include locusts and dust-storms, cut-worms and moles, hail and eccentric black servants.

It is a day-by-day record of a household in Rhodesia, with the constant humor that makes such a life possible. True, two lions do come to the fore — and are killed. The governess, out but a few months from England, provides the thread of romance. A new servant arrives clad only in a pair of ancient corsets. And through it all the delightful twins — Dum and Dee — are as irrepressible as the flowers themselves.

There is inimitable charm to *My African Garden*. Especially to one who has lived and made a home in far places, it has a call that brings nostalgia for that life. For a mere tourist there is no specific usefulness in it, but for anyone fortunate enough to be setting out to live for a while in Rhodesia or other parts of Africa it has a tremendous value. And for those who sit and read at home and plant a garden great or small it will be of absorbing delight.

HARRY A. FRANCK

WINGED SANDALS. *By Lucien Price. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1928. $3.50.*

This is the record of a pilgrimage, not a weary, plodding, penitent pilgrimage, but a joyous flight home to Hellas. Back over the mountains of history Mr. Price goes winging on the sandals of Hermes, stopping to be thrilled on a few of the peaks where the Greek spirit of freedom burned the brightest, until he gets to Greece itself. His thrills are so genuine and so infectious that it would be ungrateful to complain either of their exuberance or of his choice of places to be thrilled at. No one is more aware than he of the impossibility of telling everything in one book; he makes his choices and boldly leaves other things out. His landmarks are all places where the human spirit has taken its noblest flights in the struggle against evil and stupidity.

To Paris, Chartres, and Amiens; the Rhine, the Alps, Florence, and Rome; and at last to Greece, his seven-league sandals carry Mr. Price over the geography of Europe while he sings its history. The history he sings is cultural, not political, and he knows it well. The book has clearly the enthusiasm of one who has dreamed of this grand tour for years. The glass at Chartres is a joy to him because he had studied it in pictures and imagination so long that it had come to seem almost unreal. To find that it does exist and is as good as people have said it is, is thrilling.

That any number of other people have written books of this sort does not bother Mr. Price a bit. He writes exactly as though he were the first reporter on the scene; which is entirely right and admirable. It is a book that should be written again and again by many people and each one who writes should forget that it has ever been done before. For after all, although the cathedrals, castles, and storied monuments may not change a great deal, people do. New generations need new expositions of old truths. And Mr. Price is doubtless right in assuming that this generation needs the exposition 'jazzed up' a bit. His style is noisy and rapid but, in spite of a little too much purple in some patches, is quite readable.

PHILIP S. MCCONNELL

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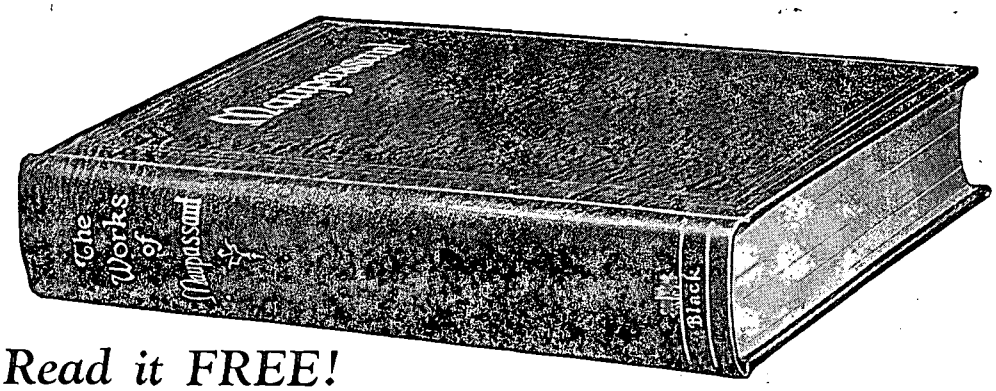

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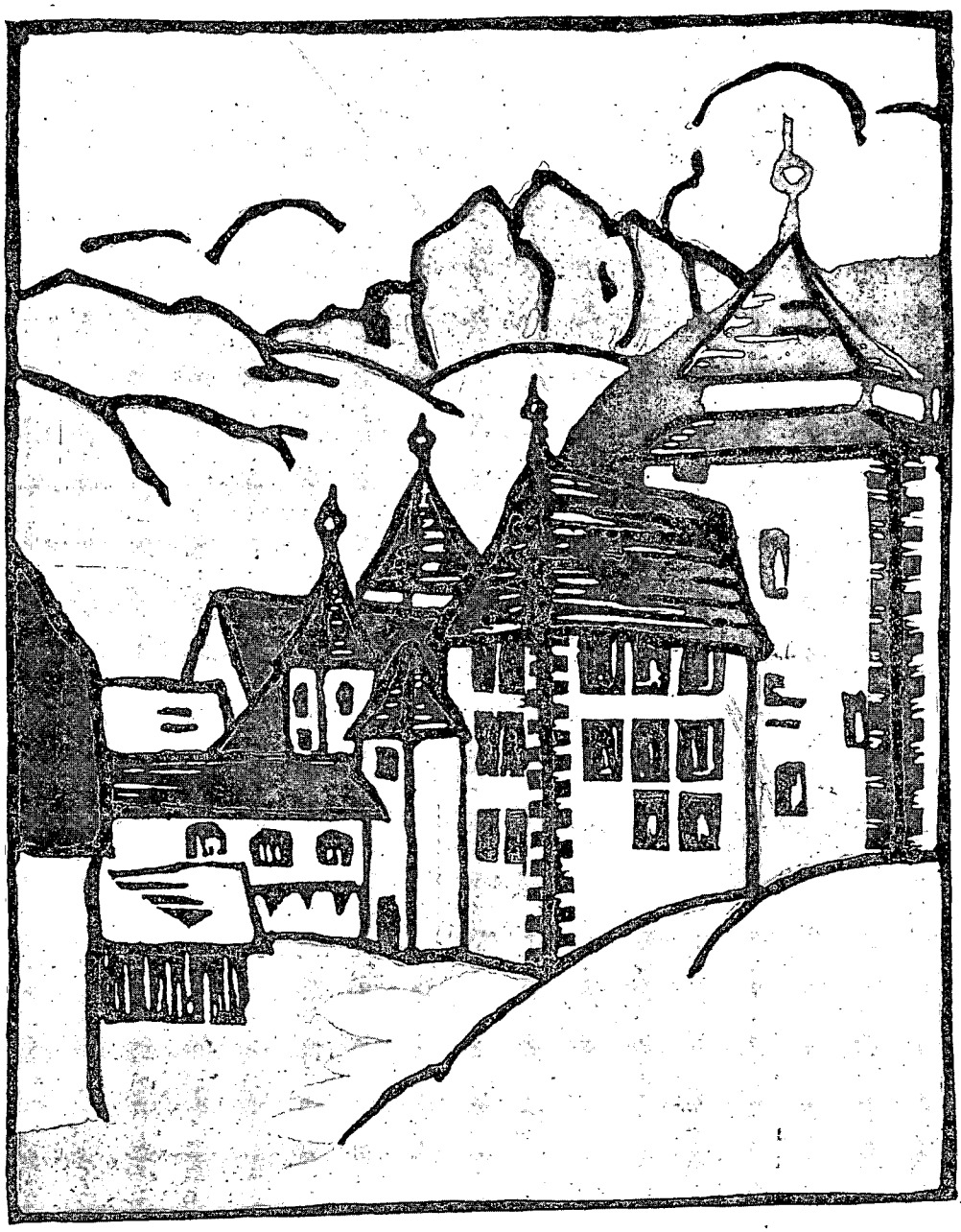

FISCHBURG CASTLE

THE LARGEST IN THE DOLOMITES, 'a compact mass of white walls and red-tiled roofs and turrets, nestling comfortably on a green slope.' From a colored linoleum cut in *Peaks and Frescoes* (Oxford University Press), a volume dealing with the Dolomite region of the Alps, and an ideal Christmas gift for a traveler and lover of fine books.

PEAKS AND FRESCOES: A STUDY OF THE DOLOMITES. *By Arthur McDowall. London: Oxford University Press. 1928. $5.50.*

The Dolomites are a close-knit, vigorously individual little family of Alpine peaks. They centre about the village of Bolzano, in a section of the Tyrol that the World War transferred from Austrian to Italian hands. For those who seek in mountain country something more restful and instructive than the strenuous pleasures of the professional climber, there is probably no part of the Alps that offers a more sure reward. Yet no one, before Mr. McDowall, has seen fit to write a book that adequately describes the region in the full variety of its interest.

Peaks and Frescoes is admittedly a record of personal experience. But it has all the advantages of vividness and reality that such a method of approach affords, without the usual disadvantage of the too obvious intrusion of the author's personality upon the scene. Mr. McDowall has a deep and contagious interest in the region he is describing; but his is very far from the morbid enthusiasm of the professional travel writer. He has lived a half-dozen summers in the Dolomites, and he has for the country a nicely measured appreciation whose amazing breadth will make his book appeal to travelers of any conceivable taste. Every possible field of interest is covered, and none of them at too great length. The book describes the disordered beauty of the mountains; the green upland meadows; the white, square, many-windowed houses scattered up steep-sided valleys; the little churches — those with thin spires, and those with the gay, bulb-shaped steeples that look like strayed outposts of the Orient; the wayside shrines; the clean wooden inns; the highly original fresco decoration to be seen on every free expanse of wall; and finally, the people who developed it — a race that has stubbornly maintained its individuality in a corner of the world where three races meet, which is still strong in the religion of its forefathers, and which greets the traveler with that mixture of friendliness and independence that belongs to mountain folk.

As he writes, Mr. McDowall builds up in his reader's mind the conviction that the real joy of the Dolomites is the joy of visiting 'inhabited solitudes'; that these are real mountains, but mountains in which lusty people still live and do their work and take in a visitor as a friend, rather than aloof peaks to be approached and gazed at by an awestruck stranger. He knows how to make his point clear with a thrillingly sure descriptive touch. He has caught the spirit of a people wedded to the heights for better or for worse, the strangeness of the mountain outlines, the brightness of the barbaric color that the people love. He has had the time, and he has taken the pains, to find things out for himself; and because his discoveries came as answers to his own natural questions, rather than as facts considered important simply because they stand in works of reference, they make the most interesting kind of reading.

The frescoes referred to in the title of the book are the rich though naïve paintings that cover every available section of the walls of church or house or inn throughout the Dolomites that could possibly have been put to an artistic use by a people skilled at colorful decoration. And when Mr. McDowall describes them, he succeeds in doing something that few writers have achieved; he manages to make the story depicted by the painting as vivid and as interesting as if one were standing at the elbow of the artist himself. 'Here is a coffin being carried out by stalwart beggars to the church,' he writes. 'Underneath, two men are zealously digging a grave; "whatever men do they will soon be dust." There is a contrast of two robed

(*Continued on page 316*)

SAINT JOHN NEPOMUK

PATRON SAINT OF BOHEMIA, adopted by the people of the Dolomites as their guardian against raging mountain torrents, and now the commonest figure in Dolomite shrines. From a color linoleum cut in *Peaks and Frescoes.*

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Persons and Personages

(*Continued from page 275*)

many carefully worked out reforms, among them a ruling that all government positions shall be thrown open to Koreans with salaries equal to those of Japanese officials, and a decree increasing the powers of Korean judges. He has also created municipal and provincial governments hitherto unheard of in Korea, and has actually held elections for the first time in Korean history.

But the reform which won him most favor was the revision of the Cemeteries Act. Prior to the Japanese conquest, the Koreans did not bury their dead. Instead, they consulted their priests, and hung the bodies in whatever places they designated, as guardians — strange as it may seem — against evil spirits and disease. The Japanese established cemeteries at a distance from the cities and required that the dead be cremated or buried.

This had been the law of the land for seven years when Viscount Saito became governor, and it was the most unpopular reform the Japanese had made. Saito recognized the need of sanitation and also the danger of interfering with the age-old ancestral worship of the natives. One of his first acts after assuming office was to work out a compromise whereby the dead could be buried in private cemeteries or in private fields near the homes of their relatives.

Two years ago, Viscount Saito was temporarily withdrawn from his Korean reforms to head the Japanese Delegation to the Three Power Naval Conference at Geneva. Premier Wakatsuki had been looking for a chief delegate who was both a statesman and a naval expert. He was afraid that any admiral he might appoint would be of limited vision and would oppose naval reduction. Equally, he feared that a diplomat would not be familiar with naval needs. When he finally secured Viscount Saito — both statesman and admiral — Tokio newspapers reported that the Premier went around the Foreign Office for days with a broad smile on his face.

At Geneva, which is satiated with sights of foreign ministers and great statesmen of Europe, Viscount Saito made a distinct impression. He acquired the reputation of being the stateliest statesman at the Naval Conference. He won the hearts of the delegates on the opening day of the conference when Ambassador Gibson suggested more ventilation and Viscount Saito immediately remarked: 'Yes, Japan believes in the Open Window.' And he won the confidence of the newspapermen by receiving any or all of them, just as he used to receive the most rebellious agitator against Japanese rule in Korea.

But chiefly, Viscount Saito acquired this reputation of statesmanship by saying very little, but saying it at exactly the right time. Throughout two weeks of negotiating, Admiral Saito listened to the American and British naval proposals. He listened attentively and said nothing. Then at the height of the Anglo-American deadlock, Saito gave a tea-party. His guests, consisting of the British and American delegates, found themselves partaking more of words than of nourishment. The Japanese tea, for which all the delegates had come expectantly, was so long postponed by Saito's calm and decisive statement that Viscount Cecil, who follows the British custom of having his tea religiously at five o'clock, became very fidgety. Saito did all the talking. Without mincing words he stated that Japan did not wish a large navy, that she had come to this Conference to reduce, not to build, and that while she had no objection to the United States and Great Britain agreeing on a large building program, Japan would go home before joining them.

Viscount Saito failed to break the deadlock, but he established Japan as the naval power most anxious for limitation and for peace. Then he went back to his labors in Korea.

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and mitred bishops. One has literally put his hand to the plough and drives a team toward the reward of bliss hereafter; the other, a lackadaisical young prelate, nonchalantly flicks a wand over the backs of his animals.'

But it is when the author passes from frescoes to peaks that one feels the full effect of his exquisite descriptive prose — a prose that thrills with awareness of detail and still does not confuse the reader. 'A pale terra-cotta filmed over with gray — this you might call the ground color of the mountains, and for every change of light they will show a change of tone. In the distance they are grayish, and on cloudy days they look as if they would always keep the gray of ordinary limestone, deepened under a dark sky by the black water-stains on some precipitous faces. But sunlight is their essence, and as the sun steeps them they are magically changed. Every wave of their surface answers to the light, and now the mountain shows its stretches of pale ochre and rose, with gray here and there like the shreds of a torn veil. All that modulated color, soft in one place and glittering in another, blends with the shapes of the Dolomites to make them the strange, un-European things they seem to be.'

It is such colors that the author's wife has caught with their full freshness in a series of fourteen linoleum cuts scattered throughout the volume. These, together with its attractive typography, would make the book worth owning if only as an example of the bookmaker's art. It is, of course, far more than that: a travel book that is an honor to the country it describes. Mr. McDowall has done a lasting service to all who know or hope to know the Dolomites; for *Peaks and Frescoes* is their monument.

MARVIN McCORD LOWES

THE SOUL OF THE EAST. *By Marcus Ehrenpreis. Translated from the Swedish by Alfhild Huebsch. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2.50.*

This travel-journal of a trip across the Levant through Greece and Egypt to Palestine is written in poetic prose by a noted linguist and rabbinical scholar. Dr. Ehrenpreis analyses with emotional understanding and an unexpected objectivity the temperamental differences of the variegated peoples of the Near East which set them apart more strongly than do disputed geographic boundaries.

JOHN CAMERON'S ODYSSEY. *Transcribed by Andrew Farrell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $4.50.*

This record of Captain Cameron's varied life, based upon a manuscript which he began shortly before his death at the age of seventy-three, is presented in the guise of autobiography. 'This book does not profess to be history,' says the transcriber in a preface, 'but is one man's account of his actual experiences.' Lovers of sea and adventure yarns will relish this odyssey of a life in the South Seas; it has about it a hearty flavor of truth which removes it from the field of fiction, but does not quite place it among the more authoritative travel books.

DEPARTURE. *By Roland Dorgelès. Translated by Pauline Rush. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1928. $2.50.*

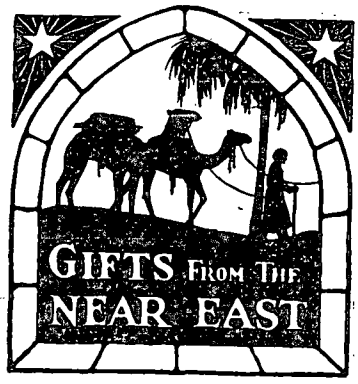
Departure is a glamorous novel which takes a group of typically Gallic characters to the ports of the Far East, and offers some realistic glimpses of life in Port Said, Djibout, Colombo, Penang and Singapore. M. Dorgelès, himself a traveler of renown, writes with charm of scenes which general travel books covering the same ground are often apt to neglect.

UNDERSTANDING INDIA. *By Gertrude Marvin Williams. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928. $3.50.*

Lacking the distinguished prose and the air of scholarship which lent prestige to *Mother India*, this informative, non-controversial volume by a former newspaper woman merits consideration among books of a popular nature dealing with present-day India. Especially to be recommended is the section devoted to an elucidation of the status of Hindu women.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL CULTURE: AN INTERPRETATION. *By Maurice Parmelee. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $4.00.*

Within a volume of 370 pages Dr. Parmelee has sought to define Oriental and Occidental culture and to show wherein the East has suffered and wherein it has gained from the intrusion of Western ideas. The result is not so much incomplete as it is pedantic and confusing.



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World Business

(*Continued from page 307*)

Quite naturally, the Soviet leaders have heralded widely the reopening of business relations with the International General Electric as a breach in the American 'credit blockade' of Russia. This new contract calls for Soviet purchases over six years from the American electrical corporation. These may amount to upwards of $25,000,000.

That the individual business moves of even so important an American concern indicate any general change of front on the part of the United States, however, may be dismissed as Soviet propaganda for home consumption. Commerce and recognition, as Washington sees it, are two different things.

9. BLOCKING THE WORLD OIL COMBINE

World oil interests have been obliged to face the consequences of Soviet Russia's refusal to enter into any international cartel for the division of markets. The Soviets, in view of the world-wide over-production of petroleum and the menace of German synthetic gasoline manufacture on a large scale, promise to make further inroads on the profits of British and American companies. Deterding, head of the Anglo-Dutch interests, is expected to fight Moscow to the finish with his battle cry, 'stolen oil,' and seek Russia's complete isolation. Now that the Royal Dutch-Standard Oil clash has been ended, Europe believes that an Anglo-American division of world markets looms on the horizon.

10. AMERICAN OIL COMBINE

These trends make the possibility of an American combine in the export field of prime importance to the oil industry. The United States petroleum companies desire to form a joint export organization, similar to those now operating for the steel and copper trades. Such a foreign sales organization, encouraged by Washington under the Webb-Pomerene Export Combination Act, would include every important American oil concern. If the world oil cartel can be established, the grouping of American interests would assure us of a strong position in it. If the European combination, in a struggle with Russia, upsets present American markets abroad, the export body could exert a strong protective force over American trade. If eventual curb on production can be effected, the American export combine will be of major importance in stabilizing the international situation through coöperation with foreign groups.

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War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question that Vexes All the World

¶ Believe no one who tells you that men will always fight and that war will always be inevitable. The mammoth and the mastodon have vanished from the earth and war is also a vanishing anachronism. And this new spirit of help and kindliness between the nations is giving it the final blow. The nations are drawing together in a new friendliness. — *Katsuji Debuchi, New Japanese Ambassador to the United States.*

¶ In the course of a hundred years or so, there is always a great war, and by this I mean a war which involves many nations at the same time, for a struggle between two great military powers almost invariably draws a number of neutrals into the combat. One people after another is drawn in, and the war assumes a universal character. This tendency toward eternal recurrence of war can only be diverted by an entirely new factor in history. I myself can see no such factor approaching. — *Marshal Joffre, interviewed by Pester Lloyd (Budapest).*

¶ It makes me despair of the common sense of my fellow-men when I hear people discussing the probabilities of another war with as much indifference as if they were talking about a football match. — *Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the United States.*

¶ The next war will be declared, fought, and won within a few days. — *Sir James Irvine, F. R. S., prominent British chemist.*

¶ The situation arisen in consequence of this treaty of peace [the Versailles Treaty] has not been able to assure the tranquillity, and is impeding the development, of the different nations in this part of Europe. The events of the ten years which have elapsed since the end of the war furnish evident proof that this peace treaty cannot be a suitable basis for natural and peaceful development. — *Hungary's note to the United States expressing intention to adhere to the Kellogg Pact.*

¶ You cannot impose peace; it must come from the hearts of the common people, not the heads of Cabinet Ministers. — *Margot, Countess of Oxford and Asquith.*

¶ I personally do not believe any single nation deliberately brought about the World War and I shall work with all my power to prevent every movement that might lead to new bloodshed. — *Ramsay MacDonald, before the German Reichstag.*

¶ There is one thing I can say, and that is, the further behind we leave the World War the less warlike ideas will prevail. We have both — vanquished and conquerors — lost through the War, one of the principal after-effects of which has been the monetary crisis. — *Hermann Müller, Chancellor of Germany.*

¶ The soldier fears war far more than the fanatic who, without knowing war, talks only of peace. Real pacifism is built upon knowledge and is born of a feeling of responsibility. It is the soldier who will welcome all efforts aiming at reducing the possibilities of war. But he will not go into the streets crying 'No more war!' because he knows that influences more powerful than kings, statesmen, parliaments, treaties, and alliances decide the issue of war or peace: namely, the eternal laws of the rise and fall of nations. The pacifist who wants to render his own people defenseless, who prefers to weaken his country instead of supporting its patriots in preparing a justifiable defense — this pacifist must swing as a traitor to the nation. — *General Von Seeckt, deposed commander of the German Reichswehr.*

¶ It is the rising generation which will know and understand that war, all war except a war of defense undertaken in good faith, is not a marvelous adventure, but a dishonest act. — *Lord Cushendun, acting British Foreign Minister.*

¶ No system of defense can keep bombing machines from a city. — *Captain the Right Honorable F. E. Guest, British Secretary of State for Air, 1921-1922.*

¶ Time was when the enemy was the fighting man. To-day the whole nation fights. All are combatants regardless of age or sex, whether they wear soldiers' uniforms or mechanics' overalls or land-workers' corduroys. — *Editorial in the Observer, London Liberal weekly newspaper.*

¶ I trust that in our children's lifetime, if not in our own, this miserable method we now have of settling disputes by war will disappear forever. — *Field Marshal Lord Allenby.*

¶ The imperialists do not want peace; they want war, but they want it at different times. Therein lie, at the moment, their differences of opinion. The only state that really wishes peace is the Soviet Union. — *Article in the 'Rote Fahne,' Berlin Communist daily.*

¶ Nationalism and internationalism, patriotism and peace, these are not antagonistic; they are not opposites; they are complementary to one another. — *The Right Honorable Sir Herbert Samuel, former British Secretary of State for Home Affairs and High Commissioner to Palestine.*

World Travel Calendar

(*Continued from page 242*)

GREAT BRITAIN

LONDON. *December* 26th, Boxing Day holiday.
IRISH NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *January* 31st, St. Bridget's Eve; *February* 1st, St. Bridget's Day.

HOLLAND

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *December* 26th, Boxing Day.

ITALY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *December* 8th, Feast of the Conception; *January* 6th, Epiphany.
BOLOGNA. *December* 3rd, Fête of St. Francis Xavier in the Santa Lucia church.
CAPRI. *January* 1st, New Year's festival.
CATANIA (SICILY). *February* 3rd, Festival of St. Agatha.
FLORENCE. *February* 9th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals.
LORETO. *December* 10th, Festival at shrine of Santa Casa.
MILAN. *February* 9th through 17th, Mardi gras festivals, celebration of 'Ambrosian Rite.'
MONTEDORO (SICILY). *December* 13th, Santa Lucia procession.
PADUA. *January* 17th, Festival of St. Anthony.
ROME. *December* 3rd, Festival of St. Francis Xavier, at the Gesù; 26th, Fête of St. Stephen in the Santo Stefano Rotonda; *January* 5th, Fair of the Befana at the Piazza Navona; 6th, Epiphany (for eight days), procession in Ara Coeli Church, benediction with Santo Bambino; services and rituals in Propaganda Church and Sant' Andrea della Valle; 20th, St. Sebastian's Day; festival of the Miraculous Medal (Sant' Andrea della Valle); 21st, St. Agnes' Day, two lambs blessed at Church of Santa Agnèse fuori le Mura; *February* 1st, festival of St. Ignatius, illumination of subterranean church of San Clemènte; 9th through 12th, Mardi gras festivals, masquerades, horse-races, taper processions; 13th, high mass in St. Peter's, ashes sprinkled on heads of Cardinals.
SEA TOWNS. *February* 14th, Procession of St. Antonino (silver image of saint carried by sailors).

LITHUANIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *February* 16th, Independence Day.

NORWAY

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *December* 26th, Boxing Day.

POLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *February* 11th, Kosciuszko Day.
LWÓW. *January* 19th, Annual blessing of the ice.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *December* 1st, Flag Day (anniversary of independence); *January* 31st, Dedication Day, festival of the founders of the Republic.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *December* 8th, Feast of the Conception; *January* 6th, Epiphany; 23rd, Festival of the King.
BARCELONA. *January* 17th, Cabmen's cavalcade of 'Tres Toms'; procession of St. Anthony.
MADRID. *January* 17th, procession of St. Anthony.
SEVILLA. *December* 8th, Baile de los Seises (10th century Arabic ritual performed by choir boys in the cathedral).

SWEDEN

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *December* 26th, Boxing Day.
NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *January* 1st through 6th, New Year's celebrations.
STOCKHOLM. *December* 13th, Lucia Festival (Skansen Open Air Museum).

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. *February* 8th, Mardi gras festivals begin.
DAVOS-PLATZ. *January* 13th, winter games; *February* 7th, two-seat bob-sleigh championship races.
EINSIEDELN. *January* 21st, Festival of St. Meinrad.
GENÈVE. *December* 11th, Esclade Thanksgiving Day.
GSTAD. *February* 3rd, horse races on the snow; 10th, hockey matches.
LAUSANNE. *January* 9th, artistic-skating competition.
LUZERN. *February* 7th, Fritsche pageant (procession of grotesques).
ST. MORITZ. *January* 18th through 21st, ski races; *February* 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 10th, horse races on the snow; 16th, international tennis championship opens.
WENGEN (Bernese Oberland). *January* 24th, curling matches; 30th, curling matches; *February* 25th, Ski Week opens.

YUGOSLAVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *December* 2nd, Independence Day.

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World Records

— As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of THE LIVING AGE.

— Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

¶ OFFICIAL INEPTITUDE. In deciding this month upon an award of peculiar significance, the editors of THE LIVING AGE momentarily abdicate their functions and prerogatives in favor of Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the *London Sunday Observer*. For 'official ineptitude,' says Mr. Garvin, the Baldwin Government, in connection with the Anglo-French naval pact, has excelled any other Government since the reign of George III.

¶ WAR OUTLAWRY. This month's award for a peace plan with practical possibilities exceeding those of the Paris Peace Pact goes to General Fritz Holm, of Copenhagen, Denmark. Press dispatches claim for the plan the enthusiastic commendation of Colonel E. M. House, of New York, a distinguished member of THE LIVING AGE Advisory Council — which, if true, is powerful reinforcement for the views of the Editors. The plan consists of a model law to be adopted by every nation of the world, providing that whenever a nation becomes involved in warfare of any nature, the government officials who have allowed their country to enter war, including all members of Cabinets, Parliaments, or Legislatures, shall be mobilized and assigned either to the shock troops in the infantry or to submarine crews, and dispatched immediately to the front. Should efforts be made for the negotiation of a multilateral treaty to effectuate this plan, a tricky reservation would be that the combatants in any future war should be absolutely limited to those mobilized and sent to the front under the main provisions of the plan, which General Holm has already described.

¶ DRAMATIC EPISODES. The Board of Editors of THE LIVING AGE (one not voting) could not agree among themselves as to the month's award for the most dramatic episode in a parliamentary body. The facts are here presented, and the reader may choose: (1) Dr. Fabian, a deputy in the Hungarian Parliament, before the House in session in Budapest, declared that the anti-Semitic riots then raging had been fomented by an Under-Secretary in the Department of the Interior. Minister of the Interior Béla Scitovszky de Nagykér rose up and, when he could make himself heard above the uproar, called upon Dr. Fabian for proof. None being forthcoming, the speaker suspended the Deputy from the House, who was promptly challenged to a duel by the Under-Secretary. More uproar but no bloodshed. (2) During a hot debate in the Mexican Senate between Senator Manuel Montoya and Senator José Maria Valenzuela, the former struck the latter a blow athwart the face, and, anticipating reprisal, produced a large pistol, which was leveled at the breast of the livid Senator who had been struck. The latter was not armed, but some of his Senatorial confrères were. These promptly produced weapons larger and more numerous than Senator Montoya's single gun, and Montoya became the cynosure of converging muzzles. Order was restored with difficulty but without bloodshed.

¶ WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. The British telegraph authorities have recently accepted for transmission via the Rugby wireless station a message to be sent the greatest distance ever before attempted. To reach its destination it must traverse a space of somewhere between 35 and 63 million miles — the distance which now separates Mars and the Earth, the precise figure depending upon an astronomical calculation at the moment unnecessary. The addressee is a young Martian woman, with whom Dr. Mansfield Robinson, a London psychic, has already been in telepathic communication. The message is in Morse code, and will be sent into space by the transmitting station upon a wave length of 18,700 metres. The rate per word for this service has not been announced, but telepathy will probably prove cheaper, and, in the end, more satisfactory.

Chemical Preparations for War

(*Continued from page 256*)

live without being immobilized for a long time by painful and dangerous wounds.

It may be objected that all this is exaggerated. Some will say that, in order to be effective, gas must be used only under favorable atmospheric conditions. But is not this also true of airships? And does anyone — except the anonymous English writer 'Neon' — doubt that they do produce effects?

So far we have said nothing about germs, for practically no use was made of them in the last war. In only two instances did the Germans make any experiments of this kind, and in both cases they were directed against animals. One was an attempt to spread anthrax and glanders in Roumania in 1916. The other was an effort to spread glanders in France in 1917. In both cases phials and small cases filled with bacteria were found practical, and methods of distributing them were worked out. It may be as well to add an enigmatic sentence from Ludendorff's *Memoirs:* 'It was forbidden to poison the wells.'

According to Dr. L. Georges, bacteria, as weapons of war, would have the immense advantage of speedy production and a negligible cost, in addition to the advantages of secrecy and easy concealment, since neither a large laboratory nor an imposing factory is required to produce cultures. Even if the enemy managed to control disease at the very beginning, the results would be important. There would at first be a moral effect, followed by a diminution in the number of the enemy's population available for war work, since the very first method of combating an epidemic is to isolate all those who have been exposed.

Among the eight scourges of humanity which might be used in this way are yellow fever, dysentery, diphtheria, malaria, typhus, plague, cholera, and typhoid fever. The three last are the ones that can be most easily employed.

BEFORE the prospects of a new conflict, which will certainly be the last war so far as Europe is concerned, one cannot remain indifferent. The efforts that are now being made for peace are all very well in their way, but they are only provisional. They are not adequate. We need not be so malicious as to discern in the pacific proclamations of the last few years the feverish effort of the diplomats to evade moral responsibility for the conflict which they feel impending. But let us remain skeptical. Let us not forget that from 1848 to 1851 there were four international conferences against war and that in 1867 two international pacifist leagues were founded.

We are going too fast when we expect disarmament all at once. The first thing for us to do is to study the technique of disarmament. War is a malady which afflicts the human race, a kind of hysteria. Let us deal with it on that basis. You do not cure a disease either by diagnosis or complaints or good wishes. You need an appropriate remedy.

Mere politics has had its day. The peace problem, like all others, needs an up-to-date solution. The only place to find it is in the field of economics.

We shall never have genuine guaranties of peace until we have brought to the service of peace the one thing that is more powerful than honor and promises, than love or hate, the one thing that will be effective in a civilization that depends on material progress: this factor is self-interest. We must make people see that an armed conflict will be a calamity for the whole world, that it will do nobody any good. In order to do that we must wage a war of economic agreements. We must do away with cliques and we must see things on a large scale. Then peace will emerge from the organized society of the future, just as automatically as war emerged from yesterday's disorder. Competition will give place to understanding. No one will dream of poisoning his neighbor on the other side of the Rhine, the Channel, the Pyrenees, or the Alps.

Let us increase our common economic interests and peace is assured. The task will need perseverance, it will require innumerable contacts between our technical men, which will have to be reënforced by an indispensable exchange of intellectual leaders. Hatred is nothing more than the emotional aspect of ignorance.

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